

PHOTOPLAY

December

15¢

Tyrone Power
By Paul Hesse

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"How about a husband for Christmas, Sugar?"



GIRL: Why *sure*, Pint Size — why, sure! And how about handing me the moon, a million dollars and a sparkling smile, while you're in the mood?

CUPID: Are *you* kidding?

GIRL: Aren't *you*?

CUPID: Listen, Pie, put a little sparkle in that smile of yours and you'll find the moon and a million and a man aren't so hard to get.

GIRL: *He* says! ...look, Cupid, I brush my teeth like anything, but some teeth just won't sparkle. Mine for instance.

CUPID: *Maybe*, Baby, *maybe*. Ever see "pink" on your tooth brush?

GIRL: That's from gums, not teeth. And it's my teeth I'm after!

CUPID: Know more than a dentist, huh? Don't you know that "pink" is a warning to *see your dentist*? Let *him* decide what's what. He may say it's just another case of soft foods robbing your gums of exercise. If so, he'll probably suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: Massage. Gums again. I said it was my *teeth*. Teeth, Cupid. Teeth!

CUPID: Ah, yes. But sparkling smiles call for sound teeth. And sound teeth for healthy gums. And Ipana's designed not only to clean teeth but, with gentle massage, to help gums. If your dentist suggests massage with Ipana when you brush your teeth ... *go to it*, Angel. And you'll be on your way to a smile with more sparkle than six Christmas trees!



never
ignore "pink
tooth brush"



For the Smile of Beauty Ipana and Massage



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METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

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every month

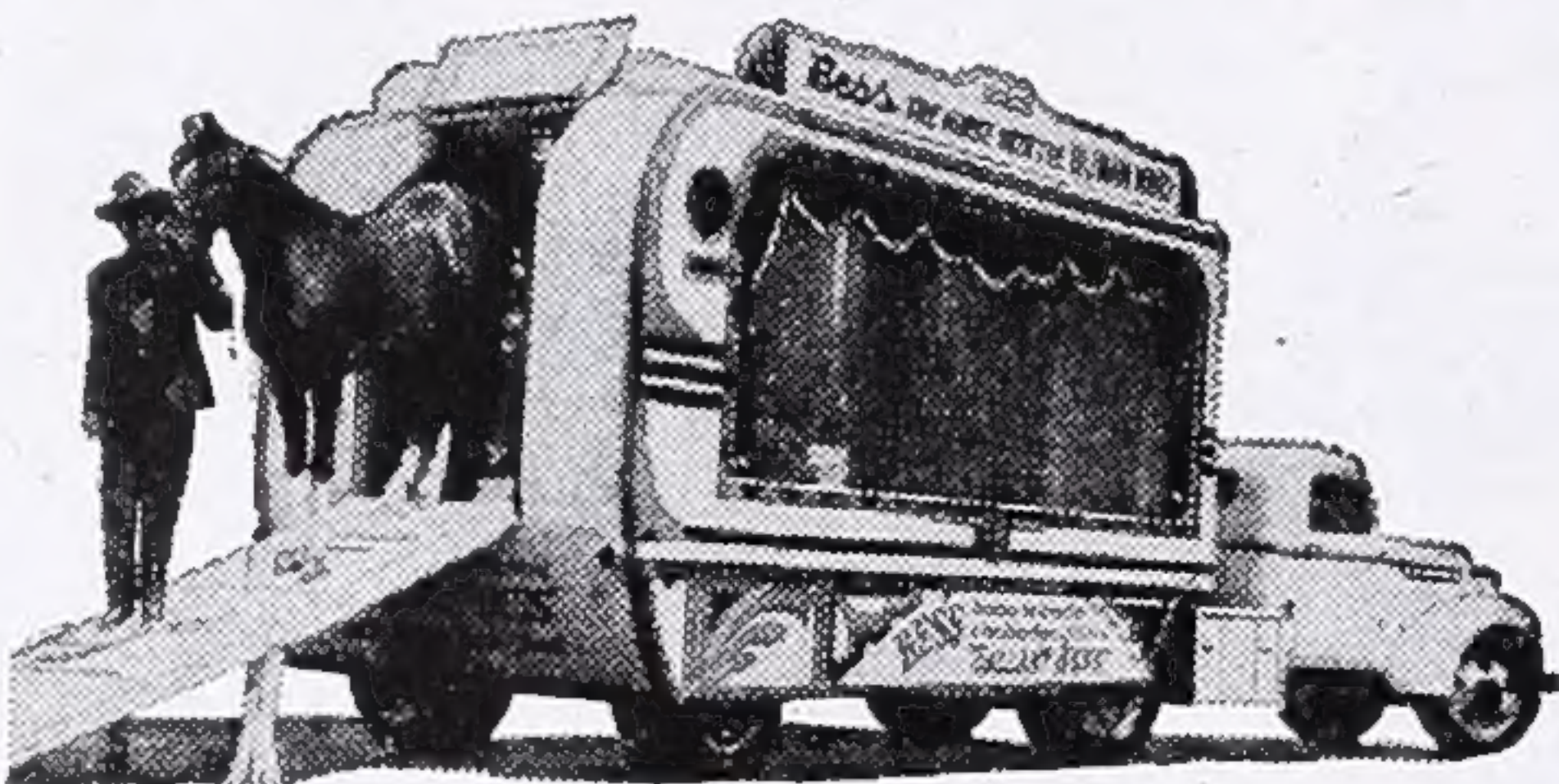


The greatest
star of the
screen!

From Lexington, Kentucky, comes a romantic tid-bit . . .

The whole town's in love with a horse!

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They're all in love with "Bess," the gleaming chestnut steed that won Hollywood's heart and is now making countless friends across the country.

They call her "The Horse With The Human Mind."

No wonder they give her the keys to the city (which she accepts personally), clamor for her autograph (she never says nay), and wine and dine her at hunt clubs!

Of course, "Bess" can't visit every town in the land, but you can see her in M-G-M's thrilling adventure story, "Gallant Bess," soon to be screened at your local theatre.

You'll see "Bess" as she really is, for Harry Rapf has produced "Gallant Bess" in glowing natural color by the Cinecolor process.

There's a crisp, authentic flavor to Jeanne Bartlett's story. She got its true-to-life feeling from an incident narrated by Lt. Marvin Park, USNR.



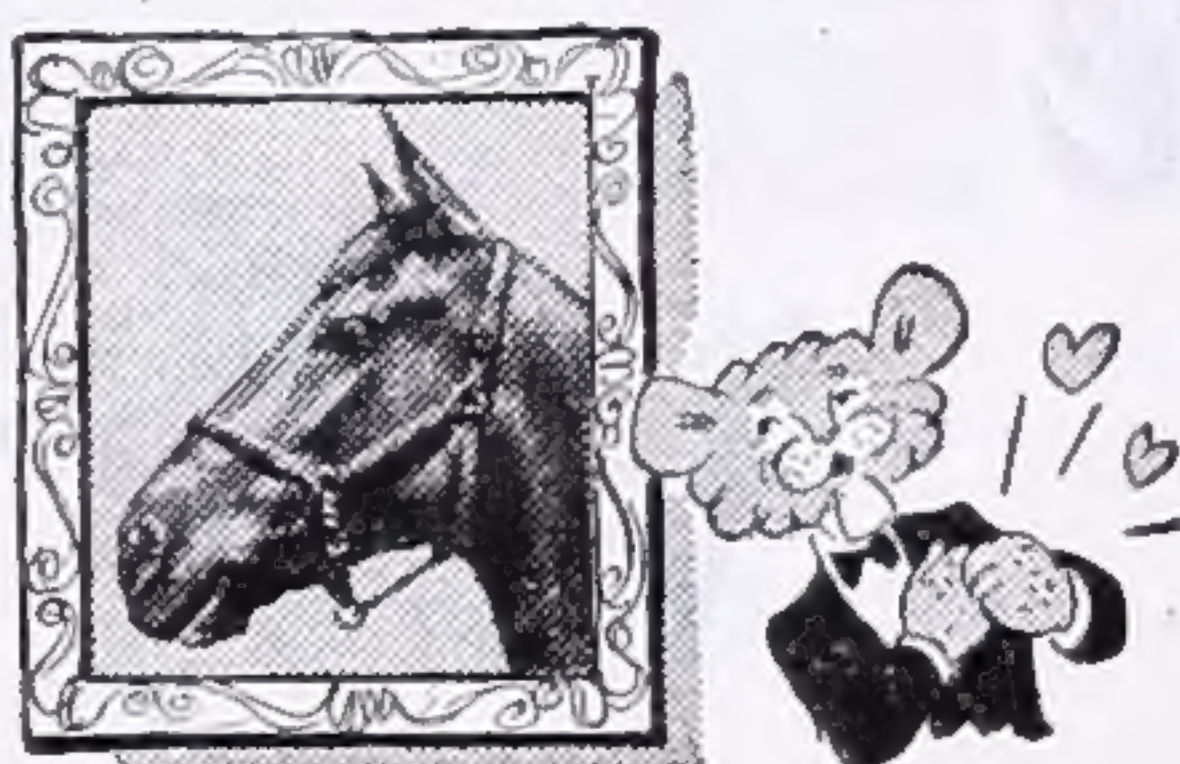
Keep your eye on Marshall Thompson, who is best friend to "Bess", in the picture. As a star, he's mounting. You can see he loved his role; gave it power, conviction.

With him, you'll see George Tobias and Clem Bevans—stalwart, two-fisted pals who thrive on rough going.

Altogether, the picture is a credit to Andrew Marton's expert direction.

So here's our Stranger-Than-Fiction Fact For Fall: You're going to fall in love with a horse, when you see M-G-M's "Gallant Bess" in action color.

—Leo



PHOTOPLAY

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*This is
the year of
"The
Yearling"*

...AND IT'S WORTH WAITING FOR!



Love conquers a wilderness!



A feud flares into violence!



Peck's finest performance!



It's kill the bear... or starve!



A great book comes to life!

M.G.M. presents in Technicolor
THE YEARLING

starring

GREGORY PECK • JANE WYMAN

A CLARENCE BROWN PRODUCTION

CLAUDE JARMAN, JR. as "Jody" • Clem Bevans • Margaret Wycherly • Forrest Tucker • Screen Play by Paul Osborn • Based on the Pulitzer Prize Novel by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings • Directed by Clarence Brown • Produced by SIDNEY FRANKLIN

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

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A beautiful 8" x 10" four-color reproduction of the painting by Douglass Crockwell shown above. It portrays Claude Jarman, Jr. as "Jody" in M-G-M's Technicolor production "The Yearling" and comes autographed, suitable for framing.

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The Shadow Stage

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good, three checks, outstanding

✓✓ Three Little Girls in Blue (20th Century-Fox)



June Haver as the "heiress" on the hunt and George Montgomery in gay musical

"DELIGHTFUL" is the word for this Technicolor treat set to music, starring the talented trio, June Haver, Vivian Blaine and Vera-Ellen. With Atlantic City of 1908 as its background, the story is the familiar one of the gal who poses as an heiress and sets off on a matrimonial fishing expedition. This time she is aided and abetted by her two sisters who go along as the hired help.

Lovely June Haver, as Pam the "heiress," lends youthful exuberance and a decidedly decorative note to the role of husband hunter. Vera-Ellen, of the round, merry face and the twinkling toes, masquerades as June's maid Myra to good advantage, and Vivian Blaine plays sister

June's wistful secretary. George Montgomery and Frank Latimore portray a couple of pleasure-bent playboys vieing for the favor of the fair June. The magnetic Montgomery is very much at home in this first film since his stint in the Army. Frank Latimore, with only two previous pictures to his credit ("The Dolly Sisters" and "Shock"), offers good looks plus an engaging manner. Celeste Holm plays to the hilt a sophisticated Southern belle with a Parisian touch. A gal with a terrific personality, Celeste should be given more to do. From start to finish, "Three Little Girls in Blue" bounces along briskly.

Your Reviewer Says: Strictly on the beam.

✓✓ Two Years Before the Mast (Paramount)



Alan Ladd and Barry Fitzgerald in dramatic saga of another era of the sea

ONE woman—a Spanish passenger on the good ship *Pilgrim*—figures in this; she could have been omitted and never been missed, since this is straight male fare that needs no help from petticoats. Richard Henry Dana's famous saga of men and sailing ships comes to the screen in strong-armed fashion with Brian Donlevy playing Richard Henry Dana with effective restraint, William Bendix cracking the merciless whip over the seamen with an effective heavy hand. Alan Ladd is the ship owner's son who is shanghaied aboard his father's own vessel where he discovers at what price the laces he wears are bought.

The book was a brief for the fate of

America's merchant seamen; the picture is a graphic portrayal of that brief. The plot runs true to its course, never losing sight of the fact that it is presenting a bitter period in America's sea history, except for the few romantic moments between Esther Fernandez and Ladd which merely serve to slow the action. Cruelty and famine stalk the ship as does the merciless captain, Howard da Silva; and men are driven to hatred and murder.

The final scene has a cut-off feeling; the curtain comes down just a bit too abruptly, but otherwise the picture is robust sea fare.

Your Reviewer Says: Not for the weak in heart.

✓✓ I've Always Loved You (Republic)



Catherine McLeod and Philip Dorn in nostalgic film for lovers of music

If you thrill to the works of the Three B's (Bach, Beethoven, Brahms), this will be right up your musical alley. But if you prefer Irving Berlin and Richard Rodgers to the long-haired boys, then it's not for you. This Technicolor picture introduces a lovely new star—Catherine McLeod. As Myra, a gifted young musician with a hero-worship complex, she makes an auspicious beginning to her screen career.

Philip Dorn gives a brilliant portrayal of an egotistic genius whose mistress is music. Upon realizing this, Myra takes refuge in the arms of her childhood sweetheart, a farm lad, personably, if not convincingly, played by William Carter. Their marriage is marred by the question: Does Myra still love the Maestro? So the boy

puts Myra to the test—all to the accompaniment of Rachmaninoff's majestic music.

A false note is struck when, after neglecting her scales for years on end, Myra blithely gives a flawless performance at Carnegie Hall. Equally unbelievable is the assumption that her teen-age daughter (Vanessa Brown) could be ready to make her debut in that same venerable mecca of music in such record-breaking time. These weaknesses are offset by the teamwork of Dorn and McLeod. And with the celebrated pianist Artur Schnabel to interpret them in off-screen recordings, The Masters can rest in peace.

Your Reviewer Says: Tops for music lovers.

(Continued on page 6)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 8

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 138

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 133



Paramount's
King-Size Musical—
It's The Nearest Thing
To Heaven

Bing Crosby
Fred Astaire
Joan Caulfield
in
Irving Berlin's

"BLUE SKIES"

in Technicolor

with Billy De Wolfe · Olga San Juan

Produced by Sol C. Siegel · Directed by Stuart Heisler

Screen Play by Arthur Sheekman · Adaptation by Allan Scott



32 SONGS
OLD and NEW
by IRVING BERLIN

including

BLUE SKIES
A PRETTY GIRL IS
LIKE A MELODY
WHITE CHRISTMAS
HEAT WAVE
PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ
RUSSIAN LULLABY
THIS IS THE ARMY,
MR. JONES
HOW DEEP IS
THE OCEAN
ALL BY MYSELF
I'VE GOT MY CAPTAIN
WORKING FOR ME NOW
I'LL SEE YOU IN CUBA
EVERYBODY STEP
SOME SUNNY DAY
YOU'D BE SURPRISED:
A COUPLE OF SONG
AND DANCE MEN
YOU KEEP COMING
BACK LIKE A SONG (new)
GETTING NOWHERE (new)
A SERENADE TO AN
OLD-FASHIONED GIRL
(new)





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YARDLEY aids to beauty

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"English Complexion" Powder to "Color-light" your skin
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flawless look you'll cap with "Color-light"!

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(Continued from page 4)

✓✓ The Dark Mirror (Universal-International)

RECIPE for a whodunit: One part crime, one part psychology, one part love; mix well and serve with a dash of humor. Then, to make it genuinely absorbing, let Olivia de Havilland and Lew Ayres play the leads. These two manage to make the old idea of twin sisters—one good, the other bad—seem fairly fresh and believable.

Both girls are suspected when a doctor-acquaintance is found fatally stabbed. Since they're identical in appearance if opposite in character, there's no way of pinning the murder on either one. That's where Lew Ayres comes into the case, for he's a psychologist who knows the whys and wherefores of human behavior. In his scientific endeavors to shed some light on a dark situation, he's encouraged by detective Thomas Mitchell, who's determined to catch the real culprit. The story's one glaring weakness is that the good twin, supposedly a very bright gal, is remarkably naive about her sister's evil potentialities despite their lifelong association.

In portraying nice, wholesome *Ruth* as well as clever, abnormal *Terry*, Olivia turns in a fine acting job. (We wish, however, she'd try a more flattering hair-do next time.) The much matured Ayres oozes charm all over the place, and it's predicted his popularity will greatly increase with this performance. Reliable troupier that he is, Thomas Mitchell's detective is to the manner born. It all adds up to sure-fire entertainment, especially if melodrama's your movie meat.

Your Reviewer Says: A guessing game you'll enjoy.

✓✓ The Man I Love (Warners)

PAGING all Lupino fans: Your favorite star is in fine fettle in this one! She never looked more glamorous or packed a bigger punch with every word and gesture than she does here. In this tense tale, adapted from a novel by Maritta Wolff, the role of night club canary *Petey Brown*, who always knows what the score is, fits Ida like the well-known glove.

On a visit to her family in California, she discovers that her sister *Sally* (sympathetically handled by Andrea King) needs her help as does her weakling brother *Joe* (Warren Douglas). So she unpacks and tackles her first problem: Night club Owner *Nickey Toresca*, a wolf on the prowl convincingly played by smooth-as-silk *Robert Alda*. *Petey* turns a deaf ear to *Nickey's* persistent yowling, then meets *San Thomas*, a world-weary piano player. She carries a torch for him but, as luck would have it, he's still half in love with his ex-wife.

In the midst of the complications, Lupino tosses off a couple of Gershwin and Kern song hits like a veteran warbler. As "The Man I Love," Bruce Bennett is plenty attractive in a rugged sort of way but this is primarily La Lupino's picture, and she squeezes the last ounce of drama out of every situation.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll have a wonderful time.

✓ The Time, the Place and the Girl (Warners)

DESPITE the lavish sets, the eye-catching cuties and the swing music played by Carmen Cavallaro and Orchestra (all done up in Technicolor), this turns out to be a commonplace affair. Chief stumbling-

(Continued on page 8)



you'll
see
her

deceive with all her cunning

so
she
could

love with all her heart



AGAIN
A DISTINGUISHED
DRAMATIC
ACHIEVEMENT
FROM BETTE DAVIS
AND **WARNERS!**



**BETTE DAVIS
PAUL HENREID
CLAUDE RAINS**

THE STAR OF "A STOLEN LIFE"
STEALS ANOTHER LIFE!

in **DECEPTION**

DIRECTED BY IRVING RAPPER • PRODUCED BY HENRY BLANKE • SCREEN PLAY BY JOHN COLLIER AND JOSEPH THAN • BASED ON A PLAY BY LOUIS VERNEUIL • MUSIC BY ERICH WOLFGANG KORNGOLD

*Start Cheering... it's the
BEST thing that ever
happened...*



FREDRIC MARCH

MYRNA LOY

*You'll have the time of your life watching **Myrna Loy** and **Fredric March** fall in love all over again, and **Dana Andrews** and **Teresa Wright** fall in love at first sight. It's a gay and heart warming story with **Virginia Mayo** and **Hoagy Carmichael** (who thrills you at the piano), and you'll meet **Cathy O'Donnell**, a new personality you'll love ... all in **Samuel Goldwyn's** "**The Best Years of Our Lives**"*

Great **ENTERTAINMENT**

(Continued from page 6)

block is the trite story, whipped up by four writers, about rich young Martha Vickers who studies for the opera and longs for excitement in her sheltered life.

Martha's discerning grandpappy (S. Z. Sakall), recognizing that the handsome night club entertainer next door (Dennis Morgan) is the very man to provide the aforesaid excitement, promptly tries to promote a romance. Martha is more than willing to cooperate, but Dennis shies away because she's "such a nice girl," as he quaintly puts it. A famous conductor of highbrow opera, the old man offers to finance a lowbrow musical for Dennis and his pals, Jack Carson and Janis Paige. But they must give Martha the leading role and keep it a secret from Grandma Florence Bates and Manager Donald Woods. There's a lot more along these lines with everyone present and accounted for when the curtain goes up on opening night.

Dennis Morgan is oh, so relaxed through it all; Jack Carson, the kid with the good-time Charlie personality, is right at home; Janis Paige really tries to be helpful; Martha Vickers flashes a sparkling smile; Sakall, as usual, murders the King's English; Florence Bates is alternately coy and shrewish and Donald Woods plays a stereotyped part.

Your Reviewer Says: A splashy, flashy musical.

The Bachelor's Daughters (Stone-UA)

HERE'S still another version of the old game of make-believe where everyone pretends to be someone else and gets into all kinds of jams. Yearning to shed their humdrum existence and have themselves a time, the bunch at the *Royal Department Store* chip in and rent a mansion on swanky Long Island. Gail Russell, a sweet young thing, conveniently falls in love with a young man of means (John Whitney) only to have Claire Trevor, in the part of a hard-boiled femme, throw a monkey-wrench into the romance. Ann Dvorak is a gal who determines to become a popular singer come what may, and Jane Wyatt—by one of those happy coincidences of reel life—forms an attachment for the son of the department store owner.

Billie Burke of the tremulous voice and fluttery manner, and Adolphe Menjou, a crabby character with a heart of gold,

Best Pictures of the Month

Two Years Before the Mast
Three Little Girls in Blue
The Raider

Best Performances

Brian Donlevy, William Bendix in
"Two Years Before the Mast"

Ida Lupino in
"The Man I Love"

Catherine McLeod, Phillip Dorn in
"I've Always Loved You"

Olivia de Havilland, Lew Ayres,
Thomas Mitchell in
"The Dark Mirror"

complete the phony "family." Incidentally, Menjou's role is the juiciest one of the lot but everyone's in there pitching, the net result being a passable picture.

Your Reviewer Says: Some tears, a few chuckles.

✓ **Angel on My Shoulder**
(Rogers-UA)

THE angels are not in evidence in this, but their chief adversary certainly is. In the person of Claude Rains, who acts as though he's thoroughly enjoying himself, old *Beelzebub* himself wanders around for two hours in company with a murdered gangster, Paul Muni.

Which all goes to show that this is another experiment in the realm of phantasy and the afterworld, an experiment that may have enthusiastic followers on the one hand and just as enthusiastic thumb-downers on the other. *Eddie Kagle*, a released convict, is shot and killed by his pal; he wakes up in hell. What he finds there has him tugging at his collar; the audience will probably react likewise. *Old Nick* thinks *Eddie's* a good bet for some unfinished business in the world, so back go the two to earth. The rustle of wings now becomes apparent with the entrance of Anne Baxter, fiancée of the *Judge* into whose body the naughty soul of Muni is infused. From there on in, it's a fight of good versus evil, punctuated by some wonderfully dramatic lines.

Muni takes *Eddie Kagle* and twists him around his little finger. Since Rains does the magnificent same with his "just call me *Nick*" role, the picture is made. It will take you an hour to get into the swing of things; after that, unless you're a sworn rebel against this type film, you'll find yourself wondering what's going to happen next. One thing is certain—when "The End" flashes on the screen, you'll promise to be a good boy from now on!

Your Reviewer Says: You'll page the angels!

✓ **White Tie and Tails**
(Universal-International)

WHAT happens when a "gentleman's gentleman" steps out of his class is amusingly told in this bright little comedy. Dan Durylea, featured as a bad boy in past pictures, plays a good guy here—but not too good to withstand temptation. Weary of being the perfect butler-valet, he takes advantage of his employer's absence to have what starts out as a harmless fling, making use of the boss's car and chauffeur, and his white tie and tails.

It's no trick at all for the clever fellow to impersonate a gentleman who knows all the niceties and can mix a mean Martini. But in seeking to impress that very chic socialite Ella Raines, he overplays his hand. She's a lady in distress and he's the gallant Gallahad eager to help her; so before long they're both in a tight spot.

Many of the laughs are provided by William Bendix in the roughneck role of a big shot out to acquire polish and Frank Jenks as the crap-shooting chauffeur. Dan Durylea's creditable acting, Ella Raines's glamorous get-up, and the combined efforts of Messrs. Bendix and Jenks make for a diverting, if not important, film.

Your Reviewer Says: Fun for the whole family.

✓✓ **The Raider** (English Films)

FACT and fiction are deftly blended in this Technicolor English import derived from the story "Western Approaches." There isn't the slightest attempt to introduce a romantic note in this stark saga of

and it happens to you in

“THE BEST
YEARS
OF OUR
LIVES”

a truly great motion picture

Produced by SAMUEL GOLDWYN

Directed by WILLIAM WYLER

Screenplay by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

From the Novel by MACKINLAY KANTOR

Released thru RKO Radio Pictures

DANA ANDREWS

TERESA WRIGHT

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Soy Bean Grlts
Yeast

Sesame Seed
Poppy Seed
Corn Syrup
Cuttelbone
Charcoal
Wheat Germ



the seas. Nevertheless, there's suspense aplenty with dramatic interest heightened by the knowledge that all the actors are non-professionals, formerly attached to the allied navies and merchant marine. And an impressive, true-to-life portrayal they give us, cussing included!

In its opening scene, we see a lifeboat adrift in the Atlantic and learn that the twenty-one occupants are survivors of a torpedoed merchantman, the "Jason." For fourteen days and nights, these men bravely endure the tortures of thirst, hunger and exposure; then their hopes are aroused as they sight the "Leander," which has picked up their distress signal. Almost simultaneously, they discover that a German U-boat is lurking nearby, waiting to sink the big ship. Although they flash a warning to their would-be rescuers, the fight is already on—a desperate life-or-death struggle which is graphically presented.

Although "The Raider" forcefully brings home the ugly business of modern warfare, it is a question whether post-war audiences will find it as effective today as a year or two ago.

Your Reviewer Says: No cream-puff stuff!

✓ **Abie's Irish Rose**
(Bing Crosby-UA)

ONLY moderately funny is this screen version of Anne Nichols's laugh hit of yesteryear. To hear the oldsters tell it, that record-breaking play about the Murphys and the Levys was simply sensational. Well, maybe too much water has gone under the bridge since then, and what used to be greeted with such hearty guffaws now merely evokes an occasional titter.

The high spot of this slow-paced comedy is the film debut of Joanne Dru (Dick Haymes's missus). She plays *Rosemary* with marked sincerity and assurance, and you'd never guess it's her first bout with the klieg lights. Richard Morris makes a likable, straightforward *Abie* so that you're not surprised when he sweeps the little colleen off her feet. The meeting of these two in London on V-E day begins promisingly enough but the story starts to sag when, frowning upon their children's marriage, stubborn *Papa Levy* (Michael Chekhov) and equally stubborn *Father Murphy* (J. M. Kerrigan) hurl insults at each other in characteristic brogue and accent, typical of bygone vaudeville days. Although their grandchildren finally bring the old boys together, you have a feeling that their relationship is

never going to be a very cordial one.

In this tepid revival of a one-time favorite, George E. Stone and Vera Gordon are a friendly couple who fully realize that love and intolerance simply will not mix.

Your Reviewer Says: No harm done.

Black Beauty (20th Century-Fox)

A GIRL'S all-consuming passion for her horse and the adventures that befall them both comprise the theme of this one. Derived from the children's classic of the same title by Anna Sewell, this hoss opera of Victorian vintage takes place in rural England.

Mona Freeman is the ideal choice for the lithesome lassie who goes into positive raptures over *Black Beauty*. To be sure, it's a pleasure to watch the graceful cavortings of the magnificent animal. As a visiting American, Richard Denning thinks so too, and it's their mutual admiration for *Black Beauty* that throws these young people together.

Evelyn Ankers—the other girl in Richard's life—isn't the out-of-doors type like Mona; still she wears her riding habit with an air. J. M. Kerrigan turns in a finished performance as a faithful groom and, in case it matters, the horse's real name is Highland Dale.

Your Reviewer Says: For the small fry.

The Last Bomb (Warners)

THIS twenty-minute Technicolor short, made in cooperation with U. S. Army Air Forces and supervised by Army Coordinator Frank Lloyd, is an awe-inspiring spectacle of the huge striking force used against Japan early in 1945. At that time, full-scale operations were at their peak at Saipan, Tinian and Guam under General Curtis LeMay.

It's a truly stirring sight to see those impressive B-29s start off for their target: Tokyo.

You'll watch breathlessly as they wing their way through heavy fighter opposition, intensive flak and bad weather. Then comes the return trip with the P-51's bombing specific objectives along the coast. Some of the planes get back to their bases at Iwo, others fail to make it.

As a permanent record of how our Air Forces accomplished their great mission this outdoes any fiction the screen writers can devise.

Your Reviewer Says: First-rate documentary film.

Romantic teammates in "Notorious Gentleman": Margaret Johnson and Rex Harrison



IF A MAN CAN'T HAVE ALL OF A WOMAN'S LOVE,
HE MIGHT AS WELL HAVE NONE!

Can a woman give her lips to one man and her longing to another? This was the question that tormented her soul...A stirring emotional experience enriched by the magic of music and Technicolor.

FRANK BORZAGE'S

PRODUCTION OF

LOVE ALWAYS LOVED YOU

*A Distinguished Motion Picture
in Romantic*

TECHNICOLOR

PHILIP CATHERINE
DORN • McLEOD

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CARTER

MME. MARIA OUSPENSKAYA

Felix Bressart • Fritz Feld
Elizabeth Patterson • Vanessa Brown
Lewis Howard

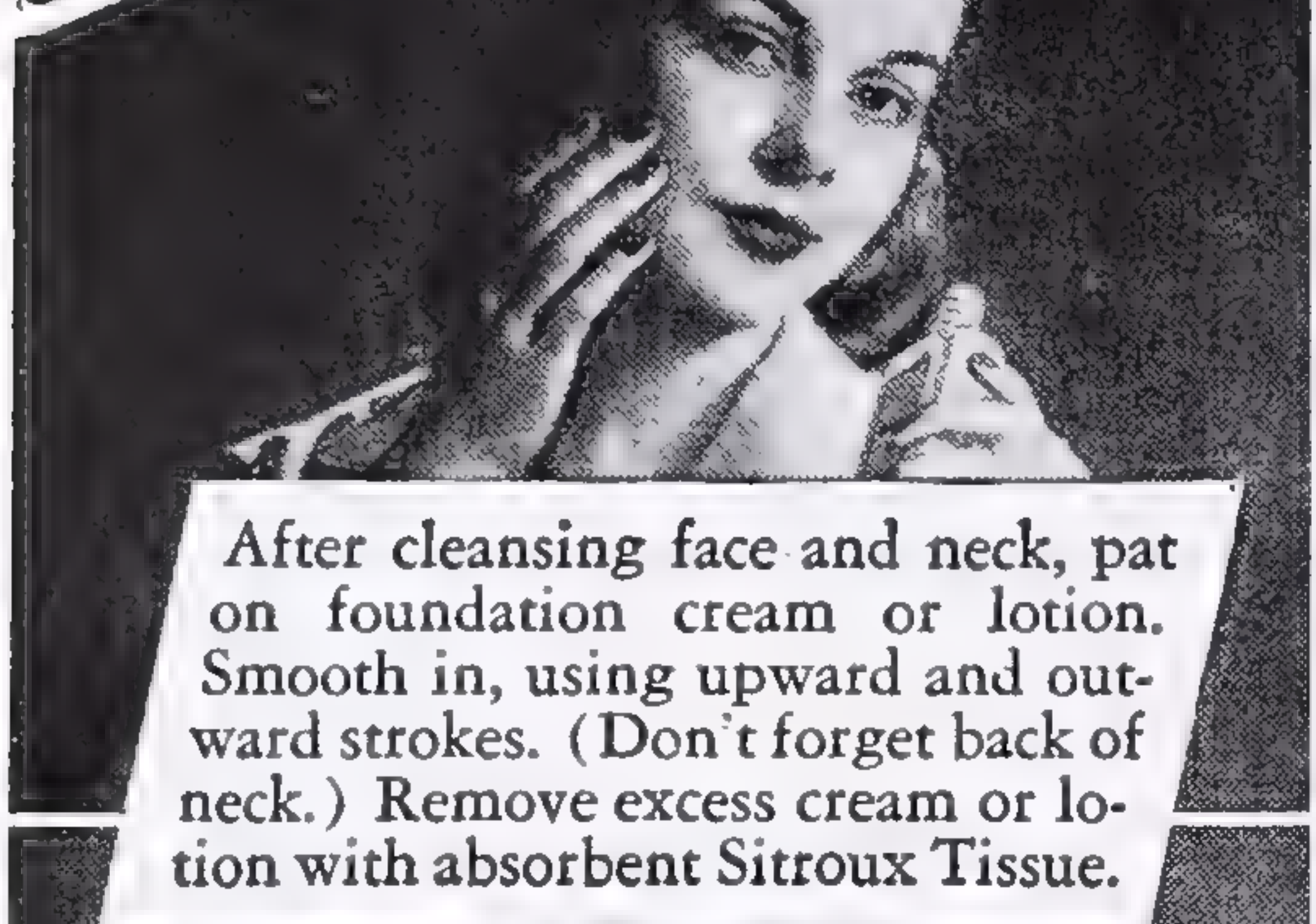
Directed by
FRANK BORZAGE

Screen Play by
Borden Chase
Adapted from his
American Magazine
Story "Concerto"

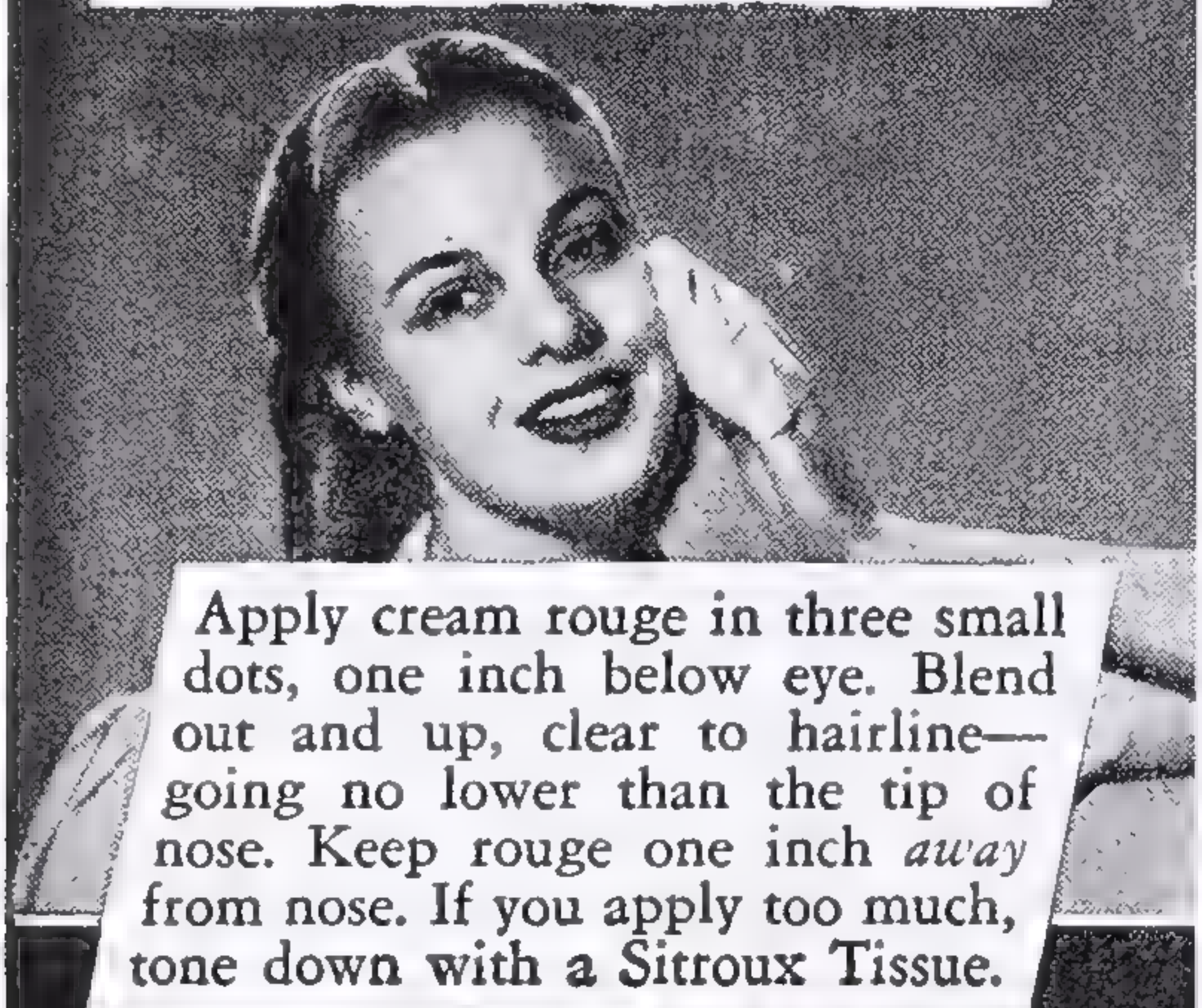
Piano Recordings by
Artur Rubinstein,
World's Greatest
Pianist

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

TRICKS FOR A LASTING MAKE-UP!



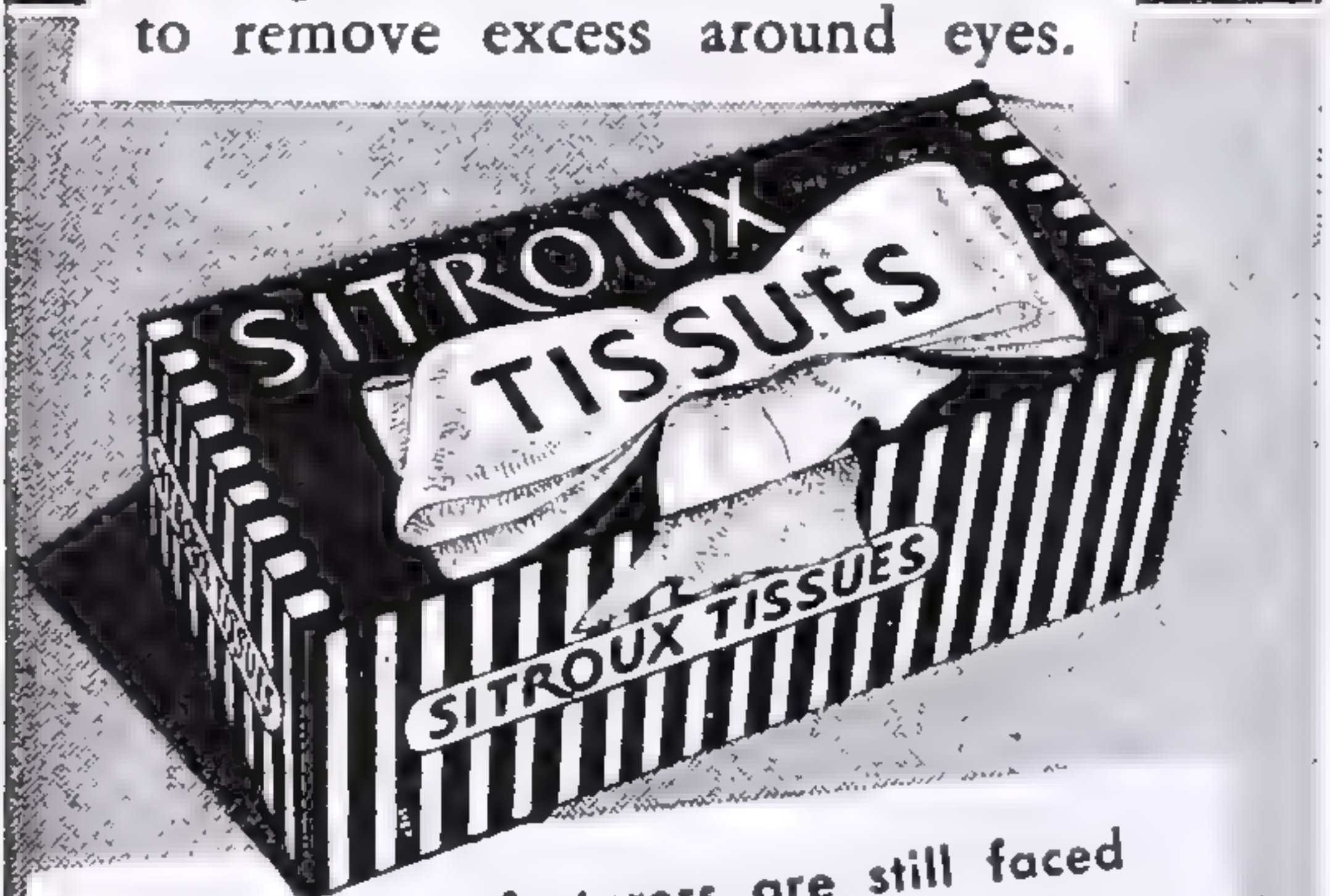
After cleansing face and neck, pat on foundation cream or lotion. Smooth in, using upward and outward strokes. (Don't forget back of neck.) Remove excess cream or lotion with absorbent Sitroux Tissue.



Apply cream rouge in three small dots, one inch below eye. Blend out and up, clear to hairline—going no lower than the tip of nose. Keep rouge one inch away from nose. If you apply too much, tone down with a Sitroux Tissue.



With cotton pad, firmly press powder on face and neck. Reverse pad—brush off with downward strokes. Saturate clean pad with mild astringent—pat entire face. When almost dry, apply second coat of powder, lightly—brush off. Use quarter of a Sitroux Tissue* to remove excess around eyes.

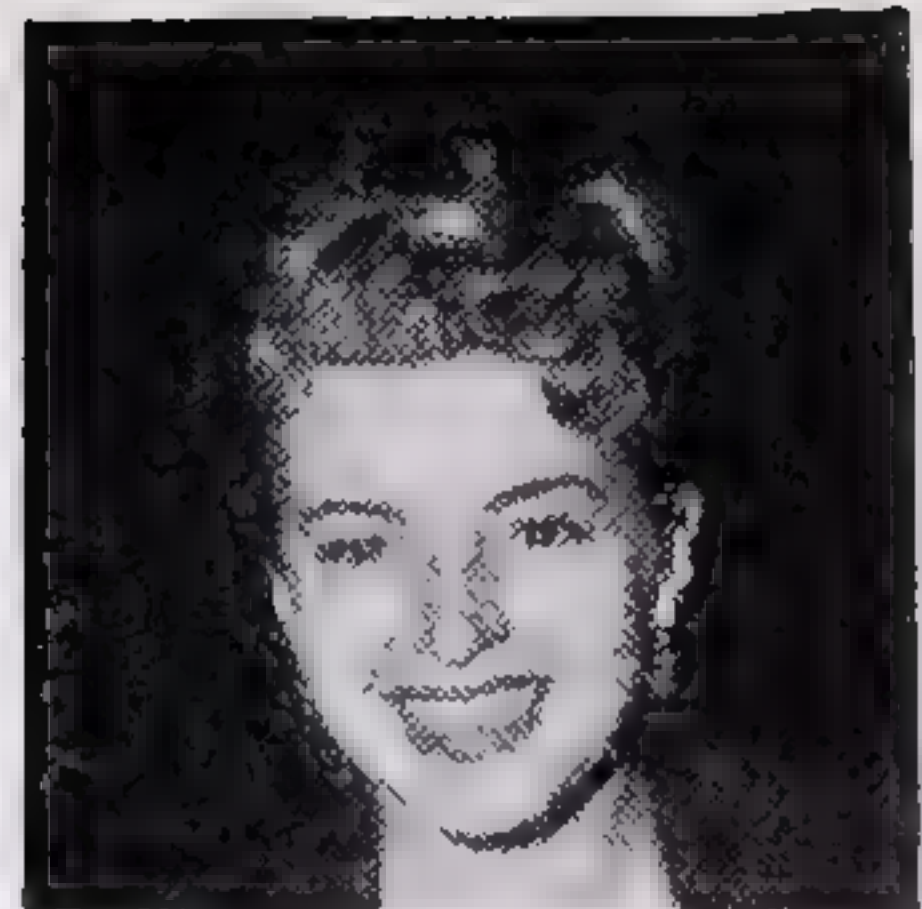


* Tissue manufacturers are still faced with material shortages and production difficulties . . . but we are doing our level best to supply you with as many Sitroux Tissues as possible. And, like all others, we are making the finest quality tissues possible under present conditions. For your understanding and patience—our appreciation and thanks!

SITROUX

SAY SIT-TRUE

TISSUES



By Lana Turner

Salute TO SUZANNE

Hollywood High was so big and the Carnahan girl was so scared

HOLLYWOOD High School is a remarkable institution. Its buildings, covering a city block, and its student body are as large as those of many small colleges, but it is best known throughout the country because many of its alumni have won fame in motion pictures.



The Carnahan girl

You've heard stories about graduates of my alma mater who have become film celebrities but I'd like to tell you one such tale, little known outside our town although it has become school legend. It's about a girl named Suzanne, gray eyed, brown haired, slim. A plucky girl. I had left Hollywood High before the episode of Suzanne in Senior Drama 13, but I know the story well. . . .

Suzanne was a serious student; she wanted to be a doctor and felt keenly her responsibility toward her mother and younger brother. Her schedule was heavy but she needed a few extra points for graduation. She elected that drama course, thinking it might be easy. Soon she realized her mistake.

"It wasn't the teacher's fault, Lana," she has told me subsequently. "He was patient and kind. I don't think it was my fault, either. I worked hard, but I wasn't an actress. I knew I was heading for a big fat flunk and that meant I would not graduate. I needed those points. I was confident of passing my other courses."

At the end of the term Suzanne was worried, for the final exam was to be oral. The dreaded day arrived. Suzanne's palms seemed to have kinship

with the clams, her tongue felt as fuzzy as a woolen mitten when her turn to emote arrived. To make matters worse there was a stranger at the back of the classroom.

"I must pass. I must," she told herself and never did any actress put more of her heart into a role, but still she

thought she failed.

Class was dismissed. The teacher and the stranger started a whispered conversation just as a dejected Suzanne reached the door. She was called back.

"This is it. I've flunked and I'm going to be told privately, just to make it easier," she thought.

"Suzanne, this is Mr. Blank," the teacher started.

"Why doesn't he get it over with?" Suzanne thought miserably.

"Mr. Blank is a talent scout and he considers you the *only* possible screen material in the class, on the basis of today's readings. He'd like to arrange a screen test," the girl heard hazily.

Suzanne took her test and was signed, then fought through two years of bitter disappointments during which she did nothing but more tests. She switched studios, finally by hard work and sheer ability became a star, only to suffer another setback and near death in a tragic accident. Suzanne is fighting back to health now and we all hope she'll be back on the screen soon. She more than deserves success and happiness.

Oh, yes. At Hollywood High she was Suzanne—Suzanne Carnahan, to be exact. You know her as Susan Peters.

THE JOLSON STORY

is enriched with

TECHNICOLOR magic

...told in melodies

you have always

loved ...attuned

to the

heartbeat

of our

time!

CALIFORNIA, HERE
I COME

SWANEE

YOU MADE ME
LOVE YOU

MAMMY

WAITING FOR
THE ROBERT E. LEE

APRIL SHOWERS

I WANT A GIRL

RAINBOW 'ROUND
MY SHOULDER

LIZA

ROCKABYE YOUR
BABY

BY THE LIGHT OF
THE SILV'RY MOON

ABOUT A
QUARTER TO NINE

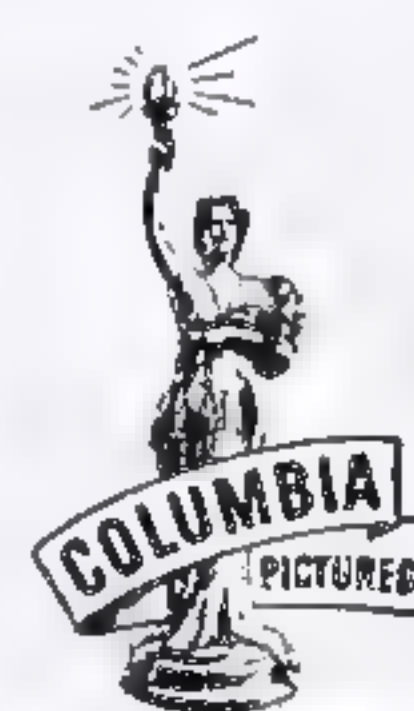
I'M SITTING
ON TOP OF THE WORLD

TOOT, TOOT, TOOTSIE

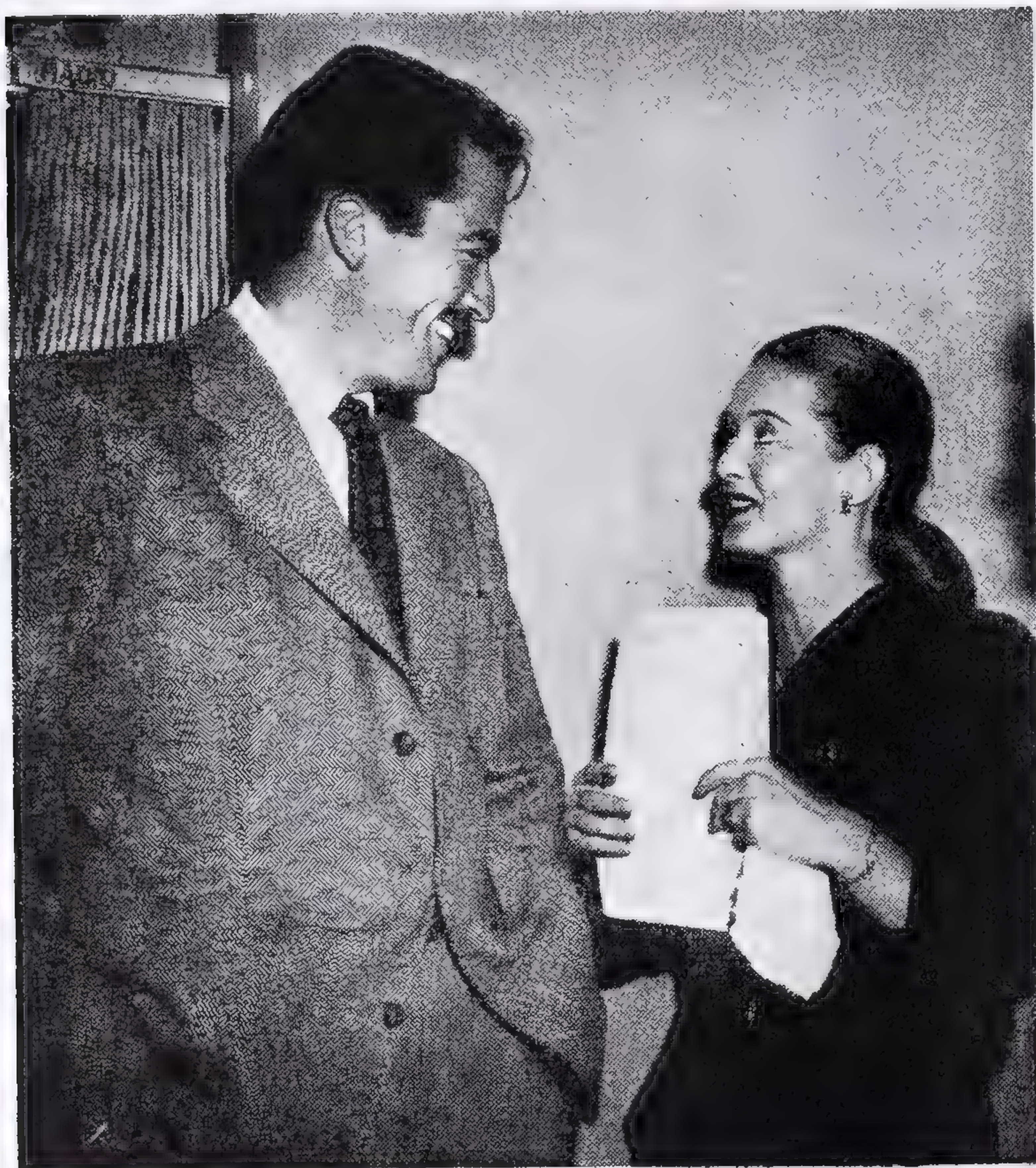


WITH

LARRY PARKS • EVELYN KEYES • WILLIAM DEMAREST • BILL GOODWIN • Screenplay by Stephen Longstreet
Produced by SIDNEY SKOLSKY • Directed by ALFRED E. GREEN • A COLUMBIA PICTURE



INSIDE STUFF



Big broadcast! Gregory Peck (note mustache), Bette Davis on CBS "Hollywood Players"

Jolson and Skolsky: Sidney Skolsky, the diminutive columnist who writes bright pieces for PHOTOPLAY, has been nagging studios for years to permit him to produce for them the life story of Al Jolson. Even Warner Brothers, for whom Jolson made the first full talking picture, "The Jazz Singer," turned him down. Finally Columbia bent an interested ear, and after several years of work, worry and preparation, Sidney's completed film emerged a heart-warming success.

But that wasn't all. The Schwab brothers, whose corner drugstore has been publicized for years by Sidney as the Schwarbadereo, invited literally hundreds of Sidney's friends, as well as stars who patronize their store, to a reception. To the accompaniment of the usual sweeping arc lights and crowding spectators, they jammed the drugstore. In a back room a broadcasting mike was set up with Bill Powell, Ed (Archie) Gardner, Dane Clark, Bette Davis, Celeste Holm and a dozen others paying tribute to Sidney. Bill Demarest, who plays an important role in the film, vied with Laraine Day in blowing the biggest bubbles from their bubble gum which

Photographs by



A date with Mom! Dion, Barbara Stanwyck's son, smiles happily as he helps his beautiful mother from car for an evening of doing the town

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

was part of the refreshments. Ice-cream sodas, candy, cokes and cakes flew from hand to hand with tiny Sidney going from group to group happier than he's been in ages; a happiness truly deserved.

Hearts and Flowers: It took a lot of wooing and courting on Bob Hutton's part to re-win Cleatus Caldwell whom he once jilted for Lana Turner. Now the two are happily married . . . A handsome in-love couple are Richard Derr and Audrey Totter, a gal who can act as well as look beautiful . . . Now that that comedian and his wife have finally separated, look for sensational rumors to follow. They might even prove true . . . June Haver would say "yes" much more quickly to Dave Rose than anyone else . . . The love Jennifer Jones has for David Selznick is so obvious it glows in her eyes . . . And speaking of lovers, Hollywood is planning a royal welcome for Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier who arrive soon.

Of David Niven: That David Niven is adjusting himself to the tragedy (*Continued on page 16*)

Fink and Smith



Sentimental celebration! Exclusive of Shirley Temple and John Agar on first anniversary



The Wit, The Beauty, The Voice! Keenan Wynn, Lana Turner and Frank Sinatra put accent on fun in a trio at the Xavier Cugat party

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INSIDE STUFF

Two off the ice: Lloyd Nolan and Nancy Guild provide side-line interest for the fans at the Ice Follies



Study in expression: Paul Henreid and his missus take a serious view of the Ice Follies while the John Garfields concentrate on the comic's corner

(Continued from page 15) that befell his beloved wife is a report only by those who mistake British reserve for acquiescence. The actor is, as his close friends know, literally heartbroken.

A friend tells of being at the home of Douglas Fairbanks when David telephoned from New York where he'd been vacationing. He yearned to see his children but actually hadn't the heart to return to Hollywood. Fairbanks assured him the children were well and to remain where he was. Doug and his lovely wife Mary Lee are caring for them personally.

David has confided that never again will he be contented in Hollywood. All during those years away, in the midst of war's destruction, he longed for Hollywood, the place he loved. He expressed that when he first returned,

waiting so happily for his wife to join him. But now his heart and mind have gone back home to England where she lived and after his next picture, David will return there with his two children who will remain in England. He will make as many pictures as he can in England and after the completion of each film in Hollywood, he'll leave. That's just how deeply the wound that will never quite heal has gone.

Deanna Up-to-Date: One hears disquieting tales concerning Deanna Durbin's unhappiness these days—all kinds of unhappiness. First there was the disapproval of her family toward her marriage to a much older man—Felix Jackson. That unhappiness, we hear, caused her parents to return to Canada—at least for a (Continued on page 19)

Young Man in White

You may call him an "interne," but in name and in fact he's every inch a doctor.

He has his textbook education . . . his doctor's degree. But, in return for the privilege of working side by side with the masters of his profession, he will spend a year—more likely two—as an active member of a hospital staff.

His hours are long and arduous . . . his duties exacting. But when he finally hangs out his coveted shingle in private practice he will be a *doctor with experience!*



According to a recent Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

YOUR "T-ZONE" WILL TELL YOU...

**T for Taste . . .
T for Throat**

. . .that's your
proving ground
for any cigarette.
See if Camels
don't suit your
"T-Zone" to
a "T."

R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Company,
Winston-Salem, N. C.



● The makers of Camels take an understandable pride in the results of a nationwide survey among 113,597 doctors by three leading independent research organizations.

When queried about the cigarette they themselves smoked, the brand named most by the doctors was . . . Camel.

Like you, doctors smoke for pleasure. The rich, full flavor and cool mildness of Camels are just as appealing to them as to you.

CAMELS

*Costlier
Tobaccos*

From
New York to Hollywood

**No other shampoo leaves your hair
more lustrous, yet so easy to manage!**

**TONIGHT IN
HOLLYWOOD...**

after a 10-hour cross-country flight, glamorous Jackie Michel looks her loveliest. "Even this hair-do of formal curls is no trick to arrange," she says, "for Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action leaves my hair so smooth and manageable."

Breakfast in New York... dinner in Hollywood, dancing among the stars... your lovely, lustrous Drene-clean hair gleaming in all its glory! Let Magazine Cover Girl and Drene Girl, Jackie Michel, preview the travel thrills of the new air-age... and the beauty thrills that can be yours when you use Drene Shampoo.

"I'm a Drene Girl," Jackie says, "because Drene leaves my hair radiant — alive with *all* its natural highlights — yet always beautifully behaved!" Yes, Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action reveals up to 33% more lustre than any soap or soap shampoo. No other shampoo leaves hair more lustrous, yet so easy to manage.

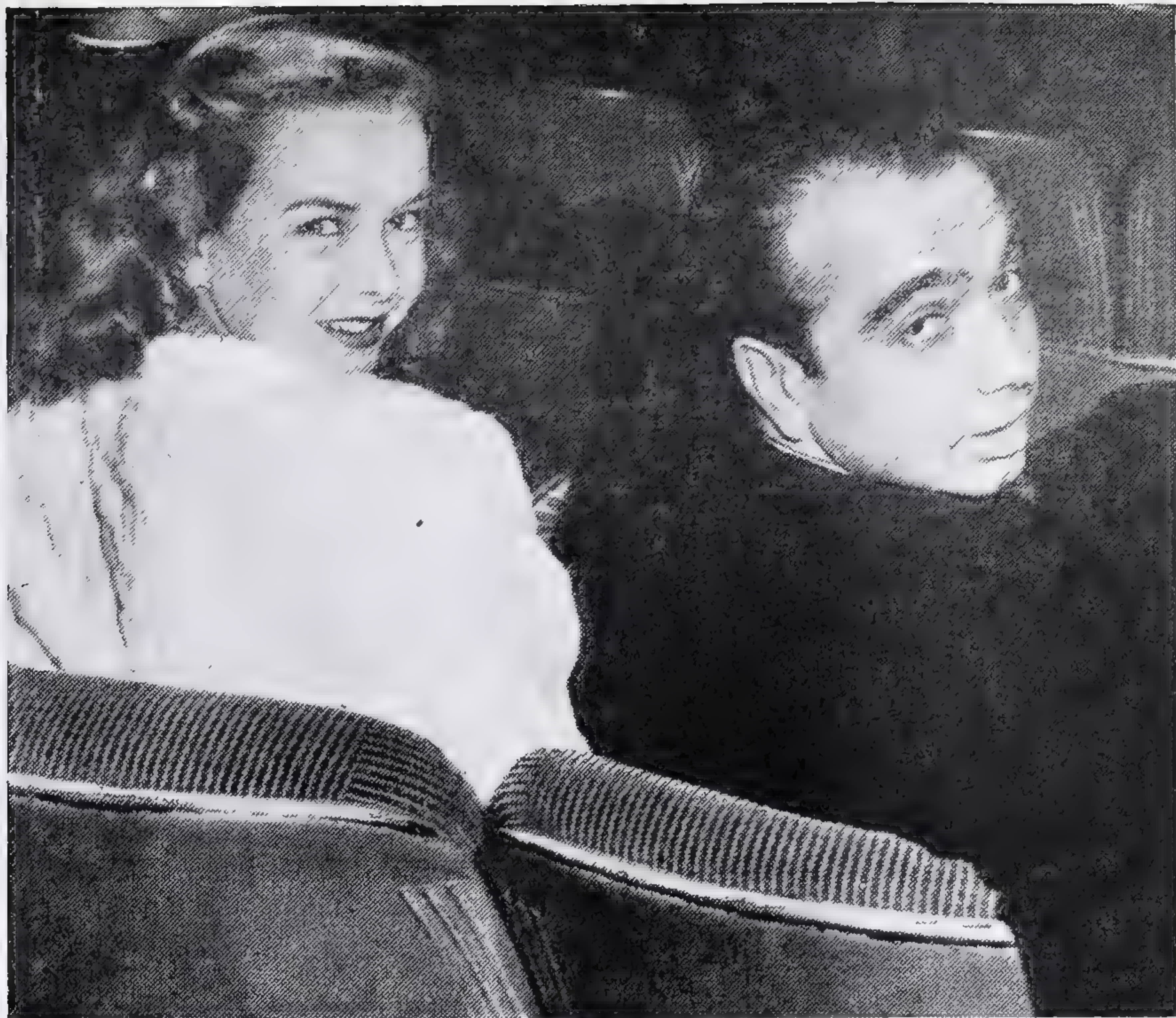


Drene
**Shampoo with
Hair Conditioning
Action**

**THIS
MORNING
IN NEW YORK**

... Jackie rolled her hair into a bun for travel convenience. "I depend on Drene," she says, "to bring out the lively sparkle of my hair." Drene is not a soap shampoo... never leaves dulling film on hair as all soaps do... removes unsightly dandruff flakes the first time you use it.





Here's looking at you! Over-the-shoulder view of Diana Lynn and Henry Willson, who have broken their engagement

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 16) time. And then newspapers carried the story of Deanna's suit against the sister and brother-in-law she had adored. Regardless of who was at fault, a strong family tie and family devotion was badly strained.

Since the departure of producer Joe Pasternak from Universal, Deanna's career has also come in for its share of grief. Her pictures failed to touch her earlier efforts and the result was criticism where only praise existed before. And now Deanna confides to close friends her marital life is not as happy as it should be. And regardless of the denials that may be made, Deanna did make such confidences, we're told. Let's all hope things grow brighter for Deanna in the future. Perhaps she'll have a change of luck with her new picture, "I'll Be Yours," in

which she co-stars with Tom Drake. Reports are she's thinner and more like her old self in it.

Inside the Inside: It isn't often that even we of the press get a real behind-the-scenes peep at a movie being born, so let Cal tell you just what goes on. To begin with, Lana Turner picked up Cal in her robin's egg blue Packard around mid-morning and we took off for M-G-M Studios where Lana was preparing for her role of *Marianne* in "Green Dolphin Street." First we went to wardrobe where Walter Plunkett and Irene, M-G-M's top designers, were busy with the period gowns. But what was this? Instead of the luscious, soft velvets and satins, Lana emerged wearing a heavy blue woolen frock, torn and shredded in both skirt and bodice. Fuller's earth had been sprayed over it to achieve age and wear. This was the gown Lana was to wear while



Stop-light: Joan Crawford matches one for studio cop on the set



Dale Evans
beautiful motion picture actress, co-starring in "Shine on Texas Moon," a Republic production.

Instantly...

make YOUR lips more thrilling!

Here is the most important charm discovery since the beginning of beauty. A "lipstick," at last, that actually can't smear—that really won't rub off—and that will keep your lips satin smooth and lovely. It isn't a "lipstick" at all. It's a liquid in the most romantic shades ever! And so permanent! Put it on at dusk—it stays till dawn or longer.

At better stores everywhere \$1...

SEND COUPON for generous Trial Sizes

CHECK SHADES WANTED

- ☐ **Scarlet**—devastating on girls with hazel eyes, fair skin.
- ☐ **Parisian**—spectacular on Irish type, dark hair, blue eyes.
- ☐ **Regal**—real excitement with brown eyes, medium skin.
- ☐ **English Tint**—precious inviting coral, new glamor for blonds.
- ☐ **Orchid**—exotic pink, lovely with lavenders, or pastel gowns.
- ☐ **Gay Plum**—enchancing with fuchsia, plum or purple costumes.
- ☐ **Gypsy**—does wonders for dark-eyed charmers with olive skin.
- ☐ **Medium**—natural true red, flattering to every type.



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Liquid Liptone



There's an hour in Manhattan which is tingly with anticipation like the moment at Belmont before the horse-players shout, "They're OFF!" It's that magic sixty min-



utes when the ladies and gents are putting on their trappings, scraping off their whiskers, girdling up their loins for that "Big Evening on the town."

"Mr. Peabody? It says in the paper to stay out of crowds to avoid cold, so I'm not coming to work this month."

That's when this frowsy old Bagdad of a city starts to thrum like Fritz Kreisler on the

tremolo passages of "Hora Staccato". White-coated bartenders slice lemon peel with surgeon's hands. Messenger boys ring Milady's bell and slip her a twelve dollar orchid in a transparent box. Taxi drivers drain the last mug of jamoke and settle down in their hacks for an evening of fender scraping.



To make HIM say —
"Ah-h-h, it feels so nice!"
Man of Manhattan's
Aftershave Lotion —

The Miss of Manhattan, of course, spends the hour face to face with her face, sticking together a thing of beauty out of "skatey-eight" jars, pots and tubes. And the Man of Manhattan, if he's a real toff, is doing right by himself too. A dash of Man of Manhattan's Aftershave Lotion to make the face sing — a *soupc*on of Man of



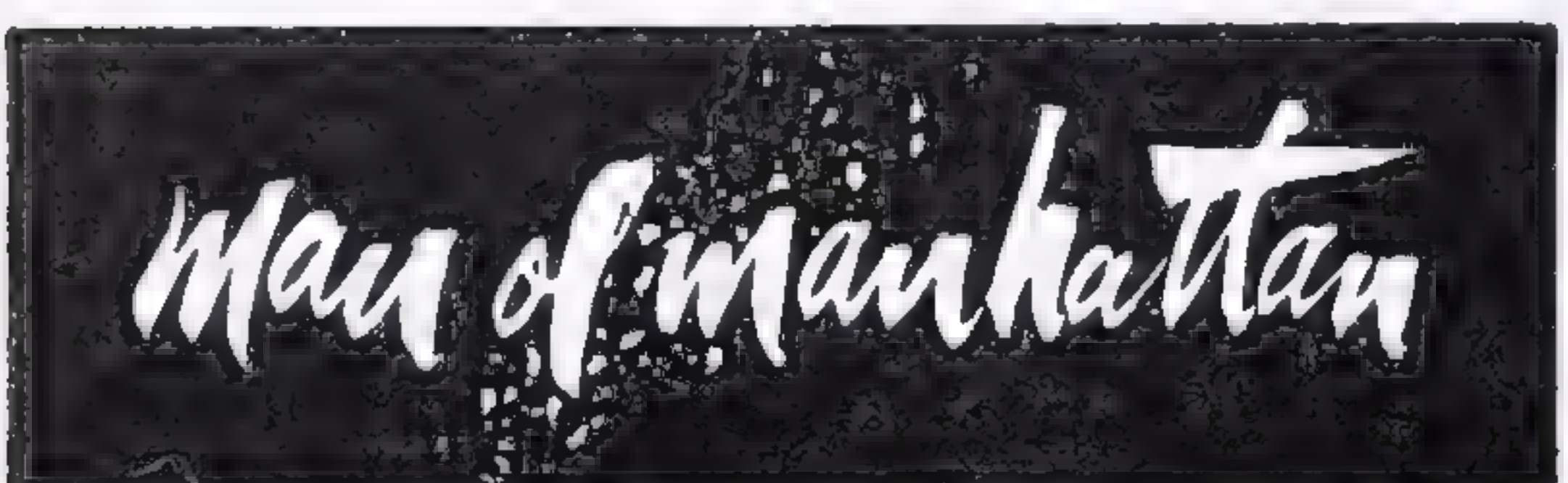
To make HER say —
"Oo-o-h! How nice!"
Man of Manhattan's
Men's Cologne —

Manhattan's Cologne to make him extra fascinatin' in those "close-in moments". It's just such little touches which rate a fellow a promising twinkle

in that all-important second when he says, "Good evening, Duchess. Shall we be up and away?"

If he's a really civilized chap, you'll spot those Man of Manhattan toiletries on his bathroom shelves—and the fellow with know-how *always* slips the Man of Manhattan Stratoliner Travel Kit into his luggage when he flits around the nation.

Yours,



Three little girls on the blue: Dinah Shore, June Haver and Gloria De Haven on Armed Forces Radio Xmas Show

INSIDE STUFF

escaping the New Zealand savage natives.

Later we sat in a projection room, the two of us, and watched a scene with Lana wearing the same frock plus a soiled and sooted face. Every mark on that beautiful pan was analyzed as to authenticity and realism. Then eyelash tests were run. Yes, even the length, sweep and curl of a lash is photographed and tested on the screen.

After lunch in the dressing room (Lana ate while the hairdresser worked) we adjourned to stage nine where more tests—this time an old-fashioned nightgown test—were photographed in order to be run the following day. And after considering the hours spent just in make-up and wardrobe testing *before* a camera is even turned on the actual shooting, one begins to feel the ache of fatigue of our stars who diet, work, stand for fittings for endless hours on end. It's

a life, we decided on the way home, they can have. We're happier just writing about it.

Miraculous News: You'll be happy to know that Dickie Moore, former child star, has learned to walk again. Dickie contracted an uncommon virus disease of the nervous system which paralyzed both legs. Things really looked dark for the twenty-year-old ex-sergeant who spent twenty-one months as a forward area Stars and Stripes correspondent in Saipan. Then he entered the Veteran Administration West Los Angeles Medical and Surgical Hospital in July and the treatments were started. In two months he was walking without help of any kind. V. A. doctors credit the miraculous recovery to a combination of modern therapy treatments and Dickie's fine constitution.

You'll remember him for his starring roles in "Oliver (Continued on page 22)

It's a gag! cried Bob Hope, pairing off to a good start with Marlene Dietrich on the same air show



Your Cold... the part germs play . . . and precautions against them

*Can you avoid catching cold?
And if you do catch one is it
possible to reduce its severity?
Oftentimes—YES.*

IT IS now believed by outstanding members of the medical profession that colds and their complications are frequently produced by a combination of factors working together.

1. That an unseen virus, entering through the nose or mouth, probably starts many colds.

2. That the so-called "Secondary Invaders", a potentially troublesome group of bacteria, including germs of

the pneumonia and streptococcus types, then can complicate a cold by staging a "mass invasion" of throat tissues.

3. That anything which lowers body resistance, such as cold feet, wet feet, fatigue, exposure to sudden temperature changes, may not only make the work of the virus easier but encourage the "mass invasion" of germs.

Tests Showed Fewer Colds

The time to strike a cold is at its very outset . . . to go after the surface germs before they go after you . . . to fight the "mass invasion" of the tissue before it becomes serious.

The ability of Listerine Antiseptic as a germ-killing agent needs no elaboration. Important to you, however, is the impressive record against colds made by Listerine Antiseptic in tests made over a 12-year period. Here is what this test data revealed:

That those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and usually had milder colds, and fewer sore throats, than those who did not gargle with Listerine Antiseptic.

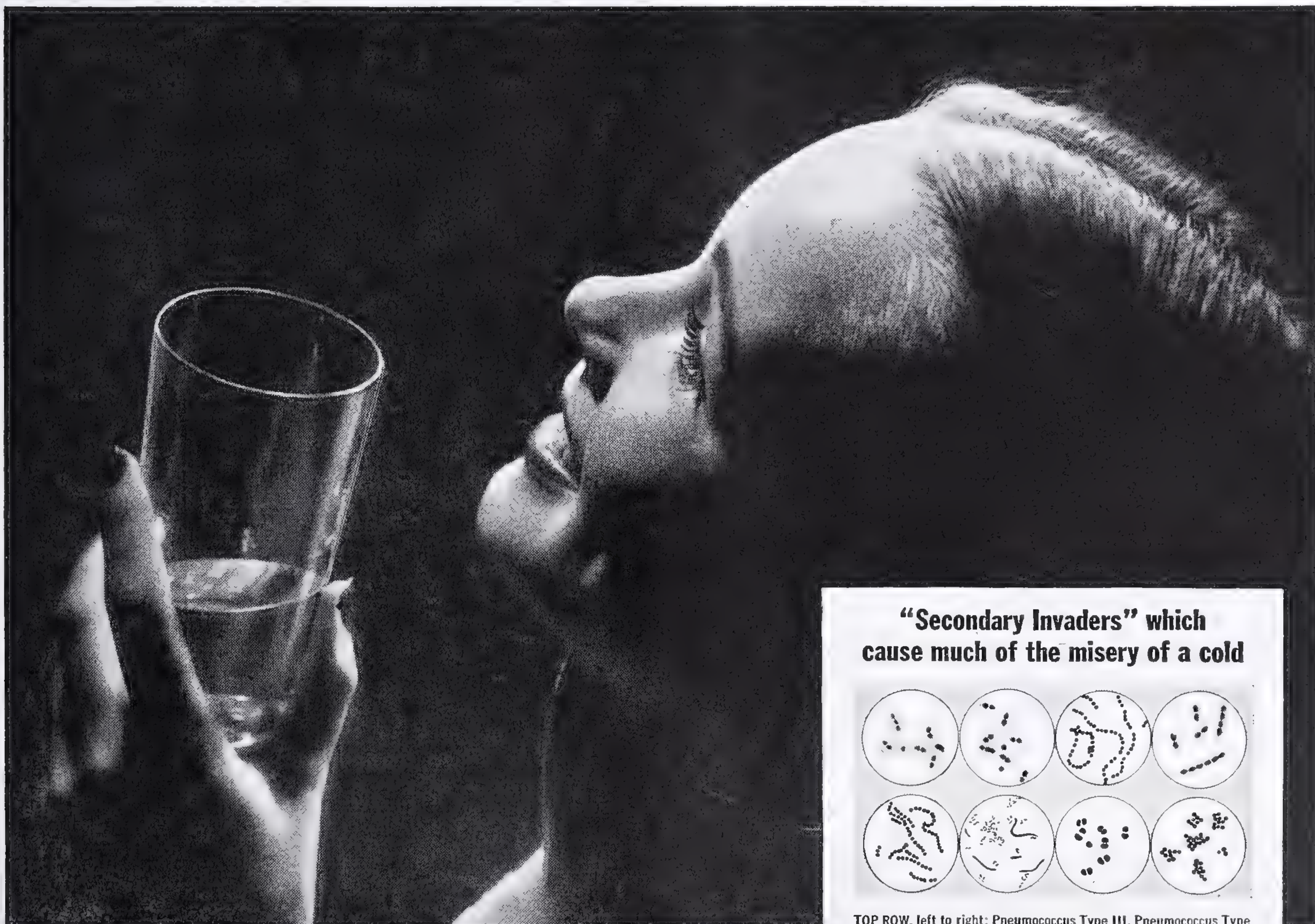
This, we believe, was due largely to Listerine Antiseptic's ability to attack germs on mouth and throat surfaces.

Gargle Early and Often

We would be the last to suggest that a Listerine Antiseptic gargle is infallibly a means of arresting an oncoming cold.

However, a Listerine Antiseptic gargle is one of the finest precautionary aids you can take. Its germ-killing action may help you overcome the infection in its early stages.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.



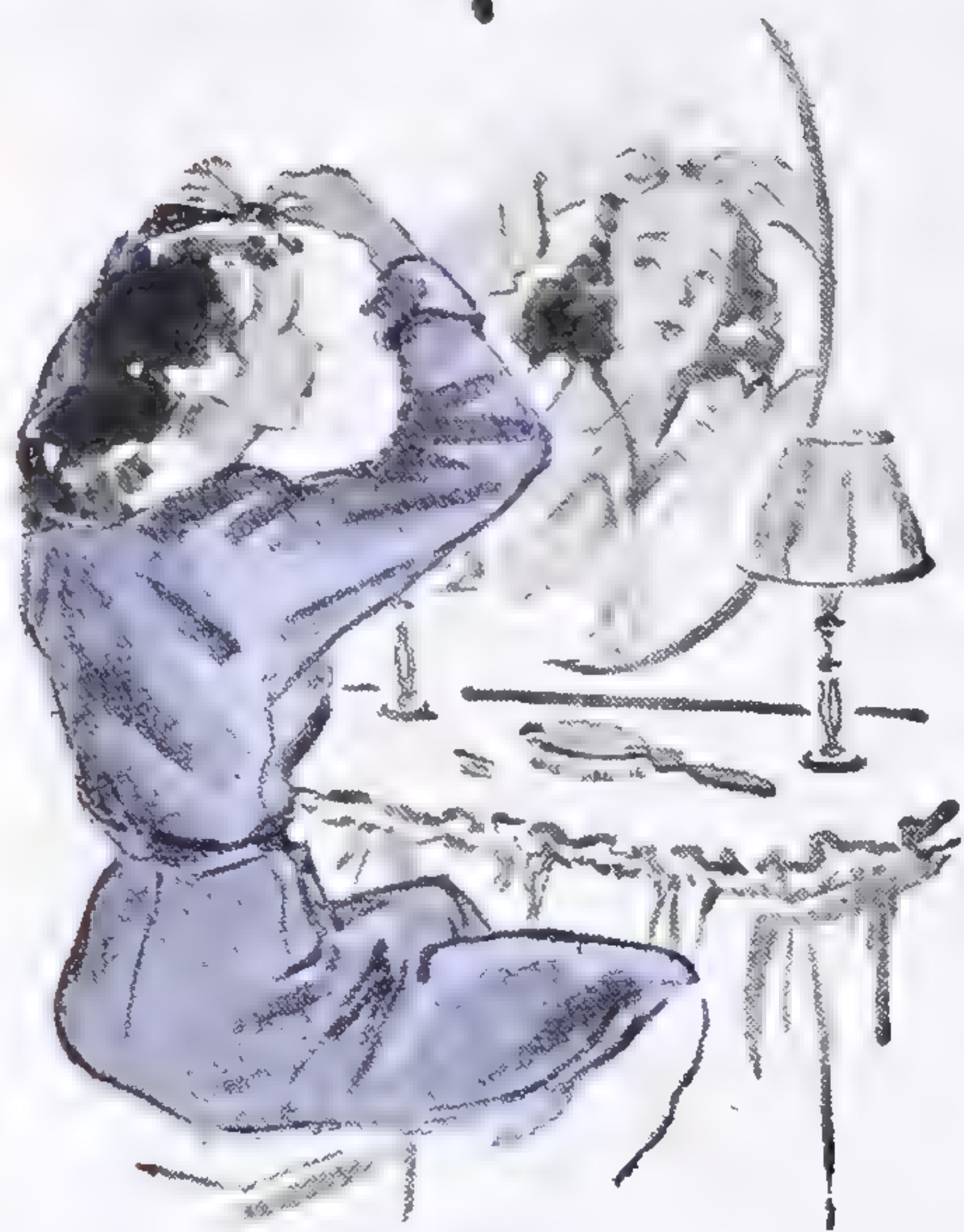
Gargle with LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

**"Secondary Invaders" which
cause much of the misery of a cold**



TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus viridans, Friedlander's bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus hemolyticus, Bacillus influenzae, Micrococcus catarrhalis, Staphylococcus aureus.

Pin-up Girl



It's as easy as fluttering your lashes, thanks to DeLong Bob Pins.

Just dampen your ends and roll into flat curls, fastening each one snugly with a DeLong Bob Pin. These dreamy Bob Pins make the task quick and easy—and their Stronger Grip keeps them from slipping out. Besides, DeLong Bob Pins are so comfy they won't disturb your beauty sleep.

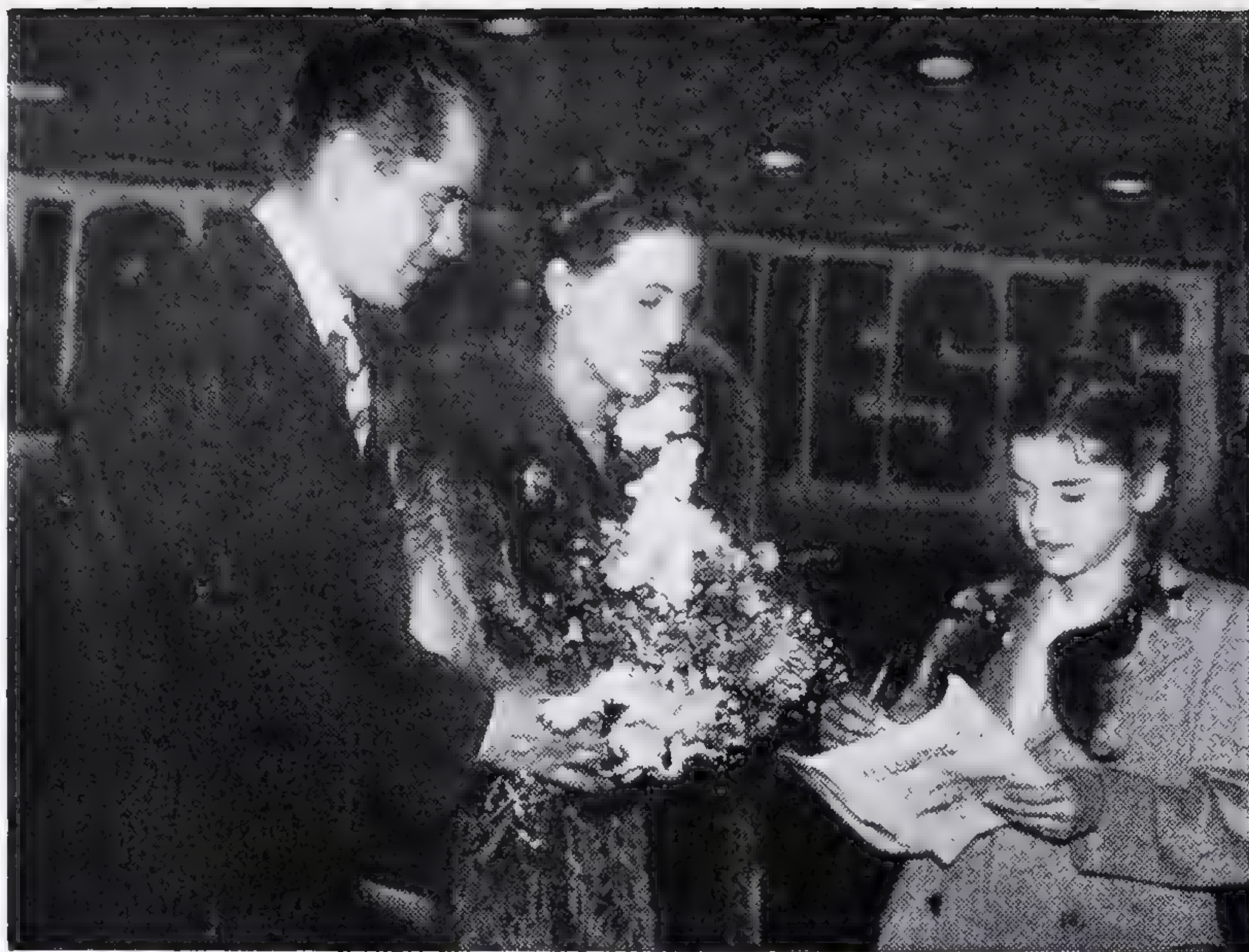
When your hair is dry and brushed out it's as flattering as a halo and you look like a photographer's delight.

Stronger Grip



Won't Slip Out

Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years
BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
SNAPS PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS



Gallant gesture: Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell oblige with autographs during San Diego premiere of "Gallant Journey"

INSIDE STUFF



Field day: Glenn Ford with James Montgomery, brother of the first man to fly, whom Glenn portrays in "Gallant Journey"

(Continued from page 20) Twist," "Sergeant York," "My Bill," "Heaven Can Wait" and "Sweet and Lowdown." He hasn't decided what he'll do—whether he'll return to pictures, follow journalism or go to school, but he's thankful that whatever he does he can do it on his two feet.

Bob Hope Comes Home: His children couldn't believe it. Every once in a while they'd tiptoe to the bedroom door and look in at Bob Hope ensconced in bed. "Is daddy really at home and in bed?" they'd ask Mrs. Hope who could hardly believe it herself.

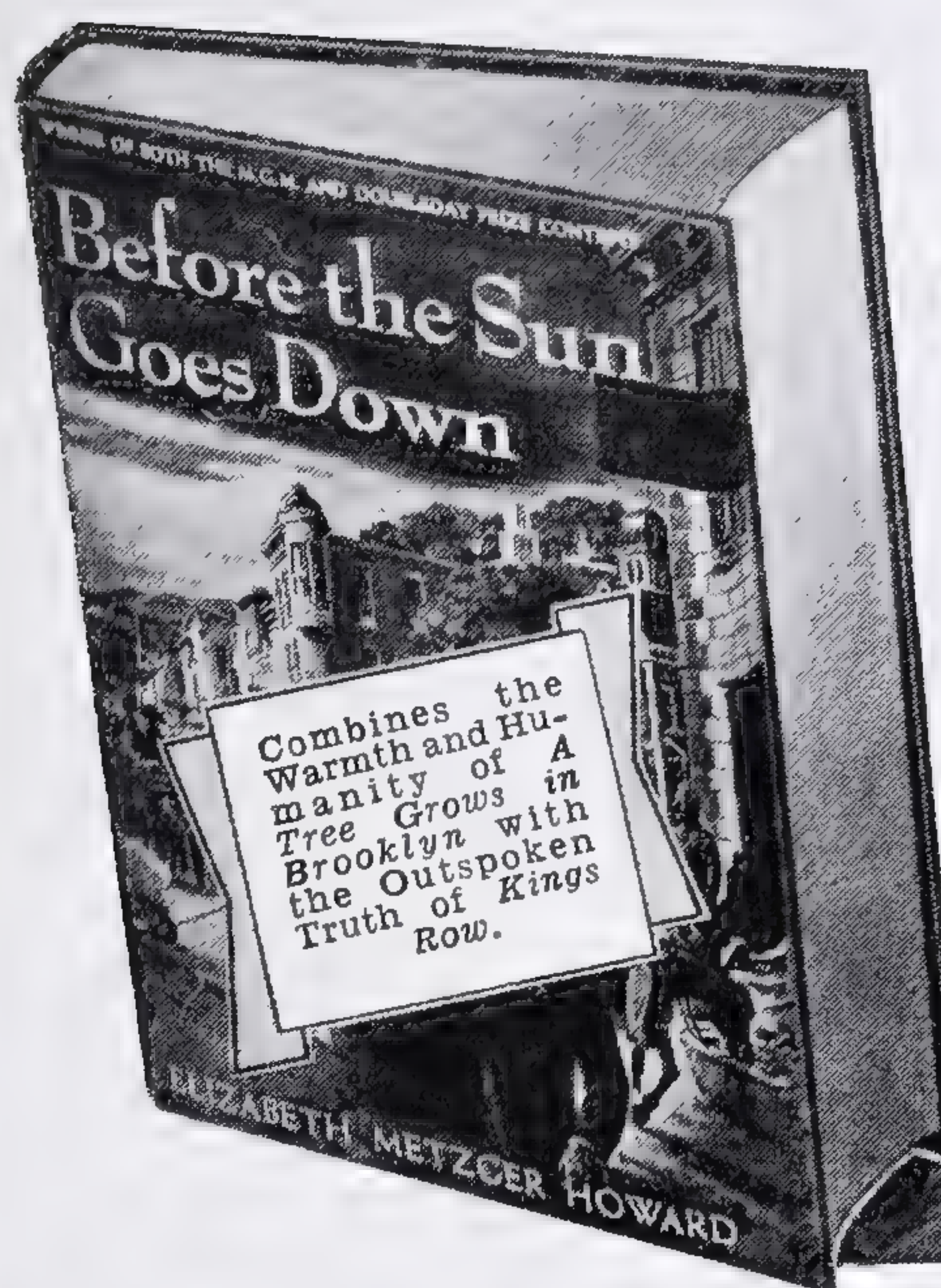
"It's the longest I've been home in eight years," Bob said, "and it took a sore throat to do it." Ordered to bed over the weekend, Bob forgot his be-

loved weekend of golfing and gadding about in order to be well enough to complete his picture on schedule. Even during location shooting at Monterey, he'd manage nine holes of golf a day and thirty-six on Sunday.

A friend tells of seeing Bob viewing some sequences of his picture "My Favorite Brunette" on the sound stage movieola. "You know," he said in all sincerity, "this is a very funny picture. Gosh, I can hardly wait to see it."

Big Set Scrap: Miracles in Hollywood are everyday occurrences but the one that goes on daily inside the sound stage that houses "The Big Haircut" set beats them all. An acre of real wheat growing in its own soil stretches and melts into an enormous blue backdrop of painted (Continued on page 24)

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BEFORE THE SUN GOES DOWN

by Elizabeth Metzger Howard

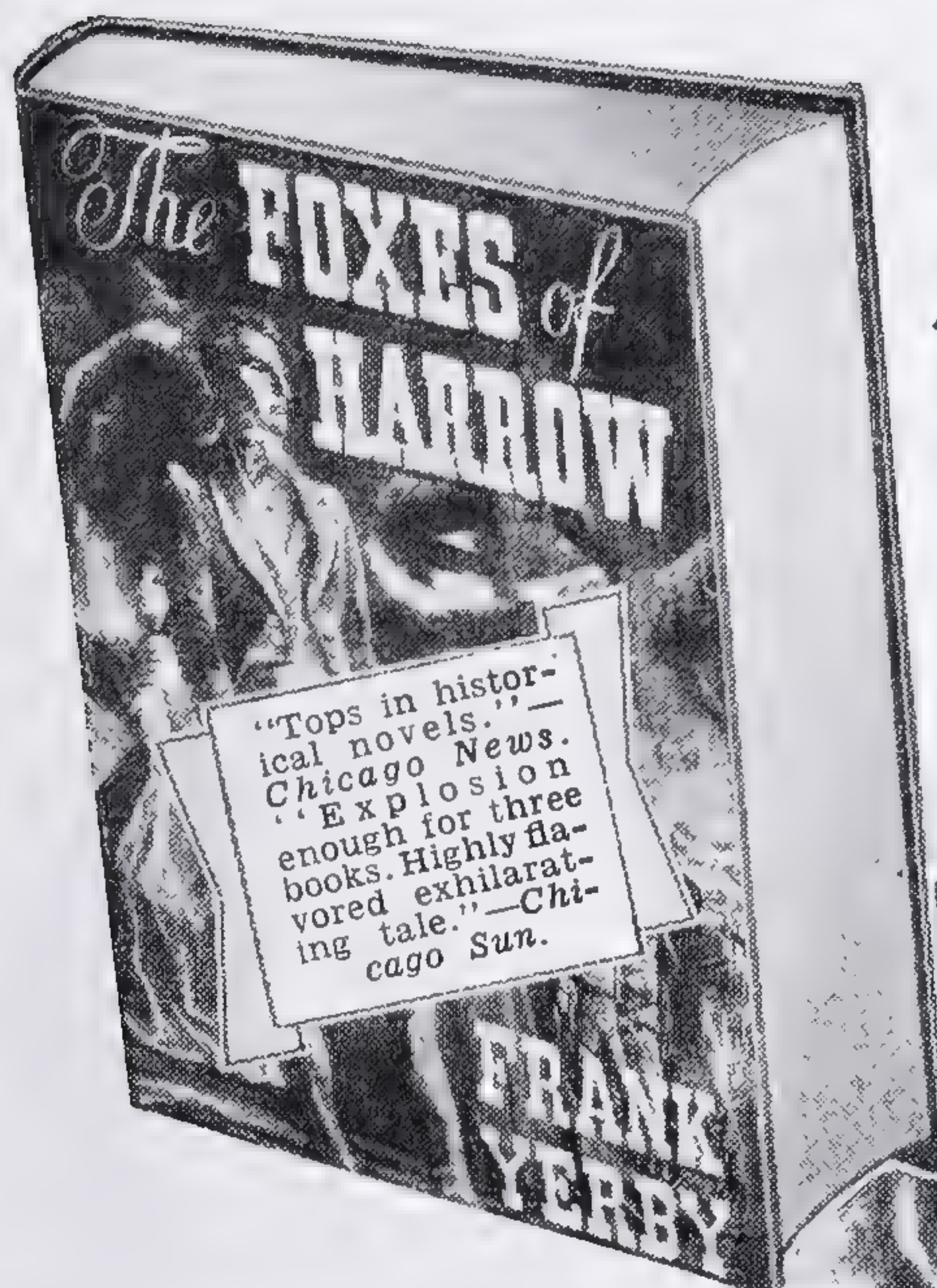
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FROM disgrace and the gutter Stephen Fox rose to conquer the "wickedest city" in the world—the bawdy New Orleans of 1825. For Stephen Fox loved danger and intrigue, and women loved Stephen Fox. There was Desiree, the exotic quadroon who bore his son; Odalie, the wife who prayed to see him dead; and Aureore, who offered him a love which he spurned at first—then braved disgrace and ruin to

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*Same Price in Canada: 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Canada

(Continued from page 22) grain. Atop a combine, actually cutting and reaping the grain, sits Alan Ladd for all the world a farmer born. Each night the ripe wheat is lifted, soil and all, and transplanted onto the Paramount set.

"This is the happiest I've ever been in pictures," Alan told us, "and the best film since 'This Gun for Hire.'"

The first shooting was done in actual wheat fields with Alan and the whole troupe tramping upstate where they harvested grain—and on time because the ranchers knew that it couldn't wait, not even for movie making.

So Alan has become very ranch-conscious, but his real reason for happiness was the friendly camaraderie spread around by director Tay Garnett. "The fellows just don't want to leave when we're through shooting," Alan said. "Lloyd Nolan and I finished our scenes at three yesterday afternoon and at six we were still here." The several unhappy experiences Alan has had with directors make Mr. Garnett's friendliness seem a perpetual Christmas holiday.

Sue Ladd, a visitor on the set, could hardly tear herself away. "Got to do my Christmas shopping," she said. "I

INSIDE STUFF



Alan Ladd and Marilyn Maxwell, looking like a dream pair for the producers of "Holiday in Mexico"

hope to have a new son by the holidays so I'll have to get all my shopping done now."

We noticed how tenderly and unself-consciously Alan and Sue kissed when she left. The couple, who hope for a boy, are now living in their Los Feliz house until the picture is over. Commuting to their ranch was too strenuous. "And wait until you see the new Dottie Lamour in this," Alan cautioned: "Tell everyone to prepare for a surprise. She's wonderful."

Flynn Facts: It was eight-thirty in the morning when Mrs. Edgington, Nora Flynn's mother, rang up to ask if we'd go with her to the airport to meet Professor Theodore Flynn, Errol's father, who was coming in from Mexico

City. We agreed and en route stopped at Errol's mountain-top home to talk to the cook about the dog, Errol's favorite, that had wandered off or been stolen. The big house with its pool and tennis court seemed strangely still and quiet now with Errol gone. We strolled from room to room remembering the laughter and fun that had filled its rooms.

The plane was an hour late and the customs slow so it was a weary Dr. Flynn who finally sat (Continued on page 26)

"How to handle teen-agers"



by **BING CROSBY**

starring in Paramount's new hit film "BLUE SKIES"
in technicolor

"Teensters are *positively* people! Remember, they have a lotta problems...mainly parents. When their jive talk gives you the heebie-jeebies, and their rootin'-tootin' clothes (*Look who's talking!*) make you despair for 'civilization'... better *bear up* and *shut up*. They'll get over it, even as you and I.

"*Scratch most teen-agers* and you'll find a solid citizen. And when they sound off with ideas for improving the world *we* made... well, maybe us parents could learn sumpin if we'd stop snooting the kids and listen."

Bing's tip to parents is one of a series presented by Fleeer's to promote understanding among families, friends, nations.

Teen-agers and parents *both* agree Fleeer's Gum is mighty fine gum. There's a trend to candy-coated... and Fleeer's leads the trend. *Extra flavor. Delicious! Enjoy it today!*



Candy Coated — Chewing gum in its nicest form!

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now comes to shocking, fascinating life on
the screen...striking like lightning with the
searing story of the strange woman
whose beauty was as strong as sin...
and twice as deadly!

*There was some-
thing strange in
her that many
men sensed...
and it set them
burning...*



HUNT STROMBERG *presents*

HEDY LAMARR

The Strange Woman

GEORGE SANDERS · LOUIS HAYWARD

with HILLARY BROOKE · GENE LOCKHART · JUNE STOREY · RHYS WILLIAMS

Produced by JACK CHERTOK · Directed by EDGAR ULMER · Screenplay by HERB MEADOW

Based on the novel "The Strange Woman" by BEN AMES WILLIAMS

A *Hunt Stromberg* production · Released thru United Artists

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Family fun: Jane Powell and mother smile the while daddy is button-holed at the premiere of "Holiday in Mexico"

Bit of heaven: Lauritz Melchior and his lovely wife enjoy a Danish dinner at the "Bit of Sweden" cafe

INSIDE STUFF



(Continued from page 24) in an empty room at the airport and posed for photographers and answered reporters' questions concerning the scientific expedition he and Professor Hobbs had taken aboard Errol's yacht in Mexican waters. It was highly successful, he told them, while quietly blasting rumors that Nora Flynn had taken command of the yacht.

When it was over, we drove Dr. Flynn home and the following night Cal and Errol's father, who is Professor of Zoology at Belfast University in Ireland, had a quiet dinner at the Edgingtons'. A charming, natural and understanding man, we discovered. Above all else, he wants most that Errol and Nora, whom he adores, be happy together. "If only Hollywood will let them," he says.

And to see the kindly professor with his little granddaughter, Dierdre, is really a treat. He regretted returning to Ireland without her.

Last Minute Round-up: Stirling Hayden, who displayed his preference for older, sophisticated women when he married Madeleine Carroll, has been showing interest in Ida Lupino, who seems to grow younger and prettier every day... Bette Davis will do no more screen work until after her baby is born in May. In fact, Hollywood will see very

little of the actress who expects to make New Hampshire her residence for the next year... It was her serious illness due to nerves and overwork that prompted John Payne to insist his wife Gloria De Haven give up the screen—a request that led to a separation. But it didn't last long. They've been back together again for another try... Why Columbia will seek a dramatic story for Rita Hayworth with her own life a living drama all made for screening, is beyond us... Mr. and Mrs. Bill Gargan are two happy-in-marriage people who take off for San Francisco or points east when Hollywood begins to wear thin. Saves their marriage and their tempers, they claim, and keeps alive that honeymoon feeling... Van Johnson gave up his cozy room with the fireplace and comfortable lounges at the Bel-Air Hotel to move downstairs. Annoying persons had grown too familiar with the location of his room and made life too uncomfortable for the actor—even throwing bottles at the windows... When Sylvia Sydney marries Carleton Alsup, she weds one of the town's wits and best-liked persons... The friends of Rex Harrison frowned on his sophisticated nonchalance in housing two wives at once—the ex-Mrs. Harrison and the present one, Lilli Palmer. So the ex has gone home to England.

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presents

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*His first live-action feature... a great musical drama
in Technicolor including animated tales of*

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For the first time Walt Disney creates a romantic live-action picture... a wonderfully heart-warming musical drama of the Old South. You'll meet new stars—Bobby Driscoll, Luana Patten, James Baskett and others! You'll hear 10 new song hits! And you'll roar with laughter at Br'er Rabbit, Br'er Fox and Br'er Bear—in the famous Uncle Remus tales that are delightfully woven into the real-life story. It's a picture you'll want to see again and again. Watch for "Song of the South" at your favorite theatre. Released through RKO Radio Pictures.



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Get this amazing **NEW HINDS** Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream—at toilet goods counters today! 10¢, 25¢, 50¢, and \$1.00 plus tax.

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Word from Abroad: Tyrone Power writes that a heavy storm encountered between Panama and South America brought him incredible luck. In an emergency, he landed at Medellin, Colombia, which Tyrone claims to be one of the most beautiful sights of the trip. And you should hear him rave over the modern hotel and the food.

The buzzing roaring noise faded in and out carrying with it snatches of Turhan Bey's voice which was coming over the telephone wires from Honolulu. Outside of the fact that he sounded happy to be within telephoning distance we heard little, because of the bad connection, except that he'd be home soon. Perhaps Turhan and Lana may resume their old friendship but our bet is it will be just that—friendship.

A card from Joe, the headwaiter at Romanoff's, tells Cal to look for him back at his old beat soon. Joe has been in Genoa, Italy, visiting his father. It will be a pleasure to see his friendly smile and feel his warm greeting at Hollywood's favorite restaurant, once again.

Cocktails for Six: In a checked gingham dress, for all the world like those worn by cute third graders, Jane Russell entered the Beverly Hills cocktail lounge with five sailors in tow.

The three Tudela boys, Gabriel, Miguel and Alyandro of the famous Peruvian family, sat in an opposite booth with Cal and kept stealing glances at the group. We noticed they also stole peeks at Jane's rather plump figure (everyone has grown plump in Hollywood these days).

When they asked politely if she, this Miss Jane Russell, were happy, we could only shake our head no, for Jane is having marital difficulties with her husband Bob Waterfield. Jane is busy now trying to do something about the career Howard Hughes started and, incidentally, almost finished.

INSIDE STUFF



Latin serenaders for Margaret O'Brien at "Holiday in Mexico" picture premiere

EVELYN KEYES
Star of Columbia Pictures'
"THE JOLSON STORY"



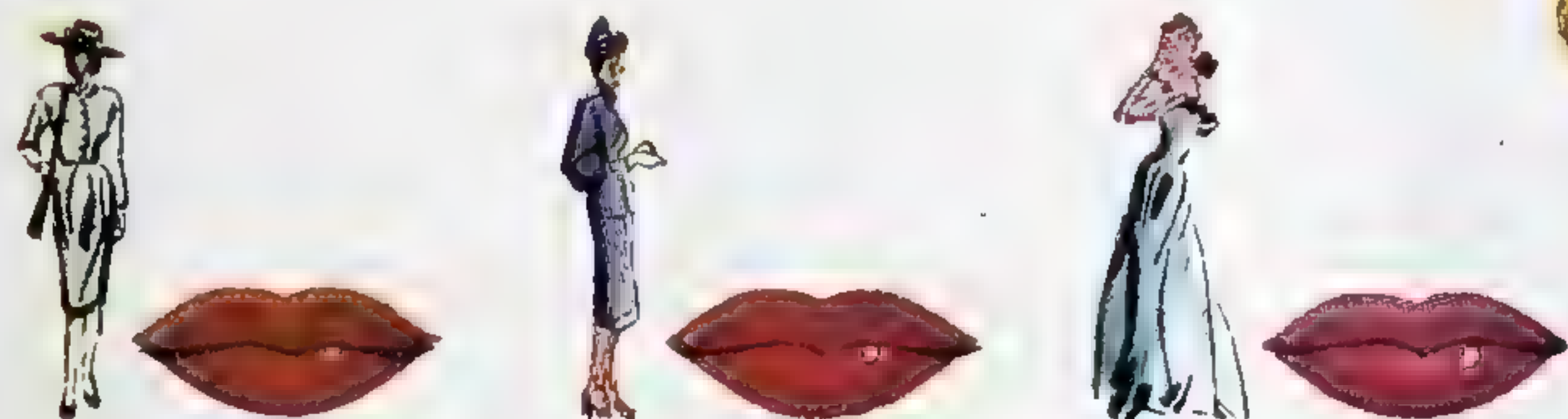
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PRESENTS



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MAUREEN O'HARA • WALTER SLEZAK

in
SINBAD THE SAILOR

with **ANTHONY QUINN • GEORGE TOBIAS**

JANE GREER • MIKE MAZURKI

Produced by STEPHEN AMES • Directed by RICHARD WALLACE • Screen Play by JOHN TWIST

in Glorious Technicolor



Sinbad

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ROVER!
ROGUE!**

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tallest stories...and
made them come true!

He stormed a veiled
beauty's boudoir...
and made her love it!

Fabulous loves, daring
exploits...told against
the splendor of Arabian
Nights, Persian palaces,
harems, uncharted seas
...strange, exotic lands!

*Cast of
Thousands*

YOUR CHRISTMAS
HOLIDAY ATTRACTION



Holiday for GUY

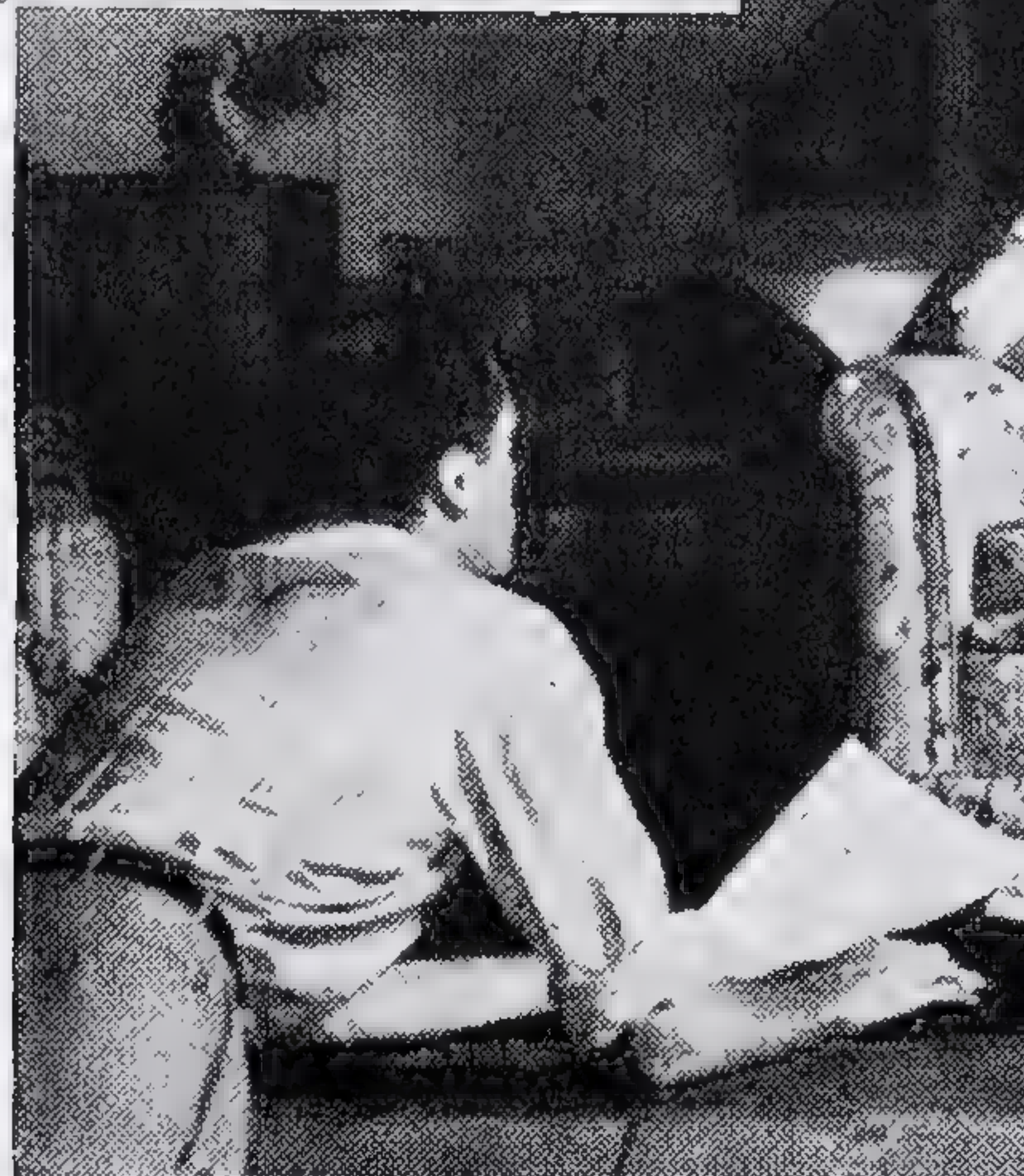
And a busman's holiday it is with Guy taking to the boards at Laguna in "Dear Ruth"

Rehearsal's over for Guy Madison (who just finished "Honeymoon" with Shirley Temple), leading lady Natalie Thompson, director Mel Ferrer



This is coming up the easy way! Guy worked hard and learned a lot during his first experience as the star of a legitimate stage play

Rehearsals were fun for Guy, Mel and Natalie (Bob Hutton's ex-wife) —and afterwards there was the beach and the swimming Guy loves



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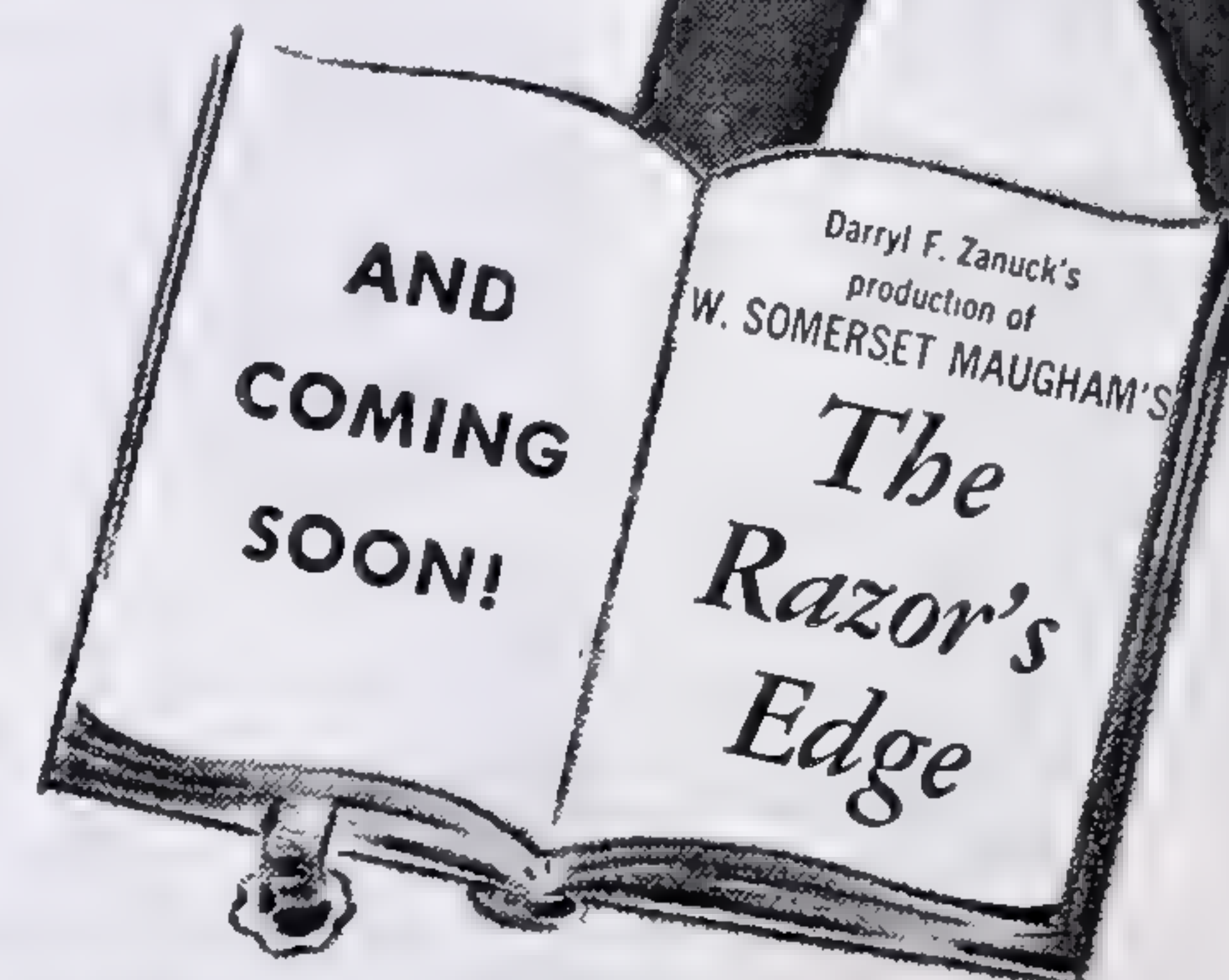
Starring
**HENRY LINDA VICTOR
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20th
CENTURY-FOX

with
**WALTER BRENNAN
TIM HOLT
CATHY DOWNS**

Directed by
JOHN FORD
Produced by
SAMUEL G. ENGEL

Screen Play by Samuel G. Engel and Winston Miller • Based on a
Story by Sam Hellman • From a Book by Stuart N. Lake



'Round And 'Round They Go

The merry-go-round breaks down—but Hollywood heart-

pairing keeps right on going in circles

BY RUTH WATERBURY

Then it was Tony
Martin and Rita

Orson and Rita
parted ways

Orson Welles and
Dolores Del Rio

THEY were way off guard in Cupid's Hollywood office as the weekend of September sixth to ninth, 1946, approached.

There was nothing about that weekend to forecast the unusual. A round of parties was in the making, naturally. Elsa Maxwell was hostessing the largest of them, also naturally. The right people were all invited to the right places and the wrong people, presumably, to the wrong places and it looked as though a terrific time would be had by all.

Yet by Monday, the ninth, Cupid had sustained the worst beating he has ever taken in the film colony. And as for Tony Martin, who's got that throb in his voice and that sweetness in his disposition and that rugged appeal in his profile—well, what happened to Tony was brutal. He absorbed two awful blows—but the (Continued on page 105)

And no longer
Lana and Bob

Bob Hutton and
Cleatus Caldwell

While Tony Martin
dated Lana Turner

A wizard hostess, guests on their wits—with five-and-ten-cent trap-pings for million-dollar laughs

I Give A

A princess in copper pot cleaners, Loretta Young does original oriental turn for Elsa and Felix Ferry



Bergen had a hand in making Claudette Colbert a musketeer—in shelving paper and moustachio



HOLLYWOOD loves a party. And I love to give parties in Hollywood.

Best of all, however, I love the party I gave last month at Jack Warner's where the big house and gardens crown one of the Beverly Hills and are out of this world.

It was a costume party really, but with a new twist. Instead of coming in fancy dress the stars had to create their costumes before everyone's eyes. Most of them were designed strictly for laughs—and got them. A new manner of party, this. And one that anyone can give with the same hilarious success. For the paraphernalia I provided for the stars to bedeck and transform themselves came from the five and dime store.

My invitations read: Cocktails at 8:30. Dinner at 9:30.

Many did not arrive until the cocktail hour was over, proving once again how silly the stories are about Hollywood drinking itself to death. Actually

Costume Ball

BY
ELSA
MAXWELL



★
Roz Russell and Eddie
Goulding switched
clothes and raised hi-
larity to a new high
★

I have never known a cosmopolitan group more abstemious.

Millicent Rogers who came with Clark Gable instantly was a conversation piece. All the girls, even those happily married, have a faintly proprietary attitude about Clark and judge his girls rather critically. They said Millicent, who recently had been quite ill, was too thin. Too aloof also. I thought her as strangely beautiful as a Dali creation in her crepe dress, the color of faded roses, dramatized by her brilliant diamonds and sapphires.

Thanks to the wizardry of the lighting system with the lights cleverly concealed in trees and shrubs, the terrace and gardens appeared to be bathed in soft moonlight. Some couples strolled out there while others danced cheek to cheek on a dance floor surrounded by the many little dining tables.

The decorations were green and white. The tables were laid with dark green cloths and small candle-lit cen-

Minnelli turned Irene Dunne into the Amazon queen





**Cheesecloth and tinsel paper—and Oleg Cassini designing.
Result: A dream of a dress for beautiful Lana Turner**

terpieces of fern and gardenias. All sixty places were indicated by place cards. At a party last year I inaugurated the idea of seating buffet guests so the attractive, clever people couldn't gather in their own gay groups and leave less clever and attractive guests stranded. And now it's a Hollywood custom.

Cold soup or melon were served first at the long buffet table. Then came roast beef, roast ham, potatoes, vegetables, seafood newburg and corn souffle. A salad and cheeses followed. And then came great bombes of water ices and fruits. Champagne. And coffee.

Interestingly enough, black was the predominant dress color. Both Loretta Young, who came with her handsome husband, Tom Lewis, and Joan Fontaine, who came with her devoted bridegroom, Bill Dozier, were lovely in black lace. Judy Garland Minnelli's dress was black net. Claudette Colbert wore black with an overskirt of white embroidery. Roz Russell's dress was black chiffon. Irene Dunne wore black and white. And Lana

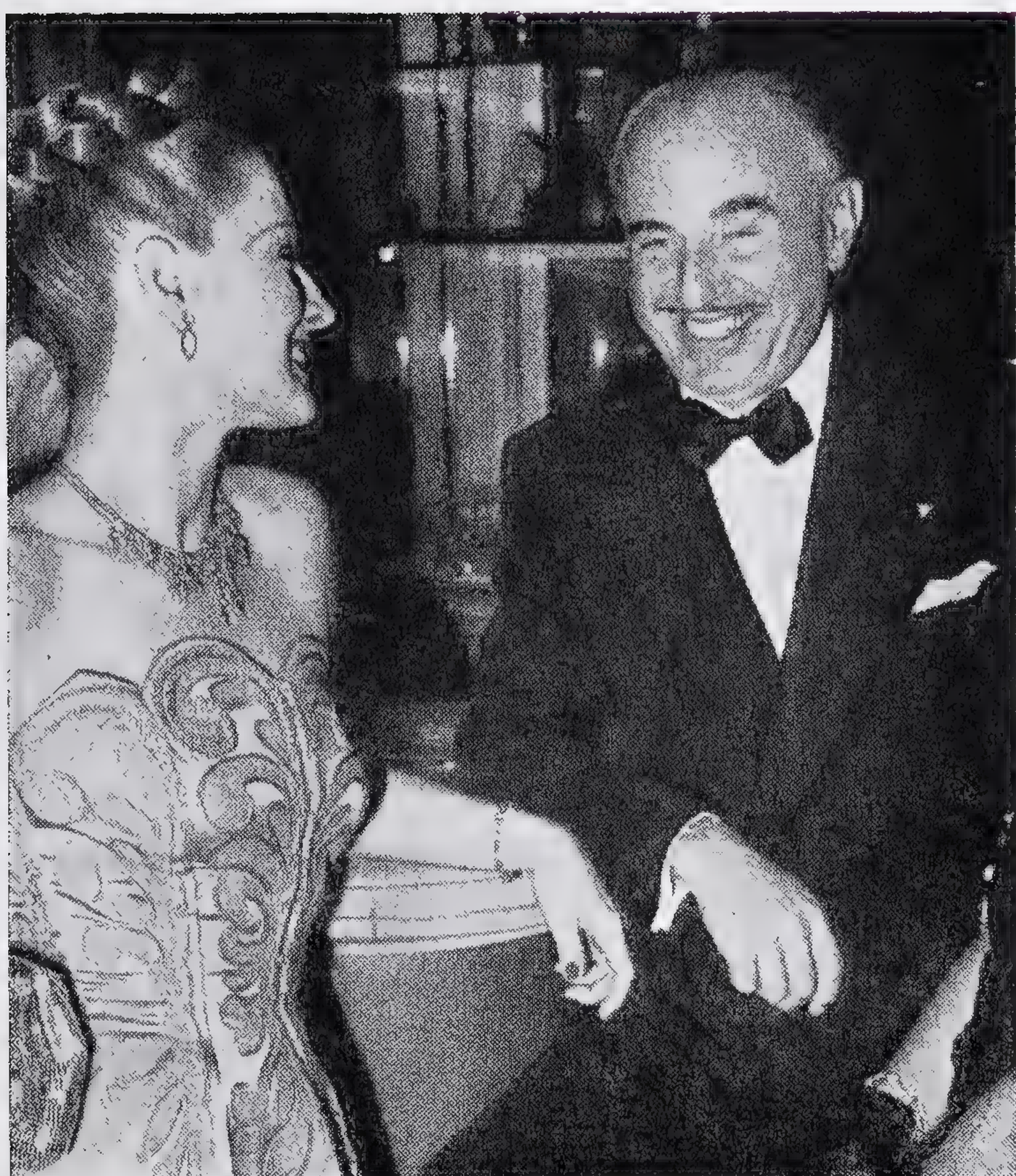


Joan Bennett wearing real diamond-encrusted glasses—with Joe Cotten and Darryl Zanuck

Irene Dunne, please note Doug Fairbanks as Anna and Rita Hayworth as the King of Siam



I Give A Costume Ball



Gay moment for host Jack Warner with Norma Shearer

Turner, who grows so increasingly lovely that you scarcely can believe her, wore a black dress reminiscent of the ballet.

IN STRIKING contrast to these dryads in black there was Norma Shearer in stiff brocade of a blue that exactly matched her eyes. Anita Colby, Photoplay's beautiful beauty editor, wore dark brown crepe. Rita Hayworth's Grecian dress was white chiffon. And there was Joan Bennett who, gazing through her *diamond* encrusted spectacles, looked far more like a schoolgirl pretending to be grown up and sophisticated than Mrs. Walter Wanger, mistress of a great house and mother of three daughters.

We played The Game after dinner. But in a new manner. Instead of acting out a question, an appointed member of a team had to illustrate the quotation with drawings. David O. Selznick captained one team, Darryl Zanuck the other. Clark Gable, on David's (Continued on page 80)

Untold Story

"I know you will tell the truth, Louella," Van said, then spoke from his heart



Louella says: "Van is one of the finest, most unspoiled humans I ever met"

THIS is more than a story "about" Van Johnson. It is a look into his heart.

Never before has any reporter touched on the true relationship between Van and his mother—but more than that, I hope this story will reveal to you what has made this sandy-haired, freckled-faced idol what he is today—one of the finest and most unspoiled human beings I have ever met.

I'm saying all this with no feeling of bragging about a "scoop" although what I am about to reveal has never been told before. You just don't "scoop" a man's innermost feelings and brag about it, not even when he happens to be, well—Van Johnson.

"You have your job, Louella," he said, "and I know you will tell the truth and not a highly colored fable such as has been gossiped on the radio."

The scene of this conversation was an unusual one even for Hollywood where the unusual is the usual. Van was sitting in the easy chair in my room at the Good Samaritan Hospital in Los Angeles, his long legs stretched out in colorful pajamas covered by an equally colorful silk robe. We were both patients—Van convalescing from an operation and I building up my strength to face one.

Frankly, I was on a strict "no visitors" regimen but Van had managed to "convince" my nurses that I

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

needed a little cheering up, so he had become a familiar figure in the elevator between his room on the seventh floor and mine on the eighth.

Every morning I got a little note from him along the lines of "Good morning, Duchess, your neighbor sends love and greetings," and then around orange-juice time in the afternoon Van, himself, a little shaky on his pins, would come a'calling. My attractive nurse, Margaret Collins, was the envy of the entire hospital because she had to escort him on these expeditions! Mary Ivy, my night nurse, said it *would* happen to the day nurse.

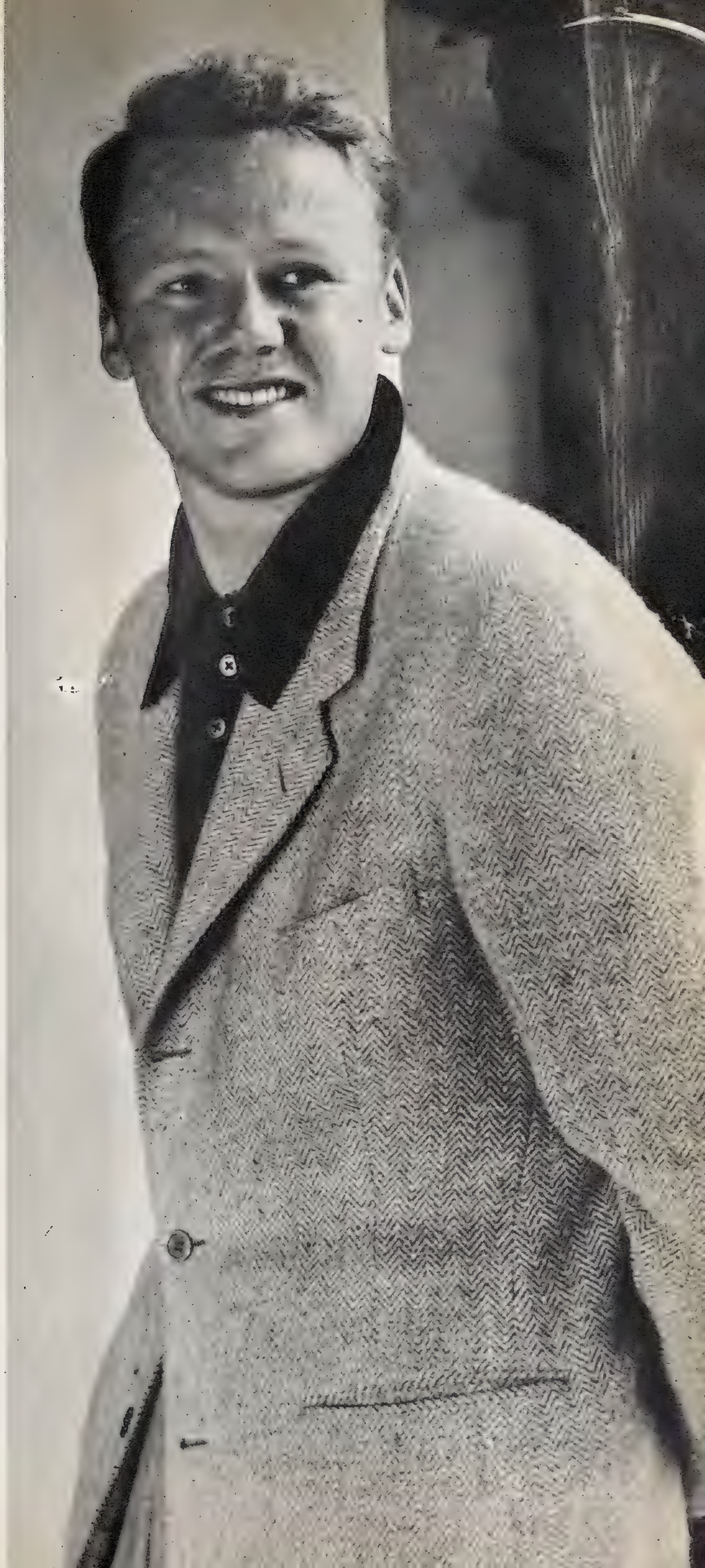
During those talks I think I discovered a Van Johnson I might never have known if we hadn't been in the same invalids' boat. You get to know a person awfully well when you are sharing worry—and pain. There's time to think and talk about even the closed chapters in your life.

And that is how it happened that, for the first time, Van spoke of his mother to me. He knew that she had been to call on me some months previous although I had never printed one word of our conversation. Mrs. Loretta Newman had come to ask me to arrange an interview between her and her world-famous son.

"I wouldn't have blamed you for printing that my mother came to you," Van said, his young face suddenly serious, "but I love you for not doing it. (Continued on page 111)

Van, star of "Till the
Clouds Roll By"

Engstead





Fink

All American Ingrid—next starred in "Arch of Triumph"

because *She's Bergman*

BY CAMERON SHIPP

AT PERINO'S well-known bar in Los Angeles, Ingrid Bergman sat sipping something mild one evening when a friendly lady who had not been sipping something mild suddenly sat down at her table.

"Want to tell you something, dearie," said the friendly lady. "I've been watching you. You laugh too much. If you didn't laugh so much, you'd look exactly like Ingrid Bergman."

Ingrid exited laughing—and unrecognized.

Astounding as it may seem, Ingrid is seldom recognized. This delights her. She goes shopping anywhere, without posing in dark glasses. She often buys groceries at the famous Farmer's Market, wandering happily and anonymously among the vegetable bins. She takes long walks through Beverly Hills with seldom a stop for autograph hounds, because the autograph hounds don't often know her either. Of all the stars in Hollywood, Ingrid Bergman is probably the last to seek special privilege. She even carries this to the naive extreme of trying to make hotel reservations under the name of Mrs. Peter Lindstrom,

But if Ingrid has been unable to learn how to act like a movie star after seven years in Hollywood, (*Cont'd on page 107*)

She's as unexpected as a

hurricane, as natural as spring water . . .

Ingrid, of the disturbing contrasts



Ingrid and doctor husband, Peter Lindstrom, at Mocambo, love to dance—wish they could go more often to night clubs



Peter Lawford



Appeal leader: Peter Lawford, starred in "My Brother Talks to Horses"

Bull

Peter with playmates
Keenan and Evie Wynn



ALL BORES BARRED

Life's a tinsel tree, a moon-

light swim, when that merry

trio—fame, fortune and Peter

Lawford wind up together

BY DOROTHY KILGALLEN

IT CHEERS me to report that in this turbulent, perplexed and discontented universe there exists one gay young man with a whirlpool haircut and a genuine broad A to whom life is neither a headache nor a pain in the neck. On the contrary, it is a jar of milk and honey, a Lehar waltz, an April dream, a tinsel tree, a moonlight swim, a two-inch steak. It is fireworks on the Seine, silk sails on the Nile, vodka on the Volga. His existence on this planet is unwrinkled and unblemished, every step on the upgrade, every day on the upbeat. Those twin bambinos Fame and Fortune arrived on his doorstep some time ago and are getting plumper and prettier every day. Work is a pleasure, and the road ahead is as smooth as a satin ribbon.

The name of this joyous creature is Peter Lawford. If you are delighted by swains who see their psychiatrists twice a week, he is not for you. If you go for the brooding type, skip this lad. And if you like people who have Been Through The Mill and Suffered, you will hate him, because quite obviously the only thing he has been through that even faintly resembles a mill is the Tunnel of Love.

I don't know anyone who enjoys life more thoroughly than Peter does, and I think he has always been this way; it is not just a product of his Hollywood success. All the years up to now have been as good as he could ask for, and some of them, childhood years, were crammed with (Continued on page 82)



Powolny

Hat by Walter Florell. Coat by Teittelbaum Furriers

Entree exotic: Gene Tierney, in personal chapeau, turns heads as she does in "The Razor's Edge"

design for *Delight*

Savoir-faire and sophisti-

cation, naivete and New England sense

Gene, the titled Miss Tierney

BY HERB HOWE

MRS. OLEG CASSINI LOIEWSKI—licensed a countess but never caught practicing—has slim pale Kashmiri hands tipped *sang de boeuf*, roses of Rubaiyat mouth, eyes slanted Arabic and the languid sinuosity of a Siamese kitten.

"My wife has the drive to command an empire!" refutes Oleg. "Executive power to organize the affairs of the world!"

"The job is wide open," says a world-weary diplomat, swigging restoratives at the bar in Superwoman's new Beverly shebang where diplomats buzz in happier swarms than in the Luxembourg palace. "Does she command the home?"

"No," says Oleg, sharp as the cavalryman he was in wartime. "She makes most of the decisions—I clocked 350 one day before fatigue overtook me. I govern policy. Departments requiring tact and good taste belong to women. Leadership, no."

Mrs. Cassini dropped her career for two years when her husband went to Ft. Riley, put off lipstick, put on apron and sunbonnet of Kansas housewife.

"I confess we suffered some tension," says Oleg. "Our income was small. We lived in a three-room house. Gene had little experience but she became an excellent housewife because she is methodical. She stuck the cook book on a shelf in front of her nose and followed its instructions meticulously."

The Cassini income is no (Continued on page 129)



Design for a bride by her husband—for Gene's role in "The Razor's Edge." She keeps photos of exquisite dress for daughter Daria

If *You* were the House

You'd share in their wildest dreams (come true)

and agree it's all this (and heaven too)

By DOROTHY DEERE



Punch rates all attention
because baby Wendy's away



It's the same fence the deer jump over at dawn



The little princess of the premises, Wendy, looks like her father

Guest of the *Cornel Wildes*

A BID to be the house guest of Patricia Knight and Cornel Wilde is a direct invitation to come and share a dream. A dream come true, that is, because practically anyone who knows this pair knows that to them, success, fortune and a home of their own, are all new and shining things.

The feeling that you've joined a celebration begins the moment Patricia picks you up in her new car. The car is a spanking red-fendered town and country, the girl's a stunning blonde and there's a bright Saturday afternoon sun striking sparks off both. You climb in feeling almost as proud as Punch (the coal-black French poodle on the front seat), and are off in a cloud of stardust. Your conversation, as a matter of course, is about the vehicle you are riding in. This year of '46, owning a town and country model has become the Hollywoodian's symbol of prosperity:

"You can imagine how *many* things it symbolized for us both when Cornel drove up to the door and said, 'Here, Pat—it's yours!' We're still tingling about it. The other day a friend asked us, 'Did you have to wait long to get it?' 'Not too long—' Cornel told him, 'Only about thirty years!'"

Speaking of dream-stuff, Benedict Canyon is the perfect driveway to it. Winding curves (*Continued on page 76*)



Color pictures by Fink

Cornel, star of "The Home Stretch," has one dream left—to co-star with Pat



Country House in Benedict Canyon, with cool splendor, natural beauty



That Romantic Look

Make it a special moment under the
mistletoe, with the man of the hour

looking at a breathtakingly lovely you

BY ANITA COLBY

*Photoplay's Beauty Editor and
Feminine Director of Selznick Studios*

Soon it will be Christmas again.

Tulle ribbon will adorn fragile tissue-paper packages, department store Santa Clauses will give assurance to little children, tinsel stars will hang on the top-most branches of evergreen....

A sentimental season, Christmas. There'll be cards from boys you haven't seen since they went overseas with "Remember me" written across them. There'll be cards from boys you met during the past few months who you didn't think remembered. And these cards, like the holiday parties and the office and school gatherings and the church festivals which celebrate Yuletide, will be an invitation to romance.

Will you meet this invitation halfway—with a romantic look? Will you be like the ideal the boys carried in their hearts when they were overseas, a girl softly feminine, wistful and gay?

It's born of wholesomeness and naturalness, the romantic look. It's the healthy aura of white teeth, clear eyes, shining hair and an alive skin. It's the vitality and freshness that belongs especially to American women.

Jeanne Crain has this look. She typifies what a sophisticated man named John Erskine meant recently when he said, "Nature is what a woman is born with and art is the difference she makes in it."

Jeanne's eyes are clear and (Continued on page 127)

Gaily



The glow of candles...Yuletide carols...and Jeanne Crain, beautiful star of "Margie"

Powolny

A new kind of idol, this
Mason, of the sinister charm
and normal outlook

BY THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW



Skipper is one of the animal family.
Pamela is competent Mason manager



Remonstrance from Mason because
Pamela reads in bed—for half hour in the A. M.

JAMES MASON does not need or like many people—and pretends to like and need them even less than he does. He doesn't care in the slightest whether he's seen in the best places. On the other hand, he doesn't go out of his way to avoid notice. He is quite content to work hard, to live comfortably and well.

He's as unlike the average Hollywood star as it is possible to imagine. Instead of the self-made boy, who found stardom just a steppingstone to culture, and who learned about books and music and art after he'd made money, Mason attended Marlborough and Cambridge before he turned to acting.

Meeting him face to face you realize he is far more handsome than his pictures indicate. He's of medium height, his dark eyes have a brooding quality and his face is unusually mobile, changing from gravity to whimsy and to laughter in no time at all. Yet on the whole, you'd find him serious. He's studious, rather than light, and a scholar far more than a playboy.

Although the Masons have the reputation for being hard to get at, they are, as a matter of fact, extremely easy to know. They are a likable and clever and agreeable young couple, perfect host and hostess, great fun, (Continued on page 100)



Internationally noted: English star James Mason in "Odd Man Out"



"WE'RE THE RAY-GANS"

... say the Reagans, giving an Irish
lilt to their name—but the lilt of their
living is strictly Yankee style

By JERRY ASHER



The arc of perfection—Ronnie's an expert diver



"We four . . ." Maureen is five and Michael's past one

THERE'S a pensive new portrait hanging over the fireplace in the oak-paneled living room of Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan. It was painted by the celebrated Paul Clemens, depicting Jane *sans* make-up, as the simple-costumed *Ma Baxter*, a dramatic character she plays to perfection in "The Yearling." Shortly after Captain Reagan became a civilian he issued his last order. One tiny worry wrinkle out of Jane and down will come the portrait and up will go the new family slogan, framed, gold-lettered and reading, "No Ulcers!"

By way of explanation, Ronnie says, "Janie does a lot of covering up. You'd never think she's the worrying kind. But she's been knocking herself out worrying for years. She gets hurt too. But instead of showing it, she keeps it to herself and it eats away inside.

"She's been at Warner's ten years. She's been a good sport, taken anything and everything. As a result, she's sometimes been taken for granted, never really had the deserved breaks. It took 'The Lost Weekend' and 'The Yearling' to prove she was capable of doing important things.

"When I got out of service, we took a trip to New York. Janie (Continued on page 55)



Daughter Maureen is just as "at home" in the water as a mermaid



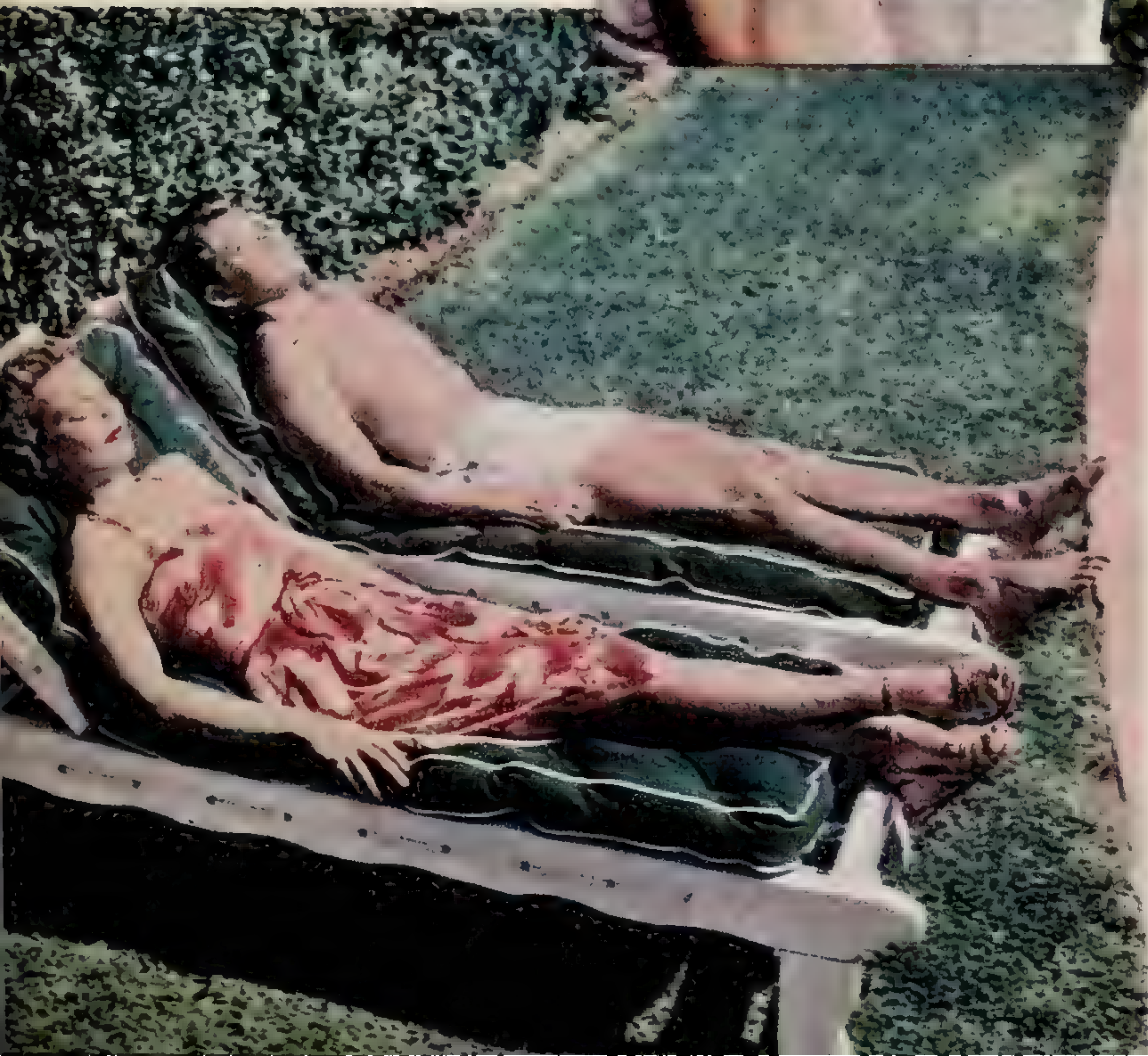
Beach comfort at home: Ronnie, Jane, Maureen and Michael



Sun worshipers: Ronnie of "Stallion Road" and Jane of "Cheyenne"

Maureen knows the answers. Jane's starred also in "Night and Day"

Color Pictures by Fink and Smith





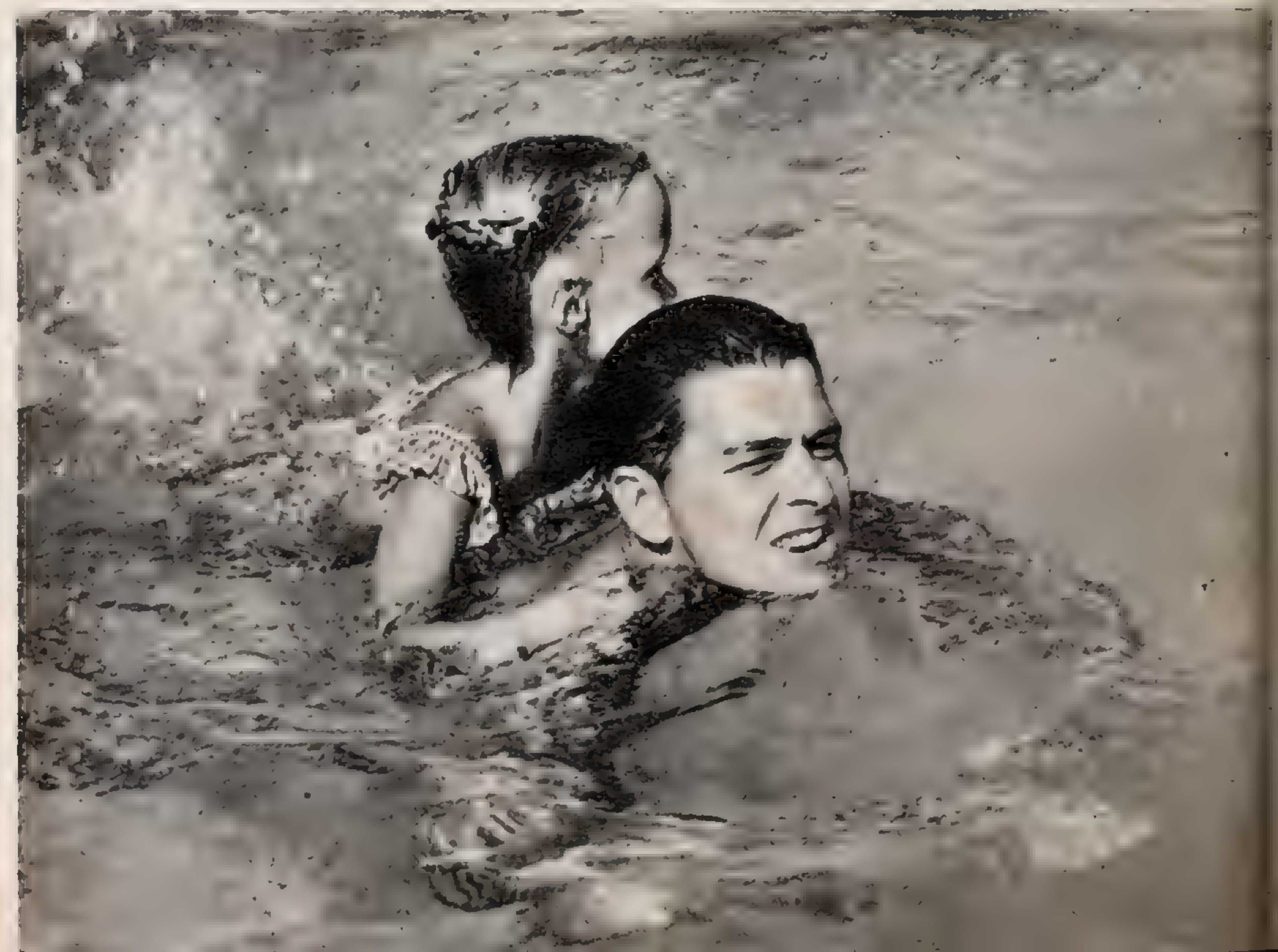
Noted artist Paul Clemens painted the portrait of Jane as *Ma Baxter* of "The Yearling"



Among their dreams and schemes—plenty of playtime with the children—Maureen who asks the questions and Michael who listens

"WERE THE RAY-GANS"

Maureen's special delight—water-play in the pool with her daddy





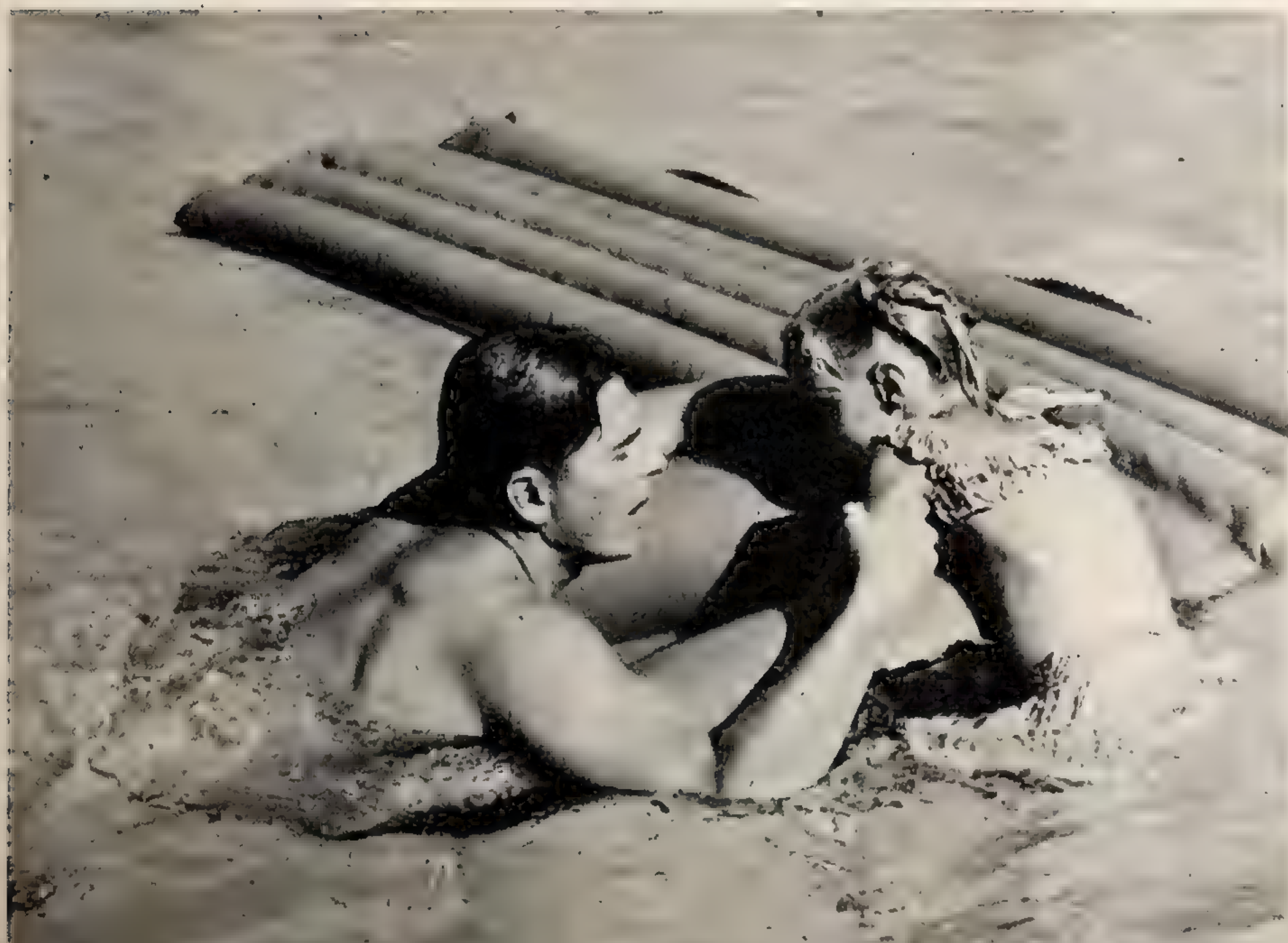
High on a Hollywood hilltop—the Reagan house looks down over the Sunset Strip

(Continued from page 52) went for a complete check-up. In 'The Yearling' she worked every day for nine and a half months. There were many crying scenes, all of them heavy and dramatic. Jane's had to carry the bulk of the burden. There was our home to run. Responsibilities assumed before the war that still had to be met. Altogether it's been too much for one person.

"The doctor said she'd have to relax, take things easier, or she *would* have an ulcer. I think I've convinced her that she no longer has to beat her brains out. If things don't go right, she can just stay home, redo the house and all the other things she's wanted to do for a long time. She's still inclined to worry. Then I remind her—wanna get an ulcer? Right away she snaps out of it."

Ronnie too is a bit of a worrier. When *he* gets going, it's Jane's turn to remind *him* of the ulcer department. Usually his interests are less professional and (Continued on page 120)

By-play, but Maureen can take it.
Ronnie is known for his athletic ability



Whenever she went swimming, someone phoned, so Jane had a phone installed out by the pool

THE *Inner* POWER

Hands—that will work for
a brave new world. Tyrone,
a great man in the making
BY MARGARET MAMLOK



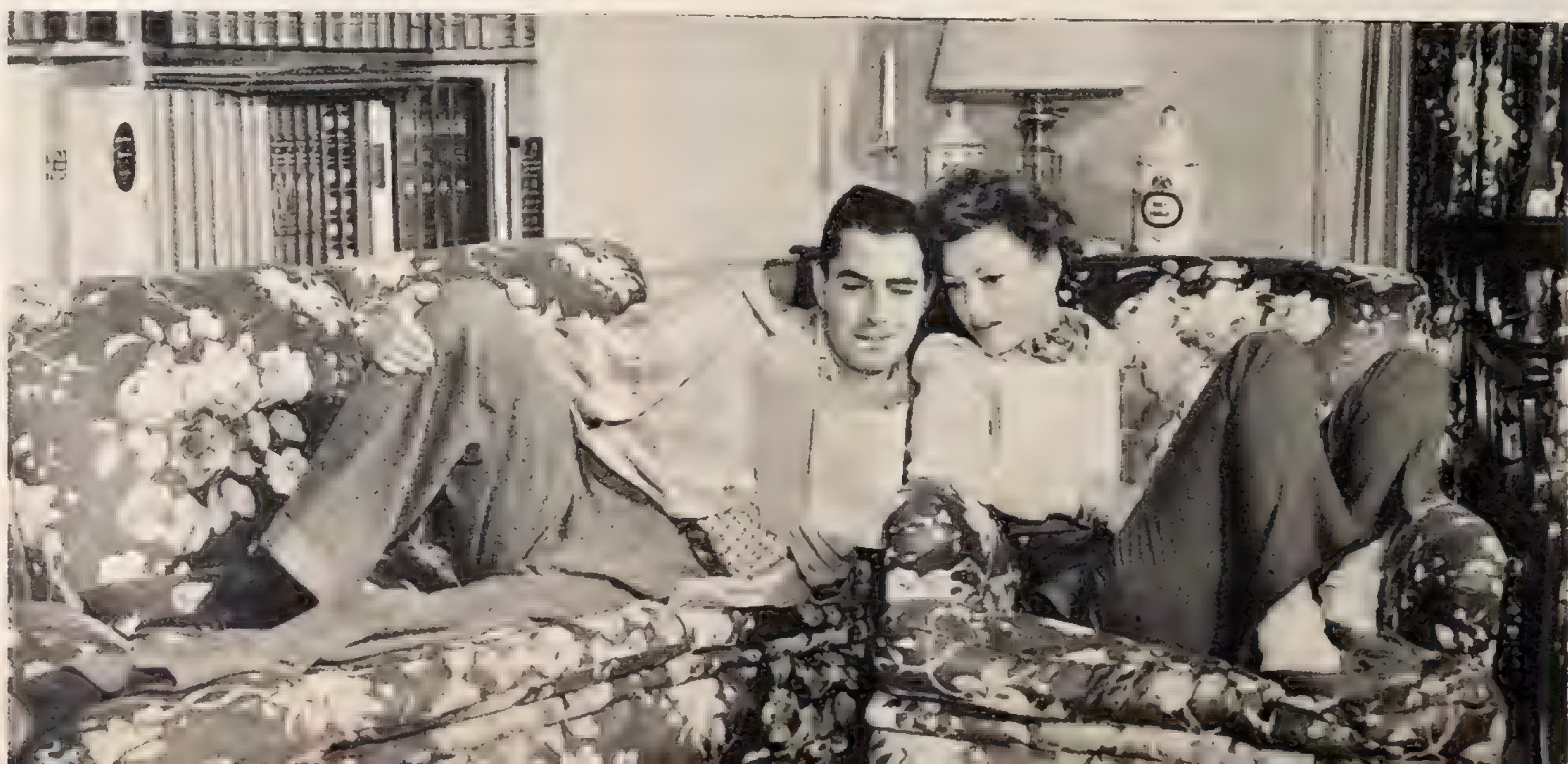
"His hands are unlike other actors'," says Mrs. Mamlok, noted chirol-
gist who has read hands of such notables as Einstein, Raymond Swing

IF I were asked to suggest a hand expressive of our post-war hopes for a better world, I would without hesitation choose the wonderfully moulded, strong hands of Tyrone Power. They are the hands of a fine artist whose mind and heart have been opened by thought and experience to the world in which he lives. They are hands shaped by heritage to the actor's art, trained to precision by war and fitted by extraordinary mental and physical development to work with other young hands in building a brave, new world.

As Tyrone Power sat across the table from me, I studied his intense, handsome face, then returned to the hands which had told me so much at almost a glance.

"How unusual in an actor," I thought to myself. For the second time I examined features of his hand which are more often to be found in doctors and ministers than in actors. But there they were—the full Mount of Venus,

Ty and Annabella at home just before he left for Latin American tour and she for France





Tyrone's life begins a new and important chapter with his intense portrayal in "The Razor's Edge"

the well-developed Mount and finger of Jupiter and the fine-curved, deep-reaching head line. In combination they reveal the heart which beats for mankind and the mind which reaches out to share the sufferings of others. Men who are guided by selfless principles and are unconsciously motivated by the compulsion to move forward with others in the evolutionary process of life have these collective feelings.

I could not resist shaking my head in unbelief. "But this can't be," I said. "You are the first actor I have ever met who is not egocentric. Talk about the needle in the haystack. I think I've found the needle."

Earlier, we had talked of his exacting and difficult role of *Larry Darrell* in Somerset Maugham's "The Razor's Edge." Maugham's portrait of the God-searching *Larry* is magnificent, but the thousands of readers of the book will remember that the author for the most part presented *Larry* through the eyes of other characters. It is Tyrone's herculean task to bring *Larry Darrell* and his spiritual search for the truth to life in a more direct and personal way.

I had listened with great interest to Tyrone's account of his preparation for the role: Talking to men who had embraced the Indian philosophy (Continued on page 114)



ESTHER WILLIAMS literally grew up in the water. The waves were her earliest playmates. Steadfastly she turned her face away from such childish temptations as sand castles and concentrated on her swimming.

Result: Before she'd hardly grown up, she was a record-breaking mermaid.

She made her screen debut in "Andy Hardy's Double Life," followed that with such hits as "Bathing Beauty," "Thrill of a Romance," "Easy to Wed."

Her latest is the colorful bull-fighter picture made in Mexico, "Fiesta."

So you see Esther's a star on land as well as in water!

Photoplay's

PHOTOLIFE OF ESTHER WILLIAMS

BY LYNN PERKINS

2



Water baby Esther at two and a half was already familiar with sand and surf of the beach at Santa Monica where she played with brother David, her four-year-old pal

3



At fifteen, coaches predicted that the girl who, at age eight, earned her swimming lessons counting towels would be a champion in four years



"In two years," Esther said—and won the Women's Nationals at Des Moines, Iowa. But mermaids can't eat medals, so Esther turned to modeling



Showman Billy Rose, planning his Aquacade at the San Francisco World's Fair, made such an attractive offer that Esther turned professional and was star of the greatest water show in the world



Film offers came. M-G-M was most persistent, phoned for six months, finally wired Esther's terms—a chance to study before facing the lens



Then came romance. Esther took time out to marry her sweetheart, Dr. Leonard Kovner. They both tried hard, but marriage was not meant for them, so they separated



8 X marks Esther! It's her birthday and the Williams clan has gathered to celebrate! Esther's dream has been to have a family of her own—with the kind of home she had. One evening she was selling cigarettes at a Jewish Old Age Benefit . . .

Photoplay's
PHOTOLIFE OF ESTHER WILLIAMS

And now just what she's always dreamed of! Esther happily picks out wallpaper for the nursery of the first little Gage, due some time this winter. Esther Williams, swimmer, star, is a family woman first!



. . . and she was introduced to handsome Army Sgt. Ben Gage. Love came swiftly—there was an evening wedding in Hollywood and a midnight plane to Mexico City



**His petite wife, Marie, runs
their home happily alone**



**Whenever she can, Marie corners John to help in fixing their new house, which they
call their "little gray home in the west"—a pride and joy after endless evictions**

Marie's the lovely distraction from writing, which John still does now and then



Six-foot blond sensation John

Lund, who knows all about

moving, both around—and up

JOHN LUND and his petite wife Marie stepped gingerly down the imposing stairs of the mansion, one room and bath of which they called home. It didn't bother them that for their sumptuous crackerbox they paid the neat sum of \$275 a month—with no kitchen privileges, naturally. In fact they considered themselves lucky to have a roof over their heads in the Hollywood housing shortage, particularly after the trail of evictions that lay behind them.

What was of vastly more concern to them was the look on their elegant landlady's face as she regarded with a cold eye the descent down the stairs of her "paying guests." Not until they reached the last step did she speak.

"Eloise"—it was her custom to refer to herself in the third person, contriving thereby to convey a flavor of royalty—"is displeased with her tenants today."

John and Marie exchanged quick glances that said, "Is she kidding?" Aloud John said, "How so?"

"You broke my beautiful ash tray and Eloise doesn't like that." Nor did she like the Lunds, it developed rapidly; in fact, they might consider their "guest privileges" as having expired then (*Continued on page 85*)



The Lunds live modestly and enjoy each other extravagantly. John, who has done many and varied jobs, appears next in "Perils of Pauline"

LISTEN, IT'S LUND

BY ELZA SCHALLERT



Presto! Up goes a log cabin in the middle of Canada's Jasper Park—for "The Emperor Waltz"



Bing and the "Tyrolean maids" must "dress" for dinner

Pictures

Trailing stars and crews to deserts,
islands, mountains and wheat fields—
for this "on location" film-making fun

BY ELAINE ST. JOHNS

The "combine" in "The Big Haircut" is wheat and Alan Ladd





Pioneer Cathy Downs walks little Navajos in "Clementine"

Go Places

IT isn't being done with mirrors anymore. It isn't a miniature nor a painted backdrop. It's the real McCoy. Now, with the war behind us, Hollywood is again on the move.

The National Parks of Utah, Arizona, Canada, the wheat fields of the Fresno valley, sleepy little Mackinac Island, are teeming with cameras and fantastic looking things called "booms" and "dollies." You are as apt to find Alan Ladd popping up out of a wheat field several hundred miles from Hollywood as you are to meet Bing Crosby plodding melodiously across an ice field in the Canadian Alps.

A bewildered traveler in a Wyoming car, coming suddenly upon a town that wasn't anywhere on his map, got out to look it over. Completely puzzled he finally cornered a harassed workman. (Continued on page 117)

Joel and Don DeFore find the old swimming hole in Utah

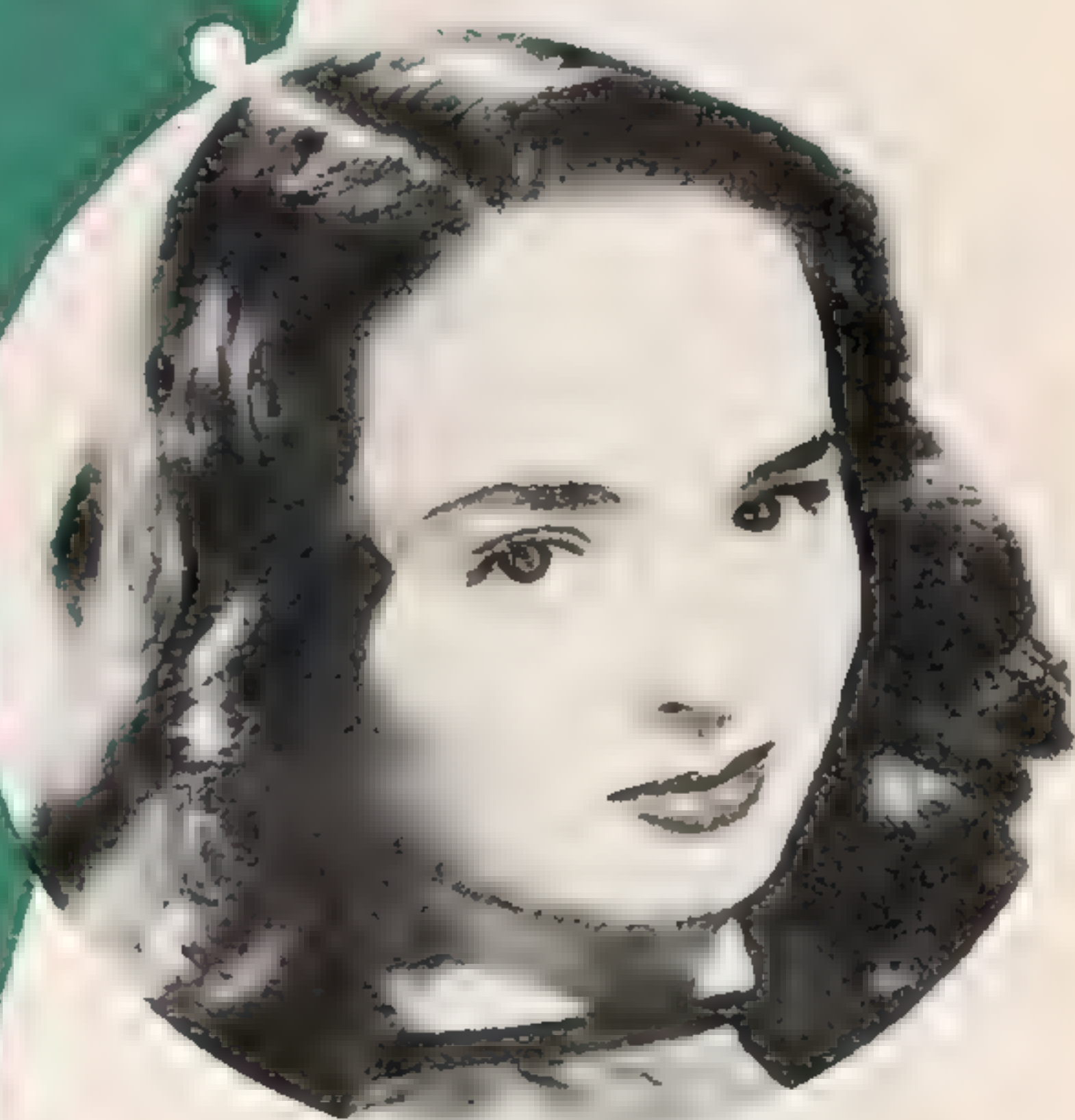


Veronica Lake got preoccupied and Joel McCrea made a real-life rescue on "Ramrod" location

Should Teen-

Wherein six have their say on whether or not

Ann Blyth,
of "Swell Guy"



I don't think teen-agers should marry. Most children today live at home. Their parents shoulder all the responsibilities. The children are sheltered and are not used to coping with problems. Of course, young boys and girls earning their own way can take on the responsibilities, but why marry in your teens anyway? The fun just begins when you're in those wonderful years. I don't mean that teen-agers aren't emotionally solid, but I don't see any reason to tie yourself down. There's too much to do and see in the years ahead. There's too much of a chance that if a girl marries in her teens, she's going to want to break the ties that bind sooner or later so she can have some of the freedom she innately feels she needs.

Richard Long,
in "The Dark Mirror"



I have a friend of eighteen who is a very shy person. He's seldom at ease with any girl. Recently, he met a girl he liked and who understood him. The change in the boy was miraculous. I feel this boy should get married because he needs that closeness, that understanding. If he should ever lose her, I am sure he'll be unhappy the rest of his life. In such a case as this, I think a teen-ager should marry. But only in that kind of situation. I think kids in their teens, as a general rule, should wait. There is such a great difference in mental development from the time a boy or a girl is under the care of his parents to the time he's on his own. Teen-agers aren't developed mentally enough to take on marriage—and being one myself, I think I know what I'm talking about.

Nancy Guild,
of "The Brasher Doubloon"



Certainly teen-agers should marry if they're in love. I don't think age makes any difference at all. If you're sure you've met the right person and have weighed all possible obstacles to happiness, it doesn't matter if you're eighteen, twenty-eight, or forty. Nor do I believe that a girl—or a boy—should set any special time for marriage. He or she shouldn't say, "I will or I won't marry when I'm twenty-four." All this doesn't imply I favor a girl of sixteen or seventeen marrying her first date. Definitely not! But if she has good common sense and intelligence and is sure of her feelings, then I say: Go ahead!

Agers Marry?

young love should heed the heart and head for the altar

Frank Latimore,
in "*The Razor's Edge*"

I don't think teen-agers should marry, primarily because no boy in his teens, except in very rare cases, can have the security that marriage demands. Without security, a couple has to spend their time wondering where their next meal is coming from and where they're going to live—and under such a stress, happiness cannot exist. In addition, the average teen-ager changes his ideas from time to time. A person he may like at seventeen or eighteen might be entirely different from the kind of person he'd be interested in at twenty-five. Remember: The test of time has never hurt any two people really in love. If the test does hurt a romance, there is consolation in the knowledge that the marriage wouldn't have worked either.



Diana Lynn,
starred in "*Easy Come, Easy Go*"

If a boy or a girl is sure the stardust is out of his or her eyes and that there's no doubt of the love, marriage is okay for teen-agers. While I definitely do not think a girl should marry her first date, I think there are real advantages to young marriages. You have more enthusiasm for things. Your minds aren't so definitely set in one pattern that you can't change and work out problems that come up. Kids who marry young can stay young with their children—and can understand their children's problems easier. But I do not think a young couple should have any additions to the family for the first two years of marriage. They need that time to get acquainted and to smooth out the rough edges.



Glenn Ford,
star of "*Gallant Journey*"

Why not? If a man is old enough to go into uniform and have an active part in shaping the future of the world, he's certainly mature enough to make a success of marriage. I believe that this generation's teen-agers are mentally older than their actual ages. This is probably due to their having shouldered adult responsibilities when the war interrupted their normal lives. Our young men and women have had the last four years to stand on their feet, and I think we'll find that the majority of them who have married have chosen their respective spouses with foresight and sincerity.



portrait of a *Royal Canadian*

Walter Pidgeon, who calls all men Joe,
all women Darling, whose middle name is Davis
and nickname is Slabfoot

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

Photographs by Fink and Smith



Pidge, of "The Secret Heart," likes singers John Charles Thomas, Bing Crosby



He doesn't play poker, but he does play bridge, rummy, backgammon



He's an addict of "Snuffy Smith" and "X-9" comics, likes fishing

Pidge never goes by a piano without stopping to play it



He's a demon with pruning shears—an avid gardener



HE is allergic to tube roses, narcissus, gardenias and all musky perfumes.

He will recite Keats with the slightest encouragement.

He seldom drinks milk.

He remembers faces but has such a bad memory for names that he always calls men Joe and all women Darling. He is always listed on the studio call sheet as Joe Pidgeon.

He was nicknamed Slabfoot by his schoolmates because of his big feet.

He was baptized Walter Davis Pidgeon.

He plays the piano, doesn't like shad roe, and was born on September 23 in an old clapboard house near Marble Cove, New Brunswick, where he used to skate on the St. John.

He is an excellent baritone and superstitiously knocks on wood and says "bread and butter."

He is constantly tripping over the long telephone cord in his bedroom.

He has never been known to insist on closing a set to visitors. He is forthright, unaffected and, in the opinion of your portraitist, has more genuine personal charm than ninety per cent of Hollywood's Olympians. He weighs 195 pounds.

He used to be fair at spelling but confesses to being "lousy now."

He is bored by polo, enjoys boogie-woogie and considers Paris the (Continued on page 123)

what should I do?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED

BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT



Claudette Colbert, starred in "The Egg and I"

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a girl of nineteen. My father died when I was small and my mother, who is forty, plans to be married again soon.

When my mother first introduced me to my prospective stepfather I know that I was quite rude, and I have found it impossible to get along peaceably with him since. I simply cannot endure the thought of this man living in our home. I can scarcely do my work at the office because I am so miserable and nervous and have been crying myself to sleep every night.

How can I adjust myself to this situation?

Gladys R.

Undoubtedly, you are looking forward with happy anticipation to the time when you will meet a man you love and marry him.

When that happens, you intend, of course, to make a home for him. You might well marry an engineer and move to the Panama Canal or to Alaska. You might marry an attorney whose company would station him in Honolulu or Havana.

When that happens, your mother will be left alone. Unless you have been utterly alone in your lifetime you cannot imagine the terrors that such a condition might hold for a woman who has always been accustomed to the comradeship of other people.

I am afraid that in your attitude there is nothing but selfishness and a blind unwillingness to see this situation from your mother's viewpoint. Since you love your mother, I am sure, you must want for her the happiness that she wants for herself.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I want to become an airline hostess, but I don't have any idea of what the requirements are. I am eager to find out, because I want to know what course to take up in high school and college.

Some of my friends say that I must be a nurse in order to become an airline hostess. Do you know if that is true or not?

Dolores J.

Since you are living in Chicago, your problem is quite simple. Some Saturday make it your business to visit each of the major airline offices, Pan American, American Air-

lines, TWA and Eastern Airlines. Ask to talk to the personnel manager and explain to that official exactly what you plan to do and ask his advice.

Perhaps, in time to come, I may fly on a plane on which you are serving. If I do, be sure to remind me of this letter.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

A year ago my sister met a man who was in service. After a six-month courtship, she married him. Now he is out of the Army, and because of the housing situation, they are living with us.

During the two months he has been home, he has made no effort to find work, nor has he even discussed this matter. There is nothing wrong with him physically or mentally. He is only taking advantage of us because he knows my father is well-to-do.

On top of all this, I know positively that he does not love my sister. He is quite handsome and has a winning personality; because of these attributes he is quite popular and takes advantage of the fact by flirting in front of my sister.

He has told me recently that he loves me, and every time we are alone he tries to make love to me. At first I tried to avoid him, but of late I find that I am becoming infatuated.

What should I do?

Margo K.

You should give yourself the lecture of your life. Your sister is entitled to loyalty, at least in her own home and from her closest relatives.

Simply because your sister has married a cad gives you no excuse for breaking her heart a second time.

Bear this in mind: If you should make your life's most hideous mistake and encourage this man in any way, you will have lost all things most valuable to a woman: Your own self-respect, the devotion of your family, the admiration of your friends.

Even if you find it necessary to move out of your home, you should do it in order to remain blameless in this situation.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-three years old and the mother of four children. My husband is thoughtful, (Continued on page 125)

Photoplay Fashions In Color start on page 89

Are you in the know?



Which plaid should "chubby" pick?

- ☐ A kingsize design
- ☐ A petite pattern
- ☐ Neither

Even if you're a plumpish pigeon, *you, too*, can wear plaids. But whether jumbo or tiny patterns intrigue you—pick neither: A medium-size plaid is your best bet. And speaking of sizes, here's a thought for certain times: Only Kotex has 3 sizes, for different women, different days—Regular, Junior, Super Kotex. So you can choose the size that's best for *you*. What's more, every Kotex napkin contains a *deodorant*—to help you stay dainty.



For lip-appeal *plus*, should you—

- ☐ Wear a sultry shade
- ☐ Use a lip brush
- ☐ Revise the shape of your mouth

If you'd have lush-looking lips—know your pucker-paint technique. Choose a true red: on you it looks better than sultry, tiger-woman shades. And don't try to re-shape your mouth! Carefully following its contour with a lip brush can give you lip-appeal *plus*; added self-assurance. Extra poise on problem days means—Kotex. Because, for extra *protection*, Kotex has an exclusive *safety center* to keep you super-confident!



Should you agree to meet your "squire"?

- ☐ If it's more practical
- ☐ To show you're not stuffy
- ☐ Nay, nay, never!

That squire's a square who doesn't call for his gal! *Unless* there's a good reason. For instance, on a theatre date—if you live miles out and he works late, it's more practical to meet. For meeting "your public" on trying days, it's practical to choose Kotex. Because the *flat tapered ends* of Kotex free you from tell-tale outline cares. You get that high octane kind of confidence with Kotex!

When a blind date's disappointing, would you—

- ☐ Back out gracefully
- ☐ Make like a martyr
- ☐ Grin and bear it

Your blind date's gruesome? Grin and bear it! Even stupor-man has feelings. Besides, he probably has friends . . . dream-beam material you'll get to know, in time. So stay in the picture; whether it's dancing, bowling or whatever. And on calendar days let Kotex keep you comfortable, with out-of-this-world softness that *lasts* because Kotex is made to *stay soft while you wear it*. Yes, with Kotex you can keep smiling!



*More women choose KOTEX
than all other sanitary napkins*

A DEODORANT in every Kotex* napkin at no extra cost

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A Woman I Know

BY ROSALIND RUSSELL

IT was impossible for me to know, when my attention was first directed to Sister Elizabeth Kenny through a magazine article in 1941, that the next five years would find me becoming one of her most ardent champions.

I have always been interested in efforts to help crippled children. After reading about the difficulties encountered by Sister Kenny in her attempts to demonstrate her methods to the medical profession, I felt that here was a possible chance for me to contribute some help. I visited the Kenny Institute in Minneapolis, met Sister, and saw with my own eyes the wonderful strides she was making toward effecting cures in infantile paralysis victims.

As I grew more familiar with Sister Kenny and her crusade, I saw dramatic possibilities in her story. I hounded a dozen top producers and movie executives to put her biography on film. This went on for four years, until finally RKO Radio consented to make the picture with Dudley Nichols as writer, producer and director.

Sister Kenny has provided material for endless newspaper columns, but few reporters have found the humorous side of her nature. One day when Sister visited me at RKO, where we were filming "Sister Kenny," she asked if we might make a tour of the lot. We strolled onto one set, a Frances Langford musical, where a line of chorus cuties was rehearsing a number. The gals were rather scantily clad and I wondered what Sister's reaction would be. She watched them for a moment, then turned to me with a twinkle in her eye.

"They're all very pretty," she said, "but that one over there—her left gastrocnemius is overdeveloped!"

I found out later that the gastrocnemius is a muscle in the leg!



Rosalind Russell's personal admiration and friendship for Sister Kenny come to life in the timely and moving film, "Sister Kenny"

Help them to walk again!

Send contributions for polio victims today

To: Sister Kenny Foundation

2400 Foshay Tower, Minneapolis, Minnesota

"BE LOVELIER TONIGHT!"

"My Beauty Facials
bring quick new
Loveliness"

Anne Baxter

star of

"ANGEL ON MY SHOULDER"

A Charles R. Rogers Production



FIGHT WASTE

Lux Toilet Soap uses vital materials. Don't waste it!

"It feels like smoothing beauty in when you cover your face with Lux Soap's creamy Active lather," says Anne Baxter. "You'll love the way these beauty facials leave skin softer, smoother—give it fresh new loveliness!"

Don't let neglect cheat you of Romance. This gentle complexion care Anne Baxter recommends will make *you* lovelier tonight!

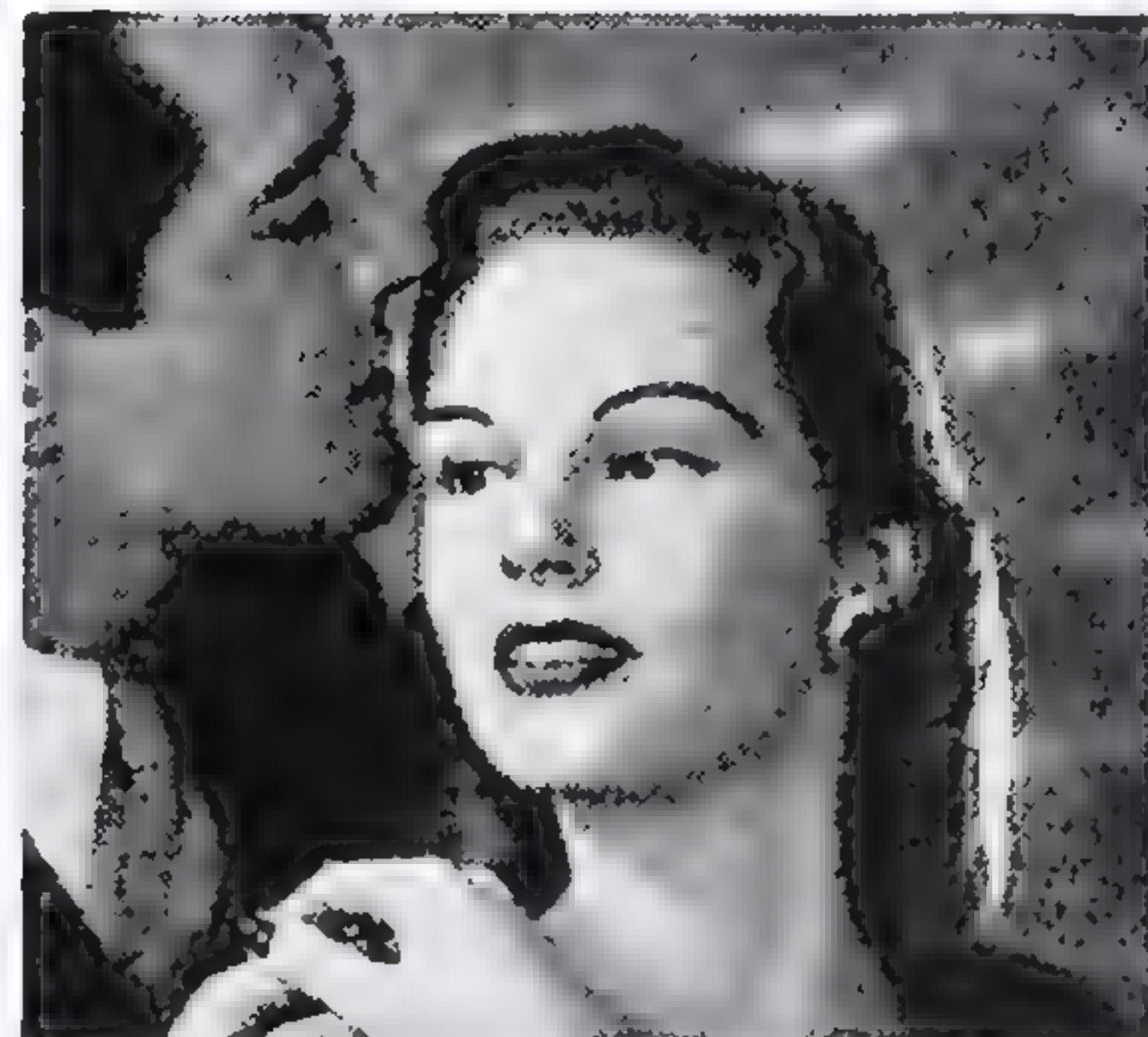
In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials by skin specialists, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time.



Screen stars are right! Just smooth the creamy Lux Soap lather well into your skin—



Rinse with warm water, then splash with cold. Pat gently with a soft towel to dry.



Lux Girls know that lovely, appealing skin makes pulses beat faster—wins Romance!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

— Lux Girls are Lovelier!

THIS WINTER

give your hair—

New Beauty



SPARKLING COLOR—let Nestle Colorinse take away that dull-drab look. You'll be thrilled when you see how Nestle Colorinse gives your hair richer, warmer color.



GLAMOROUS HIGHLIGHTS—rinse dancing highlights into your hair. See how these sparkling highlights make your eyes and your whole face look brighter!

SILKEN SHEEN—“He” loves hair that’s silken-soft, satiny-smooth to touch. Let Nestle Colorinse give your hair this wonderful sheen. Try it today—after you shampoo!



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At beauty counters
everywhere.



Platter Patter

By Lester Gottlieb

A disk-ussion of the latest recordings emphasizing memorable melodies from your favorite films



Al Jolson

AL JOLSON: America's greatest minstrel man, saluted in Columbia's thrilling musical biography, "The Jolson Story," appropriately celebrates the tribute with a brand new Decca album, which happily includes such Jolson songs as "Mammy," "Swanee" and "April Showers." A collector's item to treasure.

DUEL IN THE SUN: An important motion picture, such as this David O. Selznick production starring Jennifer Jones, Gregory Peck and other luminaries, should have an important musical score. The nation's

record makers believe that it has and have prepared an avalanche of groovings. Out first is a new Victor album capturing the full thematic score. If you prefer individual performances, try Martha Tilton's Capitol caroling of "Gotta Get Me Somebody to Love" or Orrin Tucker's dance tempo treatment of the same tune (Musicraft).

LOUANNE HOGAN: A new recording artist is this new Twentieth Century-Fox starlet who has been busy behind scenes voice dubbing for such favorites as Jeanne Crain. On her own she reveals a distinctive style, singing Vernon Duke's neglected ballad "Autumn in New York" and Jerome Kern's ever-lovely "Look for the Silver Lining" (Musicraft).

THE SHOCKING MISS PILGRIM: The forthcoming Betty Grable Twentieth Century-Fox musical contains a unique chapter in movie music. The score is based on unfinished compositions by the late George Gershwin. With the help of a sympathetic arranger and lyricist brother Ira, the songs have been completed. Jane Froman (Majestic) and Margaret Whiting (Capitol) treat "For You, for Me" reverently, while Vaughn Monroe (Victor) couples the lively "Aren't You Kind of Glad We Did?" and "Changing My Tune."



Betty Hutton

BETTY HUTTON: Paramount's personable powerhouse steps out gaily with a new Victor platter ably abetted by Joe Lilley's orchestra. The tunes are "Walking Away with My Heart" and "What Did You Put in That Kiss?" Good listening.

THREE LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE: Two more top-drawer tunes from this Twentieth Century-Fox filmusical click. "On the Boardwalk at Atlantic City" is a period piece of bloomer bathing beauties while "You Make Me Feel So Young" is a timeless expression. The Charioteers (Columbia) wrap up both harmoniously.

TO EACH HIS OWN: What well may be the song hit of the year is this song based on the Paramount drama. Two more fine interpretations have just been waxed, one by Eddy Howard (Majestic), the other by The Ink Spots (Decca). Tony Martin's original recording is still the standout.

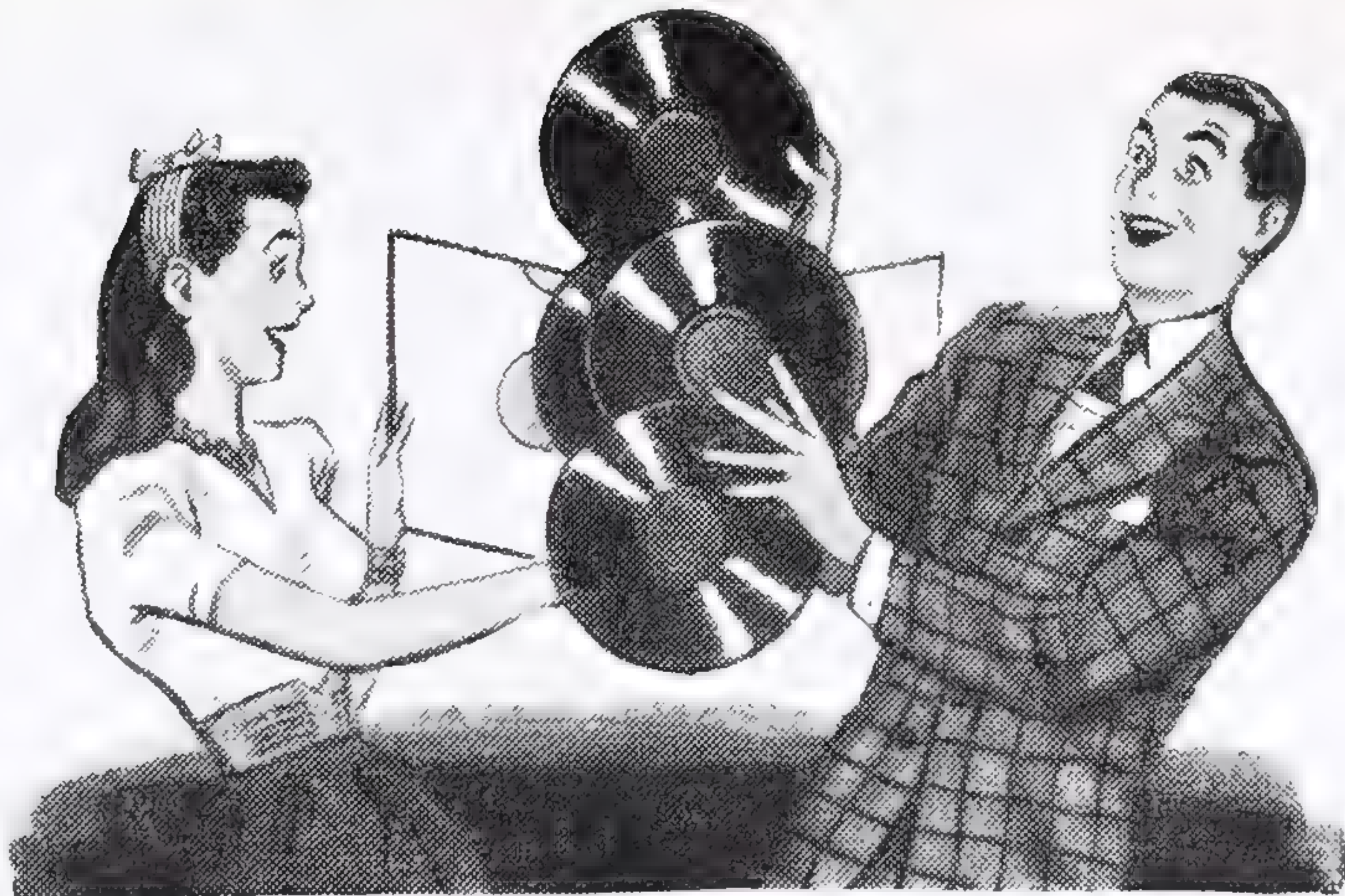
THRILL OF BRAZIL: Columbia's modest little music comedy has a winner in "A Man Is a Brother to a Mule"—especially the way The Andrews Sisters swing it (Decca) with Eddy Heywood's rhythm group for assistance.

THE CLASSICAL CORNER: A twin triumph is Artur Schnabel playing Rachmaninoff's Concerto No. 2 in C Minor, Opus 18 with the NBC Symphony supporting the distinguished pianist. Just as a reminder—Schnabel plays these magnificently in the film, "I'll Always Love You" (Victor) . . . More Rachmaninoff is found in the new Columbia album of mezzo soprano Jennie Tourel . . . The Boston Symphony with Serg Koussevitzky on the podium plays a brilliantly recorded performance of Tchaikovsky's familiar Symphony No. 5 in E Minor, Opus 64 (Victor) . . . The Russian composer's ever-welcome Nutcracker Suite gets a new airing by the New York Philharmonic with Artur Rodzinski conducting (Columbia).

DAVID O. SELZNICK'S

"DUEL IN THE SUN"

RELIVE THE THRILLS OF THE FILM IN MUSIC... IN WORDS...
IN PICTURES... WITH THIS NEW RCA VICTOR RECORDRAMA!



YOU GET FOUR 10" RECORDS OF GLORIOUS MUSIC
FROM "DUEL IN THE SUN"!



AND YOU READ THE STORY IN 9 PAGES OF PICTURES
AND WORDS... BOUND RIGHT IN THE ALBUM!



IT'S PLAYED BY THE FAMOUS
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Arthur Fiedler conducts the Boston "Pops" Orchestra to bring you musical moods from David O. Selznick's "Duel in the Sun"... a magnificent recording of Dimitri Tiomkin's moving score. The story of the music is bound right into the album. Ask for Album M/DM-1083, \$4.00.



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Luxor
HAND CREAM



Scent-tip

...the safe, smart way to carry your favorite perfume



If You Were the House Guest of the Cornel Wildes

(Continued from page 47) through emerald lawns, homes like architects' jewels in shrubbery settings, and then suddenly, you've made a slight twist up a short, deeper canyon cut and arrived at the swinging white gate-sign of "Country House." Actually, Country House was built for Norma Talmadge and has had a couple of other owners, but it's not hard to imagine Patricia and Cornel, coming upon it for the first time, and knowing it to be the answer to their own Wilde-est hopes.

First, a driveway flanked by young eucalyptus and feathery pepper trees, past a sign reading, "Careful, Child at Play," and then all at once, the house itself, white and rambling and friendly. There's a weathered shake roof, and an unstudied use of timber and red brick for trim. Vines riot up the walls, over the roof and spill out of one of the chimneys so thickly that the roof requires a periodical "weeding" and ridding of swallows' nests.

IN THE background, the hollowed-out canyon walls rise gently, like the sides of a cup. Here the eucalypti are tall and venerable, their hoary white trunks picturesque with peeling strips of red bark. At their feet is a large square of yard enclosed with a split rail fence—Punch's own play yard, undoubtedly a dog's idea of heaven. At the very bottom of the cup is a turquoise-watered swimming pool.

"Lucky for us—" says Patricia. "It was all ready and waiting for us—but if there hadn't been a pool I guess Cornel would have dug one. He's in it every chance he gets."

In confirmation, there's a shouted "Hey—hello!" from the springboard. A hearty but short greeting, because the master of the house is busy cutting an arc through the air and accomplishing the inevitable splash. Hardly has he hit the water than Punch is making a black streak out of the car and in the same direction. Applying his own kind of four-wheel brakes, the dog stops short at the very edge of the pool, crouches, and tentatively paws at a floating rubber ball. The pawing becomes desperate in a minute, because his master is slyly making ripples that keep the ball just out of paw-reach. It's an old game between them, ending only when Punch over-reaches himself and falls into the pool.

"You next—" yells Cornel, and for a moment, with Old Sol scorching the back of your neck, you think you don't care if you do. "Nothing like it—" urges your host, climbing dripping from the water. "We've been shooting 'The Homestretch' out at Santa Anita all week. That sun never quit for a minute—and me wearing a collar, tie and double-breasted blue serge suit!" He cuts another arc into the water, in celebration of this weekend release. It looks like fun, except for the fact that the bright blue and red couches in front of the bath-house are awning-shaded and tempting. Patricia has made a quick change into a jersey swimsuit—and that settles it. There may be a handsomer sight than this mahogany tanned pair in their white swim togs, but you're not apt to bump into it. You just stretch comfortably on the spectator's bench, and watch. . . .

Later, when Cornel is getting the last rays of the now disappearing sun on his browned back, he gestures to still another type of tree on the Wilde hillside. "Orange—in my own back yard—" he says. "I'm always going to pick some, but after I get out of the pool I'm too lazy."

"We'll have to pick some for Wendy, now that they're ripe," says Patricia. Wendy, the tiny princess of the household, is

spending the summer with Patricia's parents on Cape Cod. You get a slight idea of how much she's missed by the mournful look arising in Punch's liquid eyes at the mention of her name.

"Speaking of food, this is Saturday—dessert night. Let's get inside," says your host.

"We don't think too many sweets are good for us," explains his slim young wife, "but on weekends we really let ourselves go. We let Clare surprise us—and what desserts that woman makes!"

Then you enter the front door of Country House and experience a new kind of delectation. The entrance hall is a pale, silvery green from carpet to ceiling, with a soft-colored Chinese-patterned wallpaper and bleached ash woodwork. It's a large hallway, and the same silvery-green carpeting and walls run into one of the longest, coolest and almost indescribably lovely living rooms you've ever imagined.

"William Haines did the house for Miss Talmadge," says Patricia, "and it seemed so perfect we haven't wanted to make any changes." The perfection of the living room is in the restraint of its furnishing rather than the abundance. In front of the formal marble and mirror fireplace are two love seats of peach-flowered chintz. The same material drapes the windows. There is another long divan with the same color note.

By this time you've caught on that decorator Haines has managed to achieve one of those houses whose every room is a delightful surprise. The study, centered in a way that leads all steps to it, specializes in warmth and informality. Walls are panelled bleached ash and outstanding is that end of the room where every panel, from floor to ceiling, has been used to frame one of a vivid collection of medieval English costume prints. Otherwise, the furnishings are dedicated to living rather than looking. A square-cut beige divan runs almost the entire length of the opposite wall, and in front of it is a large, low table piled with magazines and smoking accessories.

THE telephone is in this room, the typewriter, and the script of the screenplay Cornel has just completed writing with Robert Turney. "Oh, Lord Byron!" you say, having read about it in the columns.

"Wrong inflection," says author Wilde. "At the studio they're saying, 'Oh Lord—Byron!'"

"A very fine piece of writing, nevertheless," says his wife proudly. This pride in being proud of each other is an almost tangible part of their household.

The impressive features about the guest room where you go to empty out your weekend bag and freshen up for dinner are its space, its cool green walls and four poster bed with pastel yellow spread. Most delightful is the amount of window space and the view you get of the hills, the lawn and the pool. "If you're up early enough tomorrow—" calls Patricia from her own room, "you'll see deer come down out of the woods to drink. There are a doe and two fauns who leap the fence every morning and go straight to the pool. I was so fascinated the first time I saw them I was afraid to breathe."

Downstairs in the sun room there are voices. Unencountered until now is this room's gay flowered-chintz furniture, the oddest looking divan you ever saw, and two newly arrived gentlemen. The couch, of woven straw and with a pagoda-like canopy, might be Chinese in origin. "Its greatest virtue," Cornel explains, "is thawing out frozen conversations. Someone's always bursting out with 'Where in thunder did you get that?'"

The gentlemen, (Continued on page 78)

YOU CAN'T RESIST—

"Temptation!"

AN OUTSTANDING MOTION PICTURE

THE
MEN
IN HER
LIFE...
SOME-
TIMES
LIVED
TO
REGRET
IT!....

"You
treat me
like
dirt...
Maybe
that's
why
I love
you
so..."

INTERNATIONAL PICTURES presents
MERLE OBERON • GEORGE BRENT
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"Temptation"

"I married
you because
of what
you were...
and in
spite
of it!"



with
LENORE ULRIC • ARNOLD MOSS
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Screenplay by Robert Thoeren
From the Novel "Bells Down" by Robert Hichens and the Play by James Bernard Fagan
Directed by IRVING PICHEL • Produced by EDWARD SMALL

"TEMPTATION"... You can't resist it — See It Soon At Your Favorite Motion Picture Theatre



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the **SOOTHINGEST** way

It's New! Made with a face cream base.

It's Gentler! Yodora is actually soothing to normal skins.

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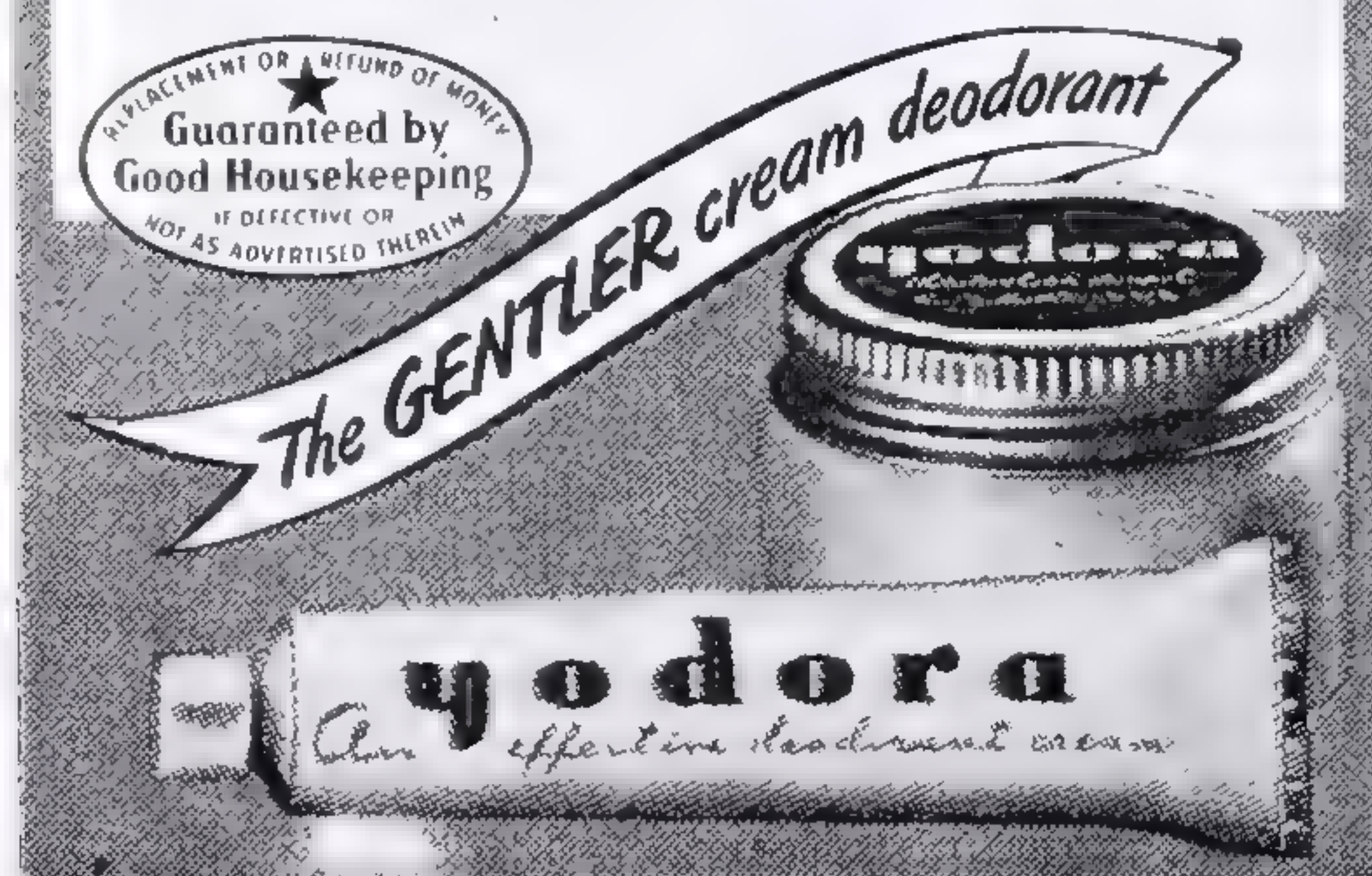
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No Irritating Salts. Can use right after under-arm shaving.

Stays Soft and Creamy. Never gets grainy in jar.

Economical. Tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢

You'll adore Yodora! Try it today!



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Quick COME BACK!

All in from lack of sleep, worry or nervous strain? A whiff of invigorating CROWN LAVENDER SMELLING SALTS will help revive you. Convenient purse-size bottle.



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At your druggist, OR SEND 25¢ (coin or stamps) to Dept. J-32, Schieffelin & Co., 20 Cooper Square, New York 3, N. Y. Established 1794.

(Continued from page 76) as they explain themselves, are Jimmy Metcalfe—who trouped with Cornel and Pat in their stock company days—and Marine Corporal Welles Coggeshall, Patricia's cousin on leave from San Diego.

The men have been sampling an iced concoction brought in by Harry the houseman, and introduced by the host as "something Harry makes that when I make doesn't taste the same." It holds their attention until, in fickle male fashion, they abandon their glasses in a rush for roast beef and browned potatoes.

SATURDAY night with Patricia and Cornel is spent in "do as you please" fashion. Coffee in the study—a session of pool in the game room for those who want it—a lot of laughter and jibing and conversation. Jimmy and Patricia trade laughs and memories of those days when they road-showed, and ran for trains between one-night stands, and invariably wound up in New York too broke to pay their hotel room rent. And then, just about yawn-time, comes the high spot of the evening:

"Do you mind if I unwrap it, Cornel?" Patricia asks wistfully. "I simply can't go to bed until I do."

"It" is a large flat package which has rested on the bar for hours, at the price of Heaven-knows how much of Patricia's restraint. Inside the paper is a flannel bag almost large and luxurious enough to make a jacket for the hostess. And inside is a silver tray, so lovely it draws gasps. "Louella Parsons gave us a silver tea service as a gift for my appearing on her broadcast," says Cornel adding with a twinkle, "One of those gifts that cost you money—I knew Pat wouldn't be happy until she had the tray to match."

His wife just stands there holding the lovely, gleaming thing in her hands. "It's so beautiful," she says, finally. "I've wanted one all my life."

You sit there—thinking of the two youngsters who were married with a ten-cent-store wedding ring that left such a green mark on the bride's finger she finally had to wear it on a string—who bought things only to have to hock them for eat money when they first came to Hollywood—and you look at them standing together, now. You think maybe you ought to rush out and find all the discouraged young people in the world and tell them to hang on to their faith in themselves because things like this can happen.

It's 9:30 a.m. when you coax yourself out of the four-poster bed the next morning—too late to catch sight of the deer, but there's plenty of activity outside your

window just the same. The master of the house is engaged in pegging stones at the top of a tall eucalyptus, trying to dislodge a hawk's nest. "Hate to do it to them during the housing shortage," he yells, "but they frighten away the song birds."

Assisted by Punch, Cornel has been up and about for an hour, indulging in his favorite pastime of "puttering" about his acres. His gardening is all on the practical side—strawberry plants bordering the flagstone walk and a mint bed on one side of the house. "This faucet kept leaking, and rather than fix the faucet I planted the mint under it. A good idea, I think—look, it's growing like fury."

"I cook, too—" he says modestly. "How about breakfast?" The kitchen is an English cottage affair, cheery with red tiled floor and sink and gay strawberry-patterned paper. Your host performs capably in the soft-boiled egg department.

Almost before you know it, Clare is on hand whipping up sandwiches and salad, Harry is busy packing a lunch basket, and Patricia is loading in fruit. A swimming pool in your own back yard is a wonderful thing but according to the Wildes, it will never do away with the good old-fashioned custom of a day at the beach.

"Hurry up, hurry up—" says Patricia. "This is the day I really polish up my suntan." A few minutes later, she beckons you to a front window. "Look—" she says. Cornel has brought the car around—the bright red, shiny new town and country car—and is viewing it with alternate pride and concern as he polishes an imaginary speck off the hood with the sleeve of his sport-shirt. "Be careful," calls his wife, leaning out of the window, "how you treat my automobile!"

You ride with them out to Malibu—you and Punch. And on the way only five near-accidents will occur when a bobby-soxer or a lady tourist yells, "Gee, look—Cornel Wilde!" and narrowly misses a traffic light. You'll spend a long, lazy day in the sand and salt-air—eating your way through Clare's picnic basket—watching Patricia acquire a lovely teakwood shade to contrast with her bright, blowing hair—and listening to Cornel explain why he's decided to postpone his under-water fishing until another Sunday.

"He does it every time—" laughs his wife. "Loads all that equipment into the car, goggles and spears and rubber fins, and then says 'Malibu's too rough, we should have tried Laguna. Now, next week—'"

Well, okay, you think—but any week it's a happy and handsome experience, this guest-ing with Mr. and Mrs. Wilde!

THE END

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(Continued from page 37) team, had to make a drawing to represent, "Hark, hark, the lark!" With a heavy black crayon in his hand he bent over the large sheet of white paper as intently as the members of Darryl's opposing team bent over his shoulders. First he drew a bird. Then he drew a woman with her hand cupped over her ear. Then he drew two capital H's followed by long dashes.

The guessing was fast and furious. "Hozanna, Hozanna," suggested some one concentrating upon the letters only. "Give her the bird," suggested a wit. "Listen to the mocking bird," some one else suggested. Then, suddenly, Judy Garland had it. "Hark, hark the lark!" she cried. Whereupon, automatically, she became the artist who must execute with large black crayon and large white paper the quotation chosen by the Zanuck team.

Judy, incidentally, won a brooch; a little gold bow-knot with tiny rubies, for her skill in this game. And Darryl Zanuck won the captain's prize of a wrist watch. Darryl could buy himself the most magnificent watch in the world, but, keen about winning games, he was as delighted as a child.

CHARLES BOYER was there too with his pretty wife, Pat Paterson. Louella Parsons with her "Dockie" Martin. Gary Cooper and his lovely "Rocky." Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Gardiner—I never can decide which of those two is more handsome. Sonja Henie. Oleg Cassini, alone—because Gene Tierney was visiting her family in the East. Edmund Goulding the brilliant playwright and director who's just completed Darryl Zanuck's production of Somerset Maugham's, "The Razor's Edge" with Ty Power and Gene Tierney. Ethel Barrymore, very regal. The Rex Harrison. The Joe Cottens. Merle Oberon and Lucien Ballard, Cole Porter, Jennifer Jones, Joan Crawford, Sir Charles Mendel, Jack Warner, of course, the host. And Edgar Bergen with his lovely Frances and Charlie McCarthy.

Charlie's sly jabs contributed much to the evening's fun. Edgar whispered something in Charlie's ear. "What did you say?" Charlie replied, pettishly, "Pull Elsa's leg! Why, Bergen, I couldn't even lift it!"

The *piece de resistance* of the evening came, however, when I had an enormous table, piled high with junk, wheeled in. There were fright wigs, goatees, mustachios and maces and swords borrowed from the wardrobe room of the Warner studios. Everything else came from the five and ten cent store. Odd lengths of brightly colored tartans. Floor and dish mops of all sizes and colors. Tin graters, lengths of black oilcloth. Silver and gold paper. Varicolored net. Feathers. Untrimmed hat frames. Junk jewelry. White lace shelving paper. Flowers.

I chose half a dozen stars and dared them to to be transformed with the help of the gentlemen of their own choosing. And the fun began.

Roz Russell and Eddie Goulding chose two fright wigs and promptly disappeared. When they emerged, people exploded with laughter. Roz wore Eddie's dinner clothes, much too big for her, and from her mouth a cigarette dangled. She appeared so slovenly that even her husband, Freddie Brisson, could not look at her without shuddering.

Eddie, with Roz's black chiffon dress draped in a low decolletage because his shoulders wouldn't fit into it and her lovely black fur stole rumpled into a ratty state was for all the world like an old broken-down prima donna. As they proceeded down the rooms, arm in arm, and

completely dead-pan the laughter almost drowned out the music, obligingly furnished by the orchestra, "A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody." Roz broke into a jitterbug and Eddie followed. We laughed until our sides ached unmercifully. And I was in complete sympathy with one hysterical guest who leaned against the wall crying, "No . . . No . . ."

CLAUDETTE, with the help of Edgar Bergen, one large hat, a yard or two of black oilcloth, white lace shelving paper and a mustachio, changed before our very eyes from one of the most soignée women ever seen into that swashbuckling musketeer, D'Artagan.

Rita Hayworth used lengths of cambric to bedeck Douglas Fairbanks as the hoop-skirted Anna who went to Siam as a governess and remained to change the history of the kingdom. The cambric, which never quite became a hoop skirt, was so short that Doug, garters and socks showing, looked more like a broken down charwoman than any gentle Anna.

Douglas, in turn, dressed Rita as Siam's King. He had great difficulty getting the right twist to the pantaloons. But at last they hung to his liking whereupon he crowned Rita with a small hat trimmed with a feather duster.

Vincente Minnelli, Judy's husband, using graters and feather dusters for head gear, lengths of bright red, blue and green paper for a skirt and crumpled tin foil for a breast plate, turned Irene Dunne into the Queen of the Amazons. To invest her with the proper authority he gave her a sword and pinned a police whistle on her shoulder. This she blew and blew. It was good to see Irene, who hasn't been to a party since her husband, Doctor Francis Griffin, was taken ill last spring, happy again.

Lana Turner went straight to Oleg Cassini, dress designer par excellence, for her transformation. He fashioned black cheesecloth into a classic evening gown with a wide belt of crushed silver paper and a band of gold leaves over one bare shoulder. Lana, enchanted with this dress, wanted to wear it forever. We had to convince her it would not hold up against the damp evening air. Carefully she removed it then, explaining, "I'm going to have a dress just like it. I'll keep this for the pattern!"

Loretta Young, wearing cooper pot cleaners and yellow cheesecloth with the chic with which she wears anything she puts on became a beautiful oriental princess.

So it went, with the costumes conceived and worn with such imagination, skill and humor that it was difficult to award prizes. After much laughing and serious discussion Irene and Roz received the women's prizes—gold earrings with little pearls—and Vincente Minnelli and Eddie Goulding received the men's prizes, gold cuff links.

Jack Warner, our host, won a prize too—for his old-fashioned tap dance reminiscent of an act he did in vaudeville thirty years ago. And he couldn't have been more pleased if he had broken the bank at Monte Carlo.

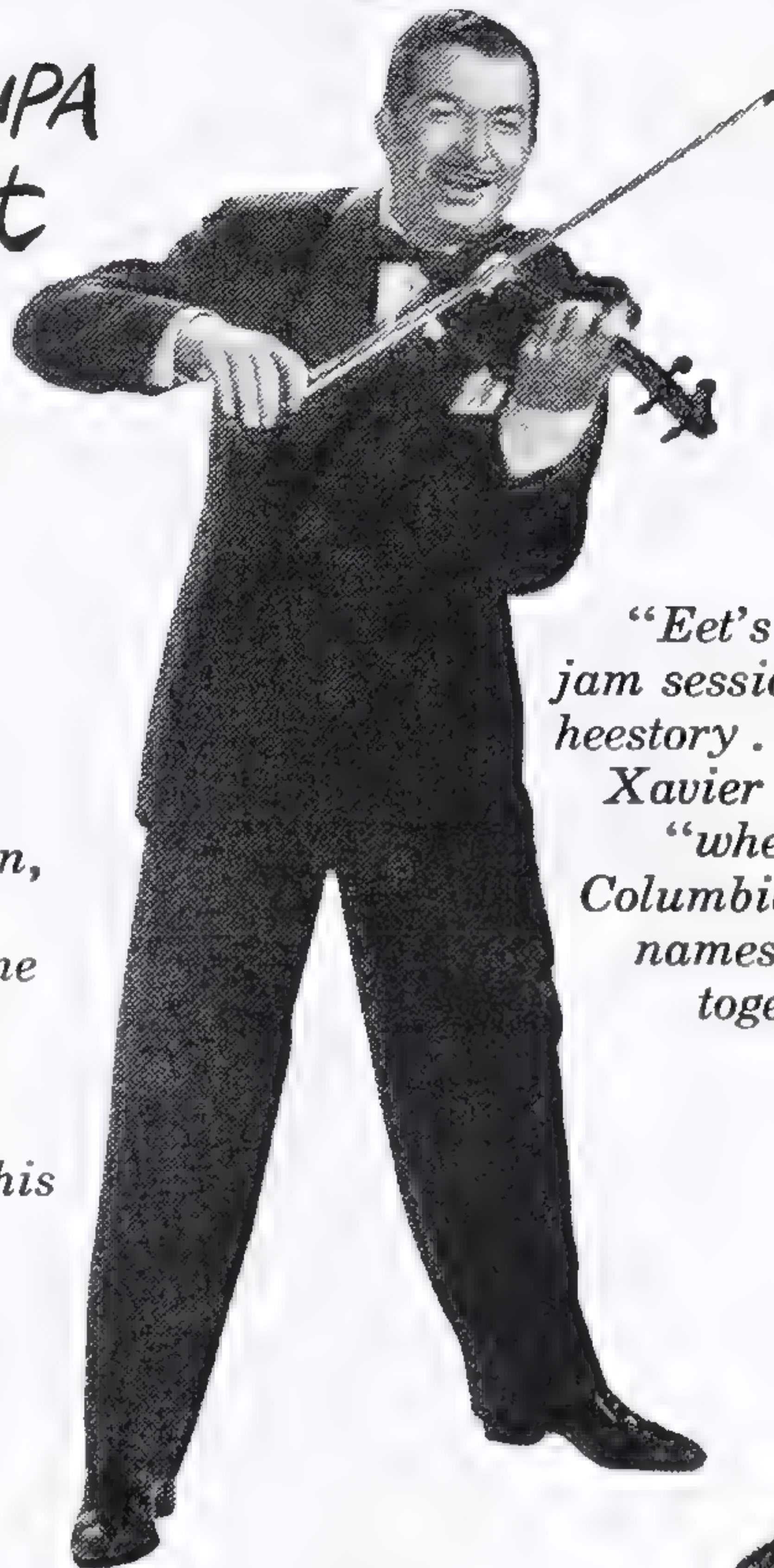
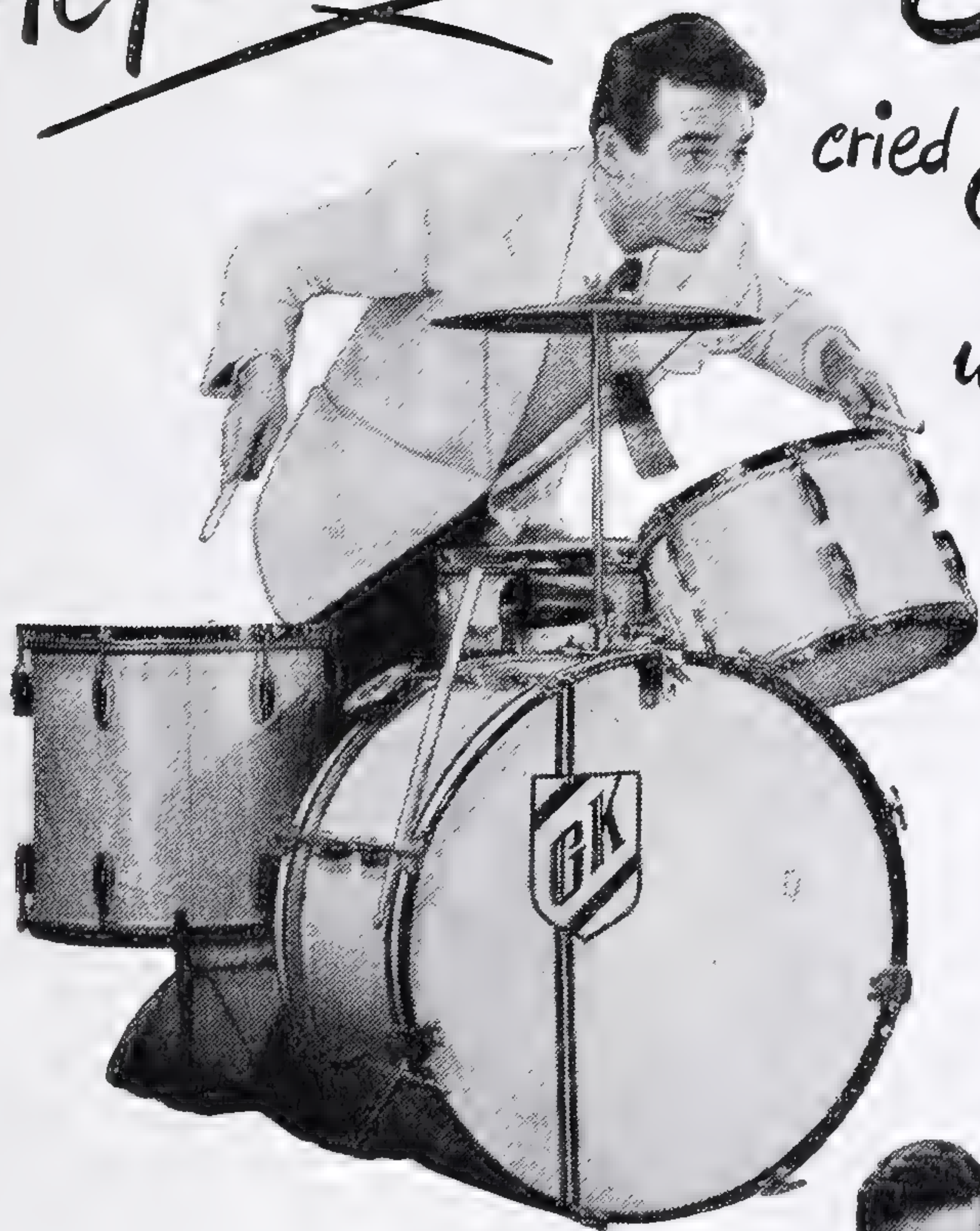
At twelve the coffee bar opened with coffee, milk and great platters of sandwiches. At two, breakfast was served, cooked right before the guests' hungry eyes. But still many lingered. It was five o'clock by David Selznick's watch as we sat side by side, consuming scrambled eggs, bacon, toast and coffee.

We had dined, danced, played and laughed the whole night through.

THE END

"Hey! we're burning up the page!"

cried **GENE KRUPA**
as he beat
with the
heat



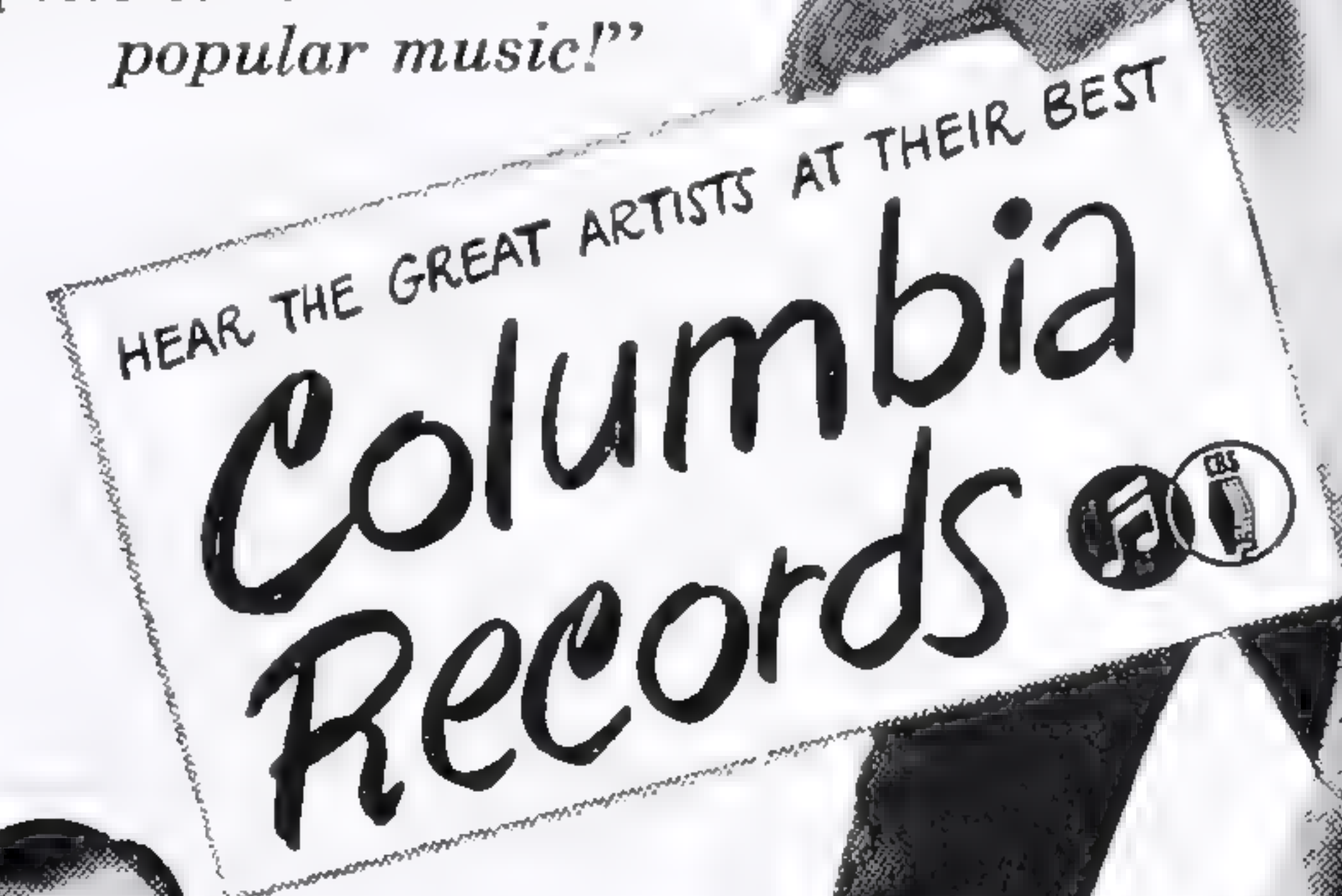
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program with Martin Block. See your
local paper for time and station.

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(Continued from page 43) more flavor and fascination than the run-of-the-mill man dares to dream of over a counterful of travel folders. From the bazaars of Calcutta to the nutburger stands of Beverly Hills. From Shanghai to stardom. Tahiti to Jennifer Jones.

The last time I saw Peter we lunched at "21" and over his very American and very actory scrambled eggs—or so it seems to me, because I have a theory that more actors eat scrambled eggs for lunch than any other class of people—he told me that of all the places in the world the one to which he most wanted to return was Tahiti. In the five years during which he and his mother and father toured the world on their own time, stopping for as long as they wanted any place they liked (and isn't that everybody's dream of the way to see the world?) they lingered for five months in Tahiti.

"That's the life," Peter said, drawing a deep breath. "You have a little cottage on the Blue Lagoon, and it really is blue, and the sand is black—very *chic*, that black sand, you'd have loved it—and the water is so clear you can see the coral underneath. I had my own canoe and I lived on the water. It was a boy's Paradise."

HE got the outdoor habit early and it sticks with him. Even now he spends as much time on the sands of Santa Monica and in the waves of the Pacific as his working hours permit. "I'm a beach boy," he says.

Of course with Peter work is a kind of pleasure, too, because he loves to act; you can tell that by the way he unconsciously goes into mimicry when he's telling a story or recalling a scene in a Broadway play or talking about a friend. He becomes a taxi driver or a drunk in an all-night coffee pot; he makes you suddenly see Judy Holliday in the second act of "Born Yesterday." Once when he was telling me about a phone call he got from Evie Wynn I had to burst out laughing, and before the punch line.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Why are you laughing?"

"Because you sounded just like Evie," I said.

He has more humor in him than most actors and most Englishmen. His slang is plentiful, picturesque and so up-to-date he must invent half of it himself; his eyes glint with laughter and shine with enthusiasm when he talks.

He was tremendously amused by his father's unexpected debut as an actor.

"Dad's in the movies now, did you know?" he said. "He's very puffed up about the whole thing—even has an agent. Spends his days sitting by the telephone waiting for a call from the studio."

"His first job was two days' work in 'The Picture of Dorian Gray.' Mother and I went with him to the preview and sat through the whole thing on the edge of our seats so we'd be sure not to miss him. It was great excitement. But we never did see him. The sequence he was in had been cut, and nobody had thought to tell him. Poor thing, he was crushed."

Father recovered from the blow, however, and went on to bigger things. He worked in "The Suspect" and followed that with "Kitty" in which he played a barrister with a wig and had a scene in which he was required to hold a baby. He took it very seriously—asked Peter's advice on the readings and make-up and even how to hold the baby.

Peter's mother hasn't tried the flicker yet, but he has no doubt she could make good if she felt like a fling.

"Mother's a character," he says fondly.

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"Sort of a British Billie Burke, only not so slap-happy."

His parents are delighted with his success and keep scrapbooks full of everything that is written about him. Peter is one of the few Hollywood bachelors who live with their parents, but the day we lunched he wasn't sure whether he lived with them in an apartment, a house or a Quonset hut.

"I think I live in a hole at the moment," he laughed. "I talked to them today and we've just been evicted for the third time in eighteen months. We were renting a tiny house in Westwood, but—you guessed it—the woman who owns it is selling it."

He looked about as bothered by this prospect of rooflessness as if a housefly had landed on his sleeve.

It was a nicely draped sleeve, at that—part of a hound's-tooth-checked odd jacket whipped up for him by the most expensive tailor in Beverly Hills. Clothes are his big extravagance—just about the only one. He loves good clothes and he is doing his best to collect a large and varied wardrobe, and such are his charm and persuasive powers that quite often he is able to wheedle a tailor into making him a suit in two weeks while other customers wait the customary four months. His tastes run to neat black and white checks and beautiful gray flannels and cashmere jackets, and he likes white shirts and black knitted ties.

HE has a new car (possibly this is Extravagance Number Two) that he speaks of in the tones of a father describing a new-born baby. For a moment I expected him to whip out his wallet and show me a picture of it lying on a white fur rug. It is a convertible Chrysler station wagon, maroon with lush wine red leather upholstery and yards of magnificently grained wood. He described it so minutely I felt as though I had just ridden a hundred miles in it.

However, his activities are not completely confined to the outdoors and the open road. He reads a lot, chiefly current novels and books with psychological themes. That day he was enthusiastic about "Rain Before Seven" and "The Pursuer" and he practically sent me home before the dessert came to read "Methinks the Lady."

He plays gin rummy and is the only Hollywood citizen I know who doesn't consider himself the greatest gin player in the world. "I am pretty much of a pigeon," he admits. One of his favorite indoor sports is running off motion pictures of ten or so years ago—films that starred Jean Harlow and Carole Lombard and Spencer Tracy and are to his mind more exciting than anything being done nowadays. He does this at least twice a week, usually accompanied by Keenan Wynn, who, as I am sure everybody must know by now, is his best friend.

His favorite eating place in Hollywood is Dave Chasen's. He haunts it because it is informal and comfortable and masculine in its tavernish atmosphere and so much like Toots Shor's in New York, which he adores. He seldom goes to Romanoff's in Beverly Hills because he feels it is a showing-off place more than anything and he's seldom in the mood for a Big Entrance.

Peter has not reached the point (currently fashionable with older stars) where fans irk him. His humor gets the better of any annoyance he might feel at being rent into small shreds by a horde of little fiends with pencils and he is consoled by the fact that a couple of other boys, Sinatra and Johnson, are even worse off than he.

He loves, apropos of frenetic fans, to tell the story of the day Frank Sinatra called Van Johnson at the Waldorf and

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little jockey Sammy Renick answered the phone.

"How you doin' up there?" Frank asked.

Sammy was breathless. "It's awful," he said. "We can't go anywhere without being mobbed. They surround him. They tear him apart. Honest, Frankie, you can't imagine what it's like!"

The special service department at M-G-M takes care of the bulk of Peter's fan mail, holding out only the very interesting letters for him to read and answer. Most of his mail, quite understandably, comes from young girls, but now and then he gets a plaintive end-of-the-rope communique from a mother who writes: "My daughter has written to you several times and received no answer. She is heartbroken. Won't you please drop her a line—please?"

HIS youngest fan is my daughter Jill, who was two and a half when they met. He seemed to have the same effect on her as he has on eighteen-year-olds, only she is less inhibited. She came into the room where we were having cocktails, curtsied and murmured politely to Keenan and Eve, then headed straight for Peter and put her arms around his neck. "I love you, little Peter," she announced with no preliminaries whatsoever. From that evening on she has been in a rather delicious state of confusion over which is Peter Lawford and which is *Peter Rabbit*, but she adores them both.

Peter has a very clear picture of what kind of an actor he is now and what he hopes to grow to be. More than anything else he wants to play the murderer in "Night Must Fall."

"In eight or nine years, of course. I know I'm not ready for it yet; I've got plenty to learn first. But I think about it . . . and I'd like to do remakes of some of the Cary Grant things like 'None But the Lonely Heart.'"

He admires Grant's brand of acting greatly, and he pronounces the name "Grahnt." Another favorite performer of his is Pearl Bailey, the singer—"That woman knocks me clear out"—and when he was in New York he saw Peter Lind Hayes, the mimic, fourteen times at the Copacabana. "He fractures me every time." But his most fervent admiration is reserved for Keenan Wynn. "Keenan is tops for me. He can do anything at all."

Peter has a performer's respect for grade A night club comedians.

"My frustration—I know I'll never be able to do it, but I dream about it—is to be able to get up on a floor, cold, and entertain a roomful of people. Hold them for a whole hour, without props or a plot, just being funny all by myself. I think anybody who can do that is sensational."

What else about him? Well, he likes hamburgers and whiskey sours and really esoteric swing music like that furnished by Harry the Hipster, and he is kind to drunks in one-arm joints who ask him to write notes to their wives at three o'clock in the morning. He is good natured and an amusing companion and sharp as a tack about many things aside from making faces for the camera. His eyebrows are almost as bushy as John L. Lewis's, but on him they're attractive. When he is talking with great enthusiasm he grabs you by the arm or holds onto your elbow or puts his hand on your wrist as if he is trying to keep you from bouncing out of your chair in sheer excitement. He winces if you mention "Lassie." He has a trick hair comb; you can study it for an hour and I defy you to figure out how it's done. He has a very good time.

I think the person who wrote "I love life and I want to live" must have been Peter's psychological twin.

THE END

Listen, It's Lund

(Continued from page 63) and there.

Now John has never been one to take life lying down. He blew up. In his best dramatic diction he retorted, "Well, Eloise may be displeased, but John and Marie don't like it either, especially the bric-a-brac. However, we'll pay for it gladly because John and Marie are sort of glad that they're not going to have to look at Eloise's ash tray and antiques any more."

Whereupon he and Marie both made low curtsies and turned on their heels—to pack up and move again.

The blond six-footer who was causing such a stir on the Paramount lot with his performance of Olivia de Havilland's lover and also her son in "To Each His Own" began to detect a fine irony in that title. Where was John Lund's own? Where indeed were he and his wife to lay their heads in this town of unfathomable fortune?

To be brutally frank, the immediate answer proved to be a motel. The higher the fame, the lower the roof, it seemed to the attractive Lunds. But they could take it in their stride.

In fact, John has taken a great many things in his seven-league-boots stride.

He's been a ditch digger, soda jerker, carpenter and timekeeper. What's more, he even tried to be a Hollywood actor once before. It was during the days when he was deciding whether writing for a big advertising agency could ever be as satisfying as, say, some day speaking the stately and philosophic speeches of *Macbeth*. At that time the test he made in New York for a major studio brought forth the brief epitaph, "N. G." However, there was some consolation in the fact that he was in the best of company. For the tests made at the same time of Van Johnson, who was then dancing in a New York chorus, and Gregory Peck, who was trying to believe the still small voice that kept whispering he could be an actor if only he'd overcome fear, drew a similar report from the same myopic Hollywood bigwig.

Nevertheless, for the time being the comfort was slight. It meant John had to stick to his agency job, but he made it grist to his mills by turning out such successful radio scripts that eventually he went to Hollywood, not as an actor but as a radio writer. During the war he had written shows using Army personnel from camps throughout the country and these were broadcast on coast-to-coast networks. Then from Hollywood itself he authored the Billie Burke radio program for some six months.

But he might just as well have been in



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Singapore so far as getting into the movies was concerned. During this period he was living in the Knickerbocker Hotel on Ivar Street in Hollywood and as he puts it—"I was the hermit of Ivar and the kingdom of Metro and the fine Southern plantation of Paramount (to quote Olivia de Havilland) were both far, far away."

He closed this gap by the usual circuitous route of returning to New York and landing a part in a Broadway production, "The Hasty Heart." The role of Yank wasn't particularly taxing, but it gave him an effective chance to be seen. And how the feminine gender loved what they saw! So did Henry Ginsberg, head of Paramount Studio.

In fact, he was so enthused that he arranged for Lund's release before the end of the run of the play, which is exceptional. Paramount wanted Lund very much indeed for the vital role of Olivia de Havilland's flier lover of World War I in "To Each His Own." He proved so good in this that they gave him the other important part in the same picture, that of their son who becomes a flier in World War II.

LUND himself is a restlessly, violently active person, even though he contends that he is lazy by nature and that his most definite aspiration is to achieve a position where he may retire.

Everything belies that now. He reads avidly, deeply and with discernment. As a consequence he has far more than a smattering of knowledge of many subjects. For example, if you happen to talk Thomas Wolfe, the writer, with him, he will not refer merely to one of Wolfe's works. On the contrary, he'll discuss practically everything the author wrote, quote from his books and regale you with anecdotes about him. It's practically the same way with any topic that happens his way, whether it's Fifteenth Century Italian poets, modern music, hypnotism or women's hats.

About the latter he said, "I like women's hats when they're chosen with some obvious thought and care. They should be riotously beautiful. But even such hats are meaningless on the head of a woman unless they are well proportioned to her face and in some way complement her beauty.

"There's a certain shocking disillusionment, for instance, to glimpse an array of attractive hats reposing on a piano or a table at a party and later see them worn by the wrong types of women. That kind of hat miscasting always bothers me."

John Lund is socially conscious in high degree. He's a hail fellow well met to a host of friends. At Paramount there's a table in the commissary over which he presides which is humorously referred to as the "children's corner." That's doubtless because there's so much cutting up in that particular area at all times. It's a question too whether Lund isn't satirizing the sedate get-togethers of the moguls of the lot at other tables.

There's a waiting line for this table, in a manner of speaking, because, as Phil Terry, who was a regular Round Table member during his "incumbency" at Paramount, put it, "There's a lot of witty and good conversation. Lund really holds the party together at all times. He's the sort who just naturally takes over. Everything, no matter if it's a cube of butter or lobster in the half shell, reminds him of a story. He can go on for hours making interesting talk."

The "interesting talk" with the Lunds now is about furniture. Yes, they finally got a house. It's a hilltop cottage which they affectionately call their "little gray home in the West," and they're having a happy, though strenuous, time furnishing it. Every few weeks something that has

been ordered for months arrives. Maybe a chair or a bathroom rug, a lamp or an electric iron. And it's gradually taking form with a thoroughly conscious attempt at no chi-chi and a definite detour from decorators' debilities. They love color. The living room and dining room rugs are lime green and shaggy in texture. There are deep chairs, ultimately destined to make long davenport, splashed with bright cerise and cinnamon and bronze tones.

Recently the Lunds celebrated their fourth wedding anniversary by making tall cool lemonades and waiting for a cleaning woman to come who had something of a record of breaking her promise to show up five times straight in a row. But Marie was hopeful. She said with almost pathetic sincerity, "I'm sure she's had trouble with the bus or something. She sounded so nice on the phone!"

JOHN and Marie have had a long and turbulent journey to their hilltop house. At the time they decided to get married, they had known each other for two years. John was writing camp shows and Marie, who had been a Conover model as well as having been under contract to RKO, was selling programs for very large fees to help swell the receipts on "This Is the Army."

It was all a very hurry-up affair. They were married, had breakfast together in Baltimore and at noon they separated, Marie flying to Washington and John to St. Louis. They never saw each other again until nearly two years later, and all the time they were within flying distance of each other. It was a sort of *Evangeline-Gabriel* chase. Twice they missed each other, once by a few days and again by a few hours, while each was crossing the country to meet the other. Since they've been in Hollywood they've had their longest time together, one year and three months. And yet life has been hectic for them because of the housing conditions.

But now they have their roof and soon they'll have bookcases for their books, the many books that John loves and needs to satisfy his passionately questing mind—the mind that has been restless and searching ever since he left school in Rochester, New York, when he was fourteen years old.

They have another possession besides their little house. It's a little car. If this gives the impression that they live in a world of midget proportions, that is true in a sense. The car can best be described as "some sort of thing!" They paid \$1,000 for it in New York and assembled it themselves out here. Marie threatens to put her sewing machine motor in it one day because it is more powerful than the one in the "auto" at present. It has strange windows that don't come together and certainly will be impractical in the sunny California rainy season, and even though it has seats that you can't sit in except with a minimum of comfort and security to nylons, yet, as John says, you must admit it runs and piles up sixty miles to a single gallon of gas.

And then there is one more possession which the Lunds treasure, especially Marie, and that is the strawberry patch. "It's not much bigger than a large scarf," John says, "but Marie loves it and tells people about it with an intense fervor. She has the enthusiasm and imagination of a child. She makes you believe that patch of berries is as wondrous as 3,000,000 acres of winter wheat."

A house, a car, a strawberry patch! It looks as if the Lunds have stopped moving at last. Except for John, who'll keep right on moving—up.

THE END

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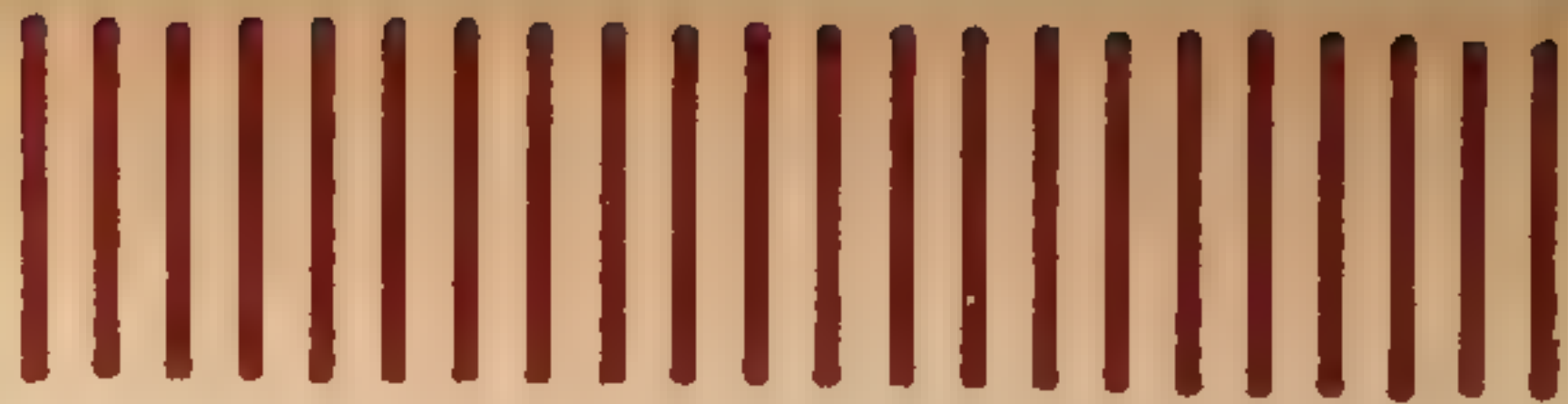
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Pro-phy-lac-tic Combs for men and women, beautifully styled in Jewelite and other lovely plastics, are designed for perfect combing. Remember... Pro-phy-lac-tic. No other name means so much in a comb.

NO gift could be lovelier than Jewelite... *aristocrat of plastics!* And none could be more *practical!* Product of America's most skilled brush craftsmen, Jewelite Brushes by Pro-phy-lac-tic have long, resilient Prolon bristles to help bring out every shining highlight of her hair. Jewelite Brushes, Combs, and complete Dresser Sets are available in delicate shades of ruby or sapphire, or in diamond-clear crystal. Look for Jewelite, as well as Pro-phy-lac-tic Combs in other beautiful plastics, at any good brush department. All are products of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company, makers of the famous Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. It's a brand name known to three generations of lovely American women. PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH COMPANY, Florence, Mass.

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Risqué—Daring perfume—
smoldering amber musk
3.50 oz.

Heartbeat—High-hearted
perfume—vibrant floral
blend 3.50 oz.



with These Lovely



Poetic Dream—Heaven-
ly perfume—tropic-floral
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Dulcinea—Perfume of
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LEIGH MINIATURES—all four perfumes in a tiny
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Ben Studios

Photographers

Biddy Banton

West Coast Associate

John Engstead

West Coast Photographer

DINAH SHORE

The Montgomerys (Dinah Shore and George) will awaken Christmas morning to accustomed sounds from their barnyard—and the cries of the golden pheasants Dinah is giving George. He's designing another piece of jewelry for her and will add to her collection of cook books. You'll see Dinah next in the Walt Disney production "Bongo the Bear."

A Mistletoe Special

Taffeta's rustle . . .
and Grandmother's bustle . . .
. . . combine to make this Flirtation Kemper plaid taffeta evening dress irresistibly romantic. Designed especially for you with the new longer hipline by Emma Domb. Sizes 10-16 and 9-15. About \$25.00 at Jordan Marsh, Boston, Mass., and Sanger Bros., Dallas, Texas.

Ultraviolet lipstick and nail polish by Revlon.

(For the stores in your vicinity write to the manufacturers listed on page 98)

Winah Shore



WE APPLAUD THE OLD

NORWEGIAN SAYING

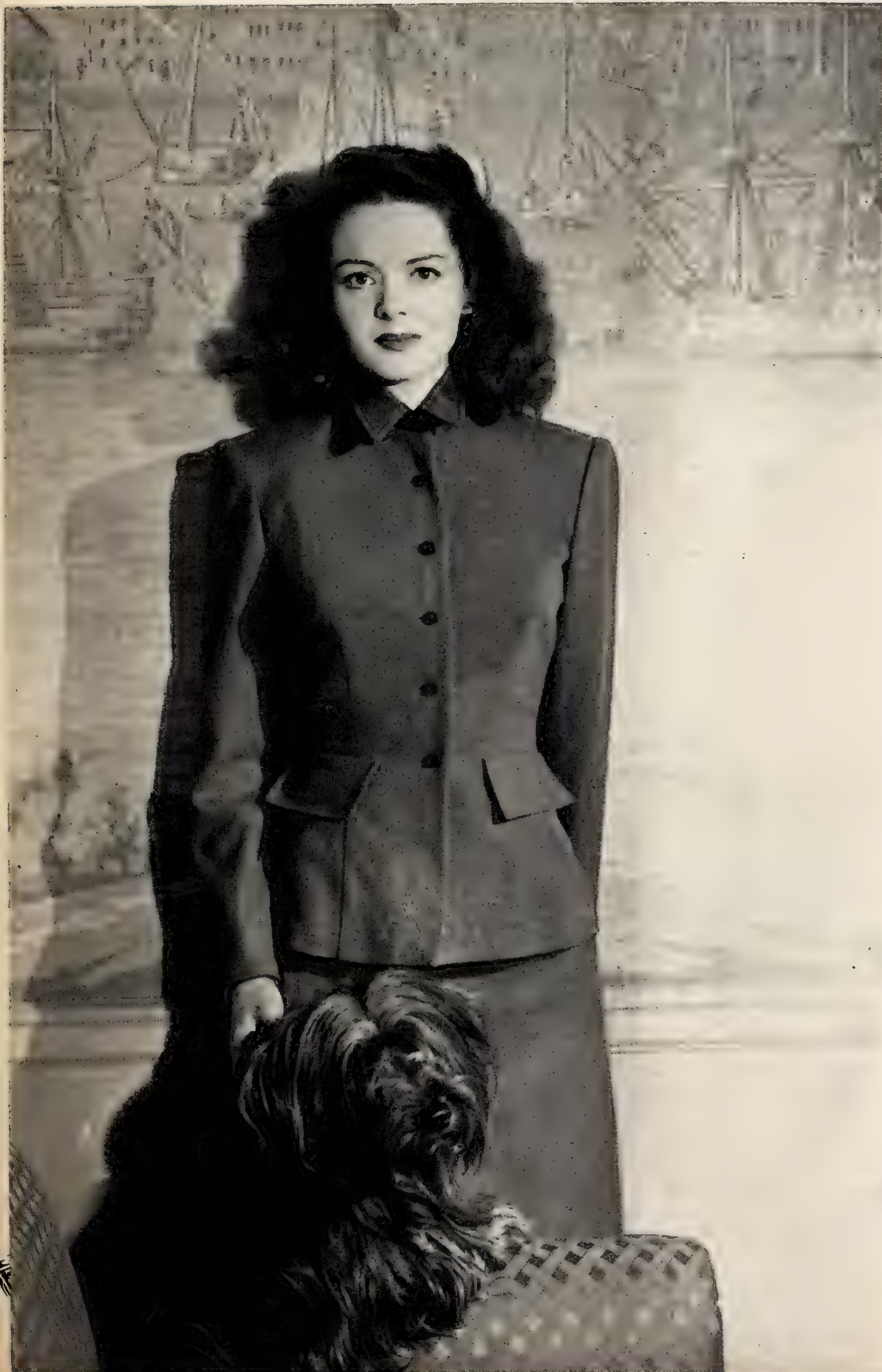
Every day has seemed like Christmas to Arleen Whelan, featured in Paramount's "Suddenly It's Spring," since a talent scout discovered her behind a manicurist's table. Arleen and her husband, Hugh Owen, will spend the holidays together in New York where he is an executive for Paramount. They know Christmas is where the heart is

PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

If It's Going To Be Christmas,

Let It Be Christmas

AND OFFER YOU FASHIONS AS FESTIVE AS THE HOLIDAYS



A bright green Petti suit. The long jacket fastens up to the chin with jet buttons that twinkle as gaily as lights on a Christmas tree. The stand-up collar is velveteen trimmed. The waist is nipped in. The pockets have big flaps. In bright shades. Sizes 9-15. About \$16.75 at Filene's, Boston, Mass., and Bullock's, Los Angeles, Cal.

On facing page: For holiday parties and chilly starlit nights a Donna Hale Jr. date dress of soft pure wool with glittering sequin pockets. In pastel shades, high shades and black. Sizes 9-15. About \$23.00 at The Hecht Co., Washington, D. C., and Russeks, New York, N. Y.

For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 98.

TWINE THE LAUREL . . . LIGHT THE TAPERS . . . SING OUT THE CAROLS



Be beautiful in a heart-warming dress with a soft "dandy" collar and tapered bracelet sleeves. A Sacony-Fulura knit available in a variety of bright colors. Sizes 10-20. \$25.00 at Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia, Pa., and A. Harris & Co., Dallas, Tex.

(Right) *Be beautiful* in a winter white wool with something terrifically new added; for the wool, treated with Lanaset, washes like a dream. An Eddie Rubenstein original by Crestlee. In other colors. Sizes 9-15. About \$20 at Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N. Y., and Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney, Inc., St. Louis, Mo.

For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 98.

...And Be Beautiful

LUCILLE BALL: *Mr. and Mrs. Desiderio Alberto Arnaz y de Acha III (known more familiarly as Desi Arnaz and Lucille Ball) look forward to a country Christmas on their farm in the San Fernando Valley. Their gifts to each other will include a new horse or a new prize cow and an additional stall or two to accommodate same. From Lucille we'd like another characterization as hilarious as her "Gladys Benton" in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Easy to Wed"*



THIS IS, INDEED,

NYLON HOSIERY "AS YOU LIKE IT"! You'll be lyrical about the sheer beauty and flawless fit of these lovely stockings. The seams are slender, the texture clear. They're not just "nylons", but full-fashioned, long-wearing hosiery "As You Like It"—to be asked for by name the next time you're stocking shopping.



NYLON HOSIERY.

"As You Like It"

READING, PA.

Side View

of the Fashion Sitting

with DINAH SHORE

By Rena Firth

Ben's studio was a hubbub of activity. Dinah Shore had arrived for her fashion sitting. And any gathering with Dinah Shore is animated. She's red-haired and vivacious. And her husky voice is fast and low with a quality as warm as her own personality.

She was wearing a simple little gray wool dress, close fitting to the hips and buttoned down to the waist. It had a tiny Peter Pan collar, piped with white and white piping on the cuffs, too. There were small, wired panniers at each side of the full skirt. And her small gray, breton-type felt hat was white-trimmed also.

The taffeta plaid evening dress worn by Dinah for the picture which opens the fashion section this month suited her to perfection. She's 5' 4½" tall, with lovely shoulders and bosom and a waist that measures a scant 22". She wears her hair parted in the center and up at the sides. She uses little make-up; just a light touch of powder on her dark-golden skin, lipstick and mascara. For the sitting, she was wearing a new shade of ultra-violet nail polish, which toned in beautifully with the violets she carried. Incidentally, she has made a recording for Columbia that gives her own ultra-violet version of the old song "Who'll Buy My Violets?"

Dinah loves perfume and jewelry. And surprises! When her secretary whisked out a package at the studio, Dinah cried "A surprise?" Seems husband George Montgomery always brings her something, even if it's only a chocolate bar.

Dinah said people are always saying they've been told they look like her—which is all right with George if he thinks it's complimentary. If it's not he's liable to tell them they must know a lot of blind people!

As we said our goodbyes, more than ever we understood her great popularity. For you can tell from the way she talks that she has a real interest in people and fresh enthusiasms. And these things color her voice when she sings.



Vicki Lynn
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Gay as Paris and lovely as a flower—there is a Vicki Lynn blouse for every girl who appreciates smartness on a budget*

Vicki Lynn Blouses Inc., 2 Park Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

*\$3 at leading department stores.



We believe in Santa Claus

Your friends will too—if
you'll shop for these gifts
at your favorite store



She'll look like Christmas, even to her toes, in these Baranee "sling" slippers of soft silky shearling. These slippers come in a variety of jewel tones, about \$5.95



Matching bag and gloves of Duo-suede by Kayser, in all shades. Bag, with simulated tortoise shell, \$3.00. Gloves \$1.00



These Evans compacts to give a purse a Christmas air. The woven wire flap-jack is \$10.00. The gold-dipped shell is \$6.00



Designed by Coro. Gold pin with aquamarine \$4.00. Earrings \$4.00. Necklace \$5.00. Bracelet \$3.00. Other bracelet \$2.00



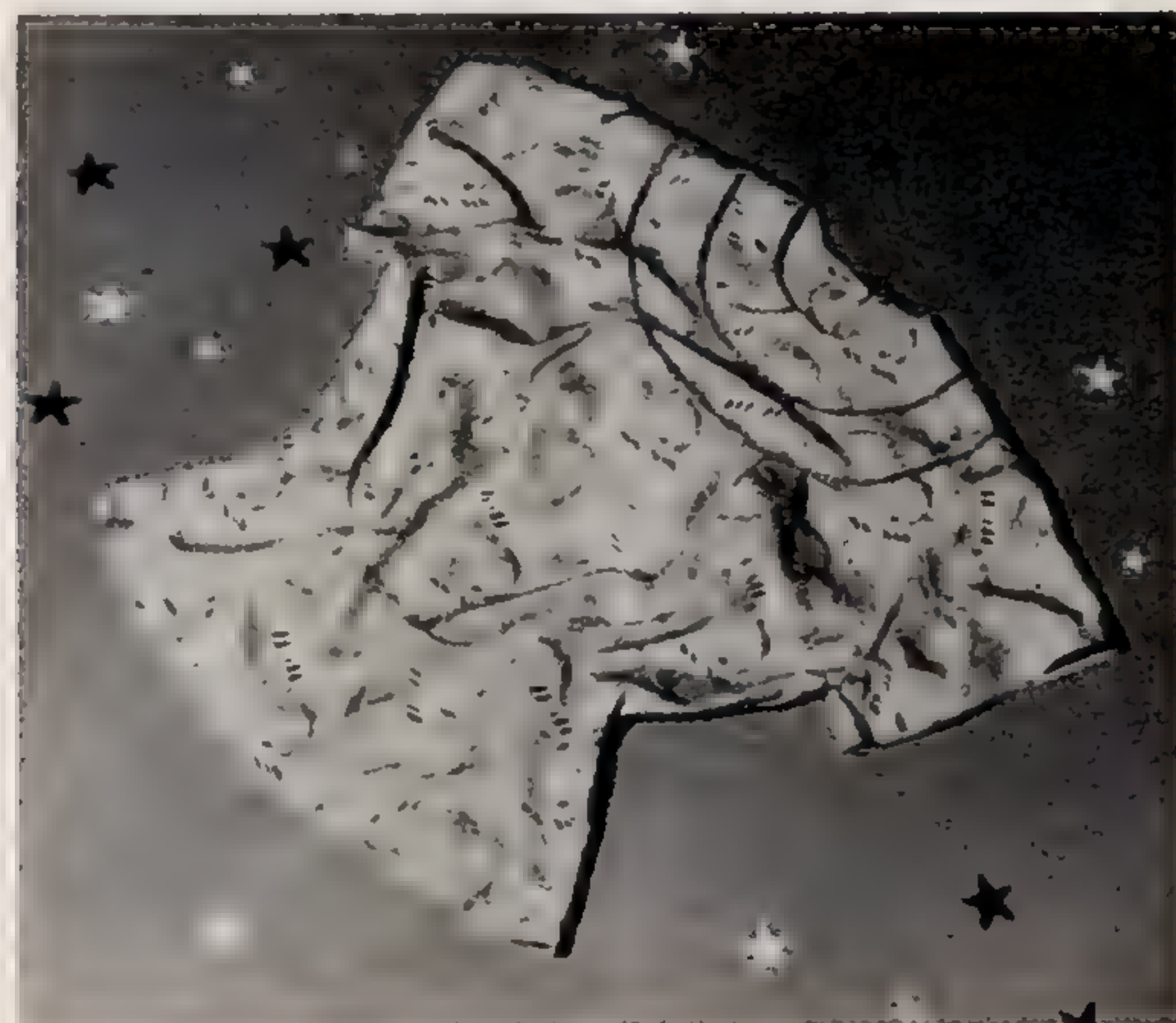
A "must" for off-the-shoulder fashions—daring bras by Model. Marquisette nylon is \$3.50. Taffeta nylon is \$3.95



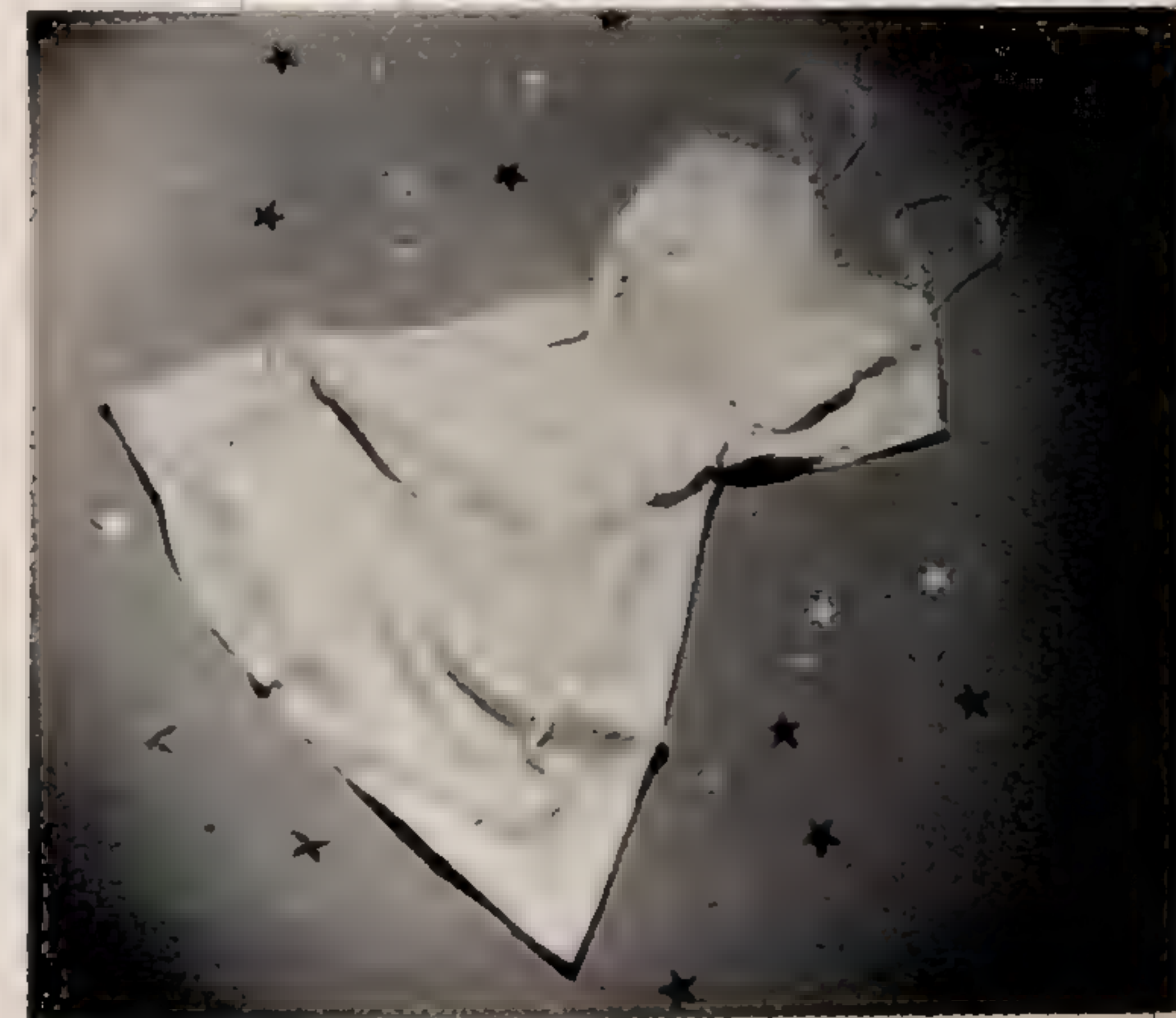
Baar and Beards scarves. Square scarf with sequin embroidered stars \$3.50. Pure silk scarf \$8.50. Wool with fringed edges \$1.50



Lace trimmed "Blouse Brief" designed by Maison France to fit whether you're size 10 or 44. With built-in shields, \$4.00



Soft blouse with faggoted neckline by Alice Stuart in a heavenly print by Verney. Sizes 32 to 38. Around \$8.00



She'll be delighted to look like the girl in the "Seamprufe" slip. In shell or white with lace bow-knot. Around \$3.00



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of Sanforized broadcloth
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SEL-MOR GARMENT CO., Inc., St. Louis



Cinemodes

By Photoplay's Fashion Scout

Lana Turner, always known for sophisticated evening clothes, went jeune fille at the Xavier Cugat party which followed the premiere of "Holiday in Mexico." Her gown was white embroidered net with a tiny little round collar and fitted bodice. The skirt was very very full with an adorable petticoat that showed when she whirled on the dance floor. It wasn't really a petticoat but a double hem, for the top layer was the embroidered white net of the gown and the underneath layer was flaming red.



Believe it or not, Joan Crawford wore almost the same dress described above on Lana at Adolph Sprekels' tremendous party. Joan, however, gave her embroidered full skirted white gown a sophisticated touch by wearing a gorgeous new diamond and ruby feather-shaped clip at the high collared throat of the gown. Also a matching ruby and diamond bracelet. Her evening bag too was stunning; envelope shaped and completely covered with dull white paillettes.



Jennifer Jones looked ravishing at one of the best parties of the year given by David Selznick. She went "sophisticated" with her hair piled becomingly high in a soft coif. Her very low cut stiff white silk gown was heart shaped in front. The bodice was tightly fitted

with a huge full skirt that puffed and billowed out as she danced. She wore pearls at her neck and on her arm. Diana Lynn wore white too and her gown was so filmy, so feminine and so utterly "dancy" that it would be divine in almost any color imaginable. And for anyone of any age. It was in heavy white net with a low neck that softly draped into deep "V's" both front and back. It was long waisted and snug to the hips and the skirt was so full you almost wouldn't believe it. Simply yards and yards of the white net gored and gathered to the hips. Toward the bottom of the skirt huge ostrich feather-tufts tucked between the net folds.



Joan Caulfield, at the Selznick party, wore a tight-bodiced black velvet gown with a low square neck. Her skirt was very full and around her neck she wore a tiny black velvet ribbon to which were attached two small white gardenias.



Greer Garson has a new winter coat she's mad for. It's soft black cloth with tiers and tiers of black Persian lamb from the hip to hem-line. The tiers give a flaring look and she also wears a shoulder capelet of the fur over the plain uncollared neckline of the coat, for variety. She wouldn't dream of wearing anything but tiny black hats with this, of course.

FOR THE SHOP in your vicinity where the Photoplay Fashions shown on the preceding pages are sold write to the manufacturer listed below:

Plaid Evening Dress

Emma Domb

1462 Market St.

San Francisco, California

Wool Date Dress with Sequin Pockets

Donna Hale Jr. Inc.

498 Seventh Ave.

New York, N. Y.

Suit with Jet Buttons

Rhea Mfg. Company

1983 South Allis St.

Milwaukee, Wis.

Winter White Wool Dress

Crestlee Inc.

152 West 36th St.

New York, N. Y.

Gold Wool Dress

S. Augstein & Co.

1384 Broadway

New York, N. Y.



Wear this festive frock...

Doris Dodson's "Star Glitter"

... for that belle-of-the-ball

feeling! Gala gold nail heads gleam

fetchingly against soft, American

Beauty rayon crepe at neckline and

tiny waist. Dream pink, dream blue,

or dream beige. Sizes 9 to 15.

About \$15.00. Write for the name

of your local shop...Doris Dodson,

St. Louis 1, Missouri.



Lynn Bari

starring in

"HOME SWEET HOMICIDE"

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

If you're quality-minded—choose Deltah!

To see a lovely DELTAH necklace is to appreciate instantly that such exquisite beauty is born of quality and craftsmanship, for these simulated pearls, softly luminous, have the delicate color and shimmering iridescence of precious Orientals. Do as glamorous stars of the screen do—wear DELTAH with *every* costume. Necklaces and earrings, perfectly-matched.

L. HELLER AND SON, INC.
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



*Once Chosen—
Always Treasured*

(Continued from page 50) and aware both of their own position, as well as what is going on in the world. They are not surrounded by press agents and sycophants and parasites. Their friends are of their own choosing and they haven't too many of them. Those they have have been selected for special reasons for friendship.

They live in Herfordshire, on a real farm, near King's Langley—and their telephone number is a private one. They raise their own vegetables as well as their own chickens and eggs. There are even young ducklings and geese on the place, strutting comfortably about.

Part of the farmhouse was built in the Sixteenth Century, and this has been left almost in its original state. A few generations ago, the "new" part was added, in an Italian style not at all like the other houses in Herfordshire. Two years ago, when the Masons bought the place, they began making it over and now, in spite of all of the difficulties attendant upon rebuilding, which is even more difficult in England than it is in America, they've made the place into an extremely comfortable and informal country home. The Italian features haven't been played down, exactly, but now they fit into the picture perfectly and tiles and rough walls blend beautifully with English farm life.

The huge living room has many windows looking out onto the garden and to the countryside. The walls are dull beige, the big sofas that flank the fireplace are of the same soft beige with green cushions. Cream and green with touches of vivid color form the informal decor. It isn't studied, but the effect is far better than if a decorator had placed each piece of furniture.

Outside the living room is a formal garden, as lovely as only an English garden can be, with dark trees forming a background for smooth lawns and clipped hedges and an abundance of flowers. Yes, they do all right, the young Masons.

THEY'VE always done all right in spite of the necessary difficulties in getting started. But they wouldn't be so successful, now, if success had come too easily.

Mason was born on May 15, 1909. After college, he decided that he didn't want to be an architect, after all. So he answered an advertisement in a theatrical magazine, *The Stage*, and got an engagement touring the provinces. But he wasn't getting along too fast. He was learning—but he hadn't reached anywhere near stardom.

It wasn't until 1935 that Mason appeared in his first film, "Late Extra." He followed this with "Troubled Waters," "Twice Branded" and "Prison Breakers."

About that time he met a pretty little actress named Pamela Kellino. It may not have been love at first sight. They aren't too sure about that. But, before they both realized it, it was love, all right. And not too long after that they began a collaboration—in their work and in life as well.

If you think Pamela is just another wife, you might as well revise your ideas. If you think that English wives are just calm, prettily spoken and retiring young girls, you've got even more reasons to change your mind. Pamela is small, slender, dark haired—though she admits she's changed the color of her hair several times—dark eyed (she hasn't changed those), vibrant. She knows her own mind—and she knows James Mason's mind, too. Some say she's the power behind Mason. Others say it's just a very successful collaboration. One thing is certain—it isn't just another marriage. And if Pamela doesn't like a story, Mason doesn't appear in it. (Continued on page 102)



..... and Now, *Minx Modes* Junior Cosmetics—your very own glamour-stuff, as junior-perfect as the Minx Modes dresses you like so well. Two wonderful perfumes and colognes; Calico by Minx Modes for daytime; Taffeta by Minx Modes for your dates. And for your lips and finger tips... color-matched Lip-Lustre and Nail-Lustre by Minx Modes. Okayed by the famous Minx Modes Junior Board of Review, and priced to fit junior budgets, Minx Modes Junior Cosmetics are waiting for you now in fine stores everywhere; write us, we'll tell you where.

The R. Lowenbaum Mfg. Co., Creators of *Minx Modes* Junior Dresses... Saint Louis 5

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JUNIOR
GIRDLES, PANTIES, BRAS

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you'll want to see

the glamorous items featured

in the January issue of Photoplay—

a fur coat, negligees and wonderful

skirts and jackets.

Watch for it on the newsstands December 11th

(Continued from page 100) Pamela is quite a girl on her own. Her father was important in the British film industry—though Pamela has never traded on that. She was a successful writer and actress when she met Mason. And, practically as soon as she did meet him, she began taking over. She's taken over successfully ever since. Let's not say she runs Mason. But she does run the house—runs it beautifully. There's more than a rumor around the British studios that Pamela is the one to please—if you want a successful James Mason picture. Whether or not that is true, Mason's real success began just about the time he and Pamela met and were married.

She has her own theory about marriage, especially their kind.

"Theatrical and movie marriages are precarious at best," she said. "I'm going to make a success of our marriage by sticking around. Every minute. When James goes on tour, I go with him. When he's at the studio, I'm there, too. When we go on holiday, we go together. I can look after the house in my spare time. Luckily, my writing can be done when he's busy, too. But where he goes, I go. That's the only way I think our marriage can succeed."

SHE may have something there. For the past year, the Masons have been touring the Continent, appearing in plays for the Red Cross, with time off for a movie or two.

"The Upturned Glass," which promises to be as successful as "The Seventh Veil," was written by a handsome young American writer, John Monaghan from Pennsylvania, whom the Masons discovered while they were touring Europe. Captain Monaghan had ideas. The Masons liked them. Now, he's been released from the American Army, and is a house guest at the Masons' country place. He wrote "The Upturned Glass" as an original story and, in collaboration with Pamela, made it into a screenplay. Monaghan and Pamela are now working on Mason's biography.

Pamela has several other books to her credit—and James Mason is the illustrator. But his art isn't confined to illustrating his wife's books. His living room contains a number of his drawings, excellent in color and design and displaying the exotic temperament that his fans find so fascinating. He has designed a scarf, too, that the house of Ascher has put out and that is extremely popular in London. He is fond of music, with a bias in favor of the blues.

So there you are. All you have to do to be a famous English movie star is to be handsome and attractive and talented, and have a curious angle of whimsy and a love of the slightly weird and have a face that can mirror cruelty as easily as love, and a depth of feeling as well as surface emotions. And be intelligent and artistic and humorous at the same time. And all you have to do to be a successful English star's wife is to be beautiful, and be able to act, and write both novels and screen plays, and run a large house successfully—and be loved by and in love with the English star. Maybe that would work out all right in any nationality.

The Masons want to come to America. Mason wants to choose his own movies—as well as the people who will act and direct. And Pamela will have quite a bit to say about it, too. And they both have an idea that an American summer stock company might be fun, too. Don't expect them to "go Hollywood" as to night clubs and extravaganzas and sycophants. Mason—that is, Pamela—has got too much sense for that. Make a bet that Mason will stay reserved and intelligent and humorous and a bit odd. And that Pamela will—well, Pamela will stay—around.

THE END

*Newest thing
under your suit*

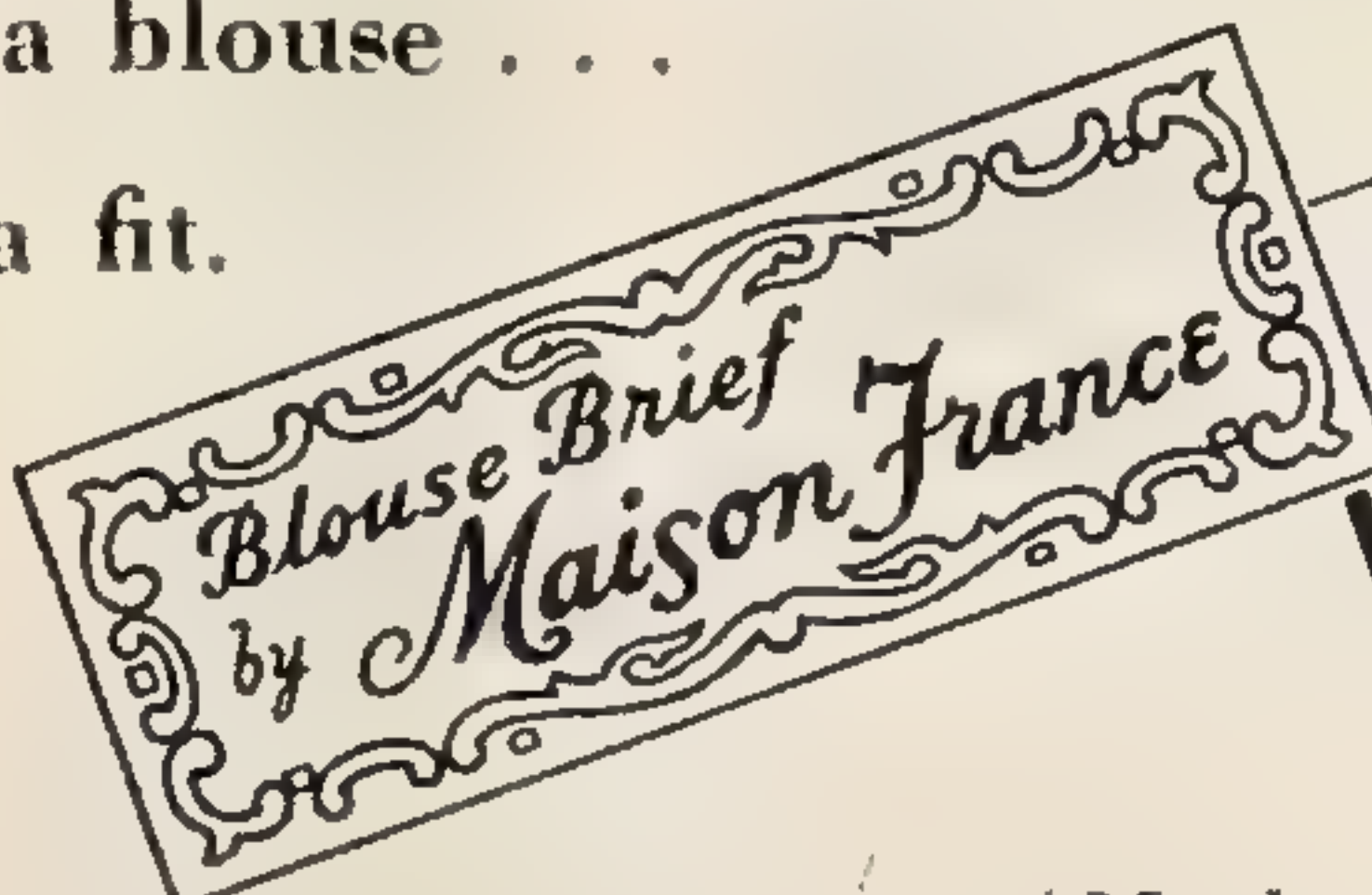


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STARS

In Flight

Skybound—with Joan Leslie learning plane

facts from pilot Robert Cummings



Just in case—Bob doesn't plan on their jumping! Joan gets beautifully confused with the parachute; puts it on backwards

It's like this: Bob Cummings, who has been flying nineteen years, uses a model plane secured from Reginald Denny, who makes them, to show Joan Leslie what really happens when your plane takes off skyward



They're off! The plane is a little two-seater Cessna model, the place Whiteman's Airpark. Bob, who stars with Joan in "The Chase," is such a good teacher that now Joan takes regular flying lessons

The wind up! Joan whistles as Bob sets the propeller whirling. All the fliers Bob trained during the war came back home again safely



'Round and 'Round They Go

(Continued from page 33) toughest of them was handed to him, right to the heart, by the lady who is known as Rita Hayworth.

Until that weekend, Tony was a man utterly infatuated. He was also on the air for a perfume manufacturer. Two weeks later his program went off the air without warning because of product shortages, and his girl had gone back to her husband, from whom she had been estranged for almost a year.

Of course, there at the beginning of September, Tony knew that Rita hadn't yet filed her action for divorce against Orson Welles. But he and Rita had been dating constantly and exclusively for months, and he already had an engagement ring and a wedding band, as well, to give her. He knew that, at the earliest, he couldn't make Rita Mrs. Martin much before the beginning of 1948 but he worshiped her so that he couldn't resist buying these exquisite and most expensive symbols of what he believed was to be their idyllic future together.

RITA said very little about that future. Rita says very little on any subject. But briefly, this past spring, she had discussed in PHOTOPLAY her romance with Tony. She said they had fun together, that he was a kind, fine person. Shortly after that they quarreled.

Rita never did explain what she and Tony quarreled about or why they reconciled. In fact, after that, this hitherto most co-operative star told the press that, since she wasn't yet free, she had the rights of her small daughter, Rebecca Welles, to think about and that any romantic conversation might endanger those rights. So she wasn't talking.

But there was no quieting Tony on his rhapsody of Rita. Like all impassioned lovers, he simply had to discuss the girl he adored. He'd stop anyone anywhere and go on and on about his glamorous subject. "Do you realize I've adored Rita for seven years now?" he'd say. "Have you any conception of how perfect she is? There's her sweetness as well as her beauty, her simplicity as well as her glamour. Everything will be completely ideal, once she's mine. You see, we can't have any misunderstandings in the future because we've already talked over all the controversial subjects and we agree on everything. Am I ever a lucky guy?"

It did you no good to point out to Tony that he and Rita had obviously quarreled in the spring.

"But that works out to be an advantage," he'd say, and his voice would take on the tenderness it does when he is giving with "To Each His Own." "We discovered then how terribly we missed one another. We found out what fun we had together. Listen, if I sound as though I'm overboard, I am. I've never been in love like this before. I never knew I could be. My heart's completely Rita's and I know hers is mine, too, forever."

It did look as though that was true, all last summer. Night after night you'd see Rita and Tony dancing together, he whispering the romantic words of each tune into her pretty ears, telling her he'd be lost without her, telling her she was wonderful. They danced cheek to cheek, stars in their eyes, their feet moving lightly across the floor.

They looked divine together, even more lost in love than Tony had with Lana Turner, once upon a time long back, or Rita and Vic Mature, before Orson.

Surely, said Hollywood, up until the weekend of September sixth to ninth, this is the real thing.



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flattery! Style shown: #589 \$6.50 at
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By Girdlecraft

DE LUXE GIRDLECRAFT COMPANY
45 WEST 25TH STREET, NEW YORK 10

But on that blue Monday morning of the ninth, Hollywood was shaking its head in disillusionment.

For this is what had happened over that weekend.

Lana Turner had split up with Bob Hutton.

Bob Hutton had gone back to Cleatus Caldwell, Ken Murray's ex, whom he had dropped to go around with Lana. He had gone back so thoroughly, in fact, that he announced that it was now true love leading to matrimony between himself and Cleatus.

Howard Hughes, who had separated Bob Hutton and Lana for a brief interval in the summer, had left the hospital and gone to New York. He was closely followed by Ava Gardner, whom he had dated before Lana, and who was recently divorced from Artie Shaw. You will probably recall that Lana Turner had also divorced Artie Shaw—before Ava, that is.

But the bombshell was that Rita Hayworth had gone back to Orson Welles. She didn't say so but she certainly inferred that this was a final reconciliation.

This left everybody taken care of except Lana and Tony. So they did the obvious. They went out together.

BY mid-week, tough as it was, Cupid finally had all the new names bracketed and had grown rather philosophic about it all. He argued with himself that Tony and Lana had once had a real shine for one another, that Rita and Orson were still married and did have their child to think of and that Cleatus Caldwell and Bob Hutton would probably make a very nice couple. Cupid worked himself up into such a glow that after a bit he was even pleased that Yvonne de Carlo, who had been Howard Hughes's favorite date in between Ava and Lana, had got herself around to Burt Lancaster (having dropped Rod Cameron in the meantime). Everything was tidied up—or so it seemed.

So what happened on Thursday?

Out on the floor of the exclusive, swank California Cabana Club moved two pulse-stopping figures with stars in their eyes.

Uh-huh. It was Rita and Tony.

This time Rita did talk. She said a whole sentence, which for her is a volume, and her glances were positive libraries of adoration.

"Oh, I'm so happy," said Rita. "So utterly, utterly happy."

Later that very same evening, came the news that Orson Welles was trying to get in touch with his before-Rita flame, Dolores del Rio.

The status in those cases remained magnificently quo for eight whole days, which was just fine—until the weekend.

What developed that one was that Rita Hayworth and Orson Welles went back together once again.

Said Tony Martin, "This is the hardest blow I've ever taken. That rap in the Navy—losing my air show—they're nothing to this. I've loved Rita so long. I—I—" His voice shook. He wasn't acting. He was a completely heart-broken man.

Perhaps Tony had better look toward Hollywood's junior misses. They seem to be more stable of heart there—the pretty girls like the impish Shirley Temple, who prefers to be addressed as Mrs. John Agar, the spritely June Allyson, who is so proud of being Mrs. Richard Powell, the serene Jeanne Crain Brinkman.

Hollywood is very proud and fond of that group—that is, up to this moment.

Alas, but who can look ahead? It's enough to look at the stars in their eyes as the couples of the hour dance cheek to cheek. And when there's a sudden heart switch, why ponder too long, for after all, isn't it true that all's fair in love?

The End

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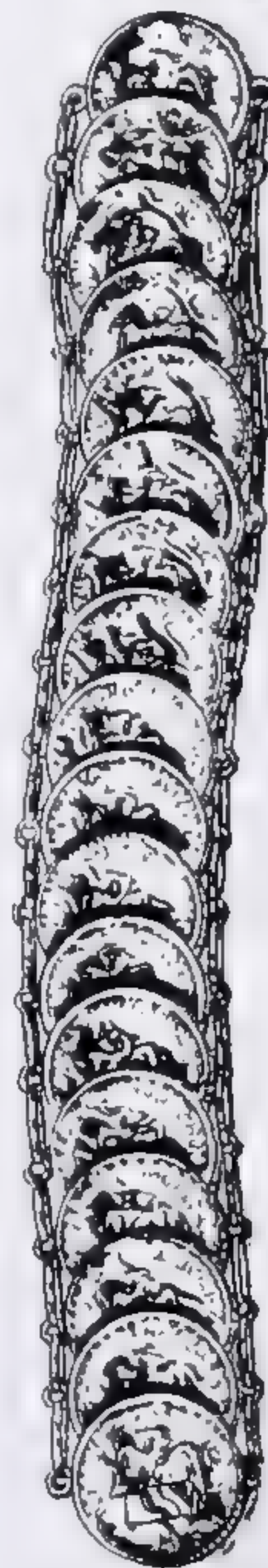
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EL PASO, TEXAS

Because She's Bergman

(Continued from page 41) there is no doubt that she has learned how to act like an American. Here is another story.

The tall, tawny-blond girl was dancing a sedate fox trot with a sergeant when the nineteen-year-old Pfc. stepped up.

"I like to of busted the punkinhead on the snoot," said the Sergeant, reporting the incident later. "This yardbird character prances forward and I hear him say it, very distinctly. He says to her, 'Jitterbug?'"

"And she never blinks a peeper. She says, 'Sure, soldier, swing it.' And they swung it. My eyes bugged out four feet and six inches. Lissen, would *you* have asked Ingrid Bergman to jitterbug?"

The incident occurred in Alaska when Ingrid was visiting Army camps. Similar incidents occurred in France and Germany when she called on GIs there and many similar incidents have occurred in America. Certainly Ingrid Bergman jitterbugs. It is ripe time for us to get something through our admiring but sometimes befuddled heads: Miss B., who has taken out her first naturalization papers, is as American as the girl next door. She is not a foreign star. She is no longer a Swede.

A SURPRISING talent for the national dance mania does not, of course, prove that any young woman is thoroughly American. There is considerably more evidence. Just as we adopted Ingrid, so she adopted us. In the process, she learned more about Americans than Americans learned about her. The impression is still about that Ingrid is a bit remote. Here goes the great-lady legend, so devoutly fostered by many an awed publicist. Listen to it crash:

She is a movie fan, probably as ardent a fan as any reader of this magazine. She frequents neighborhood shows in Beverly Hills and is catholic in her tastes.

Ingrid not only likes to see movies, she likes to take them. She has an aged sixteen-millimeter motion-picture camera with which she is expert. On days when she has few scenes she often smuggles this onto the set and takes pictures of other actors while they work. Since her camera is a noisy thing, alleged by one super-critical director to make more racket than a tractor in a bottle factory, Ingrid's movie-making is sometimes disturbing. She has been known to run and hide after disturbing sensitive players.

Her accent, which used to reveal nationality as emphatically as a monocle, is now plainly American. Words like "indubitably" used to trip her. She takes them now like a steeple-chaser taking a one-foot jump. One of her favorite stories on herself concerns her early struggles with the American language. Her husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, was completing advanced studies in San Francisco and was home for weekends only. He had not studied English as long as Ingrid and was having enormous difficulties with medical words in a foreign tongue. So he preferred to relax into Swedish when he came home.

On Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays, Ingrid's studio English was pretty good, but on Mondays her accent was as noticeable as a peanut whistle in a symphony. Directors and sound technicians accepted Mondays as almost wasted days.

One weekend, Dr. Lindstrom was overworked and did not come home. On Monday morning, Ingrid's accent was perfect.

The sound man tossed off his ear-phones and yelled his joy.

"I see you are not speaking to your husband," he called to Ingrid. "That's won-



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"And jewels of fabled Samarkand
are drab beside her *Moon-white
Hand*"



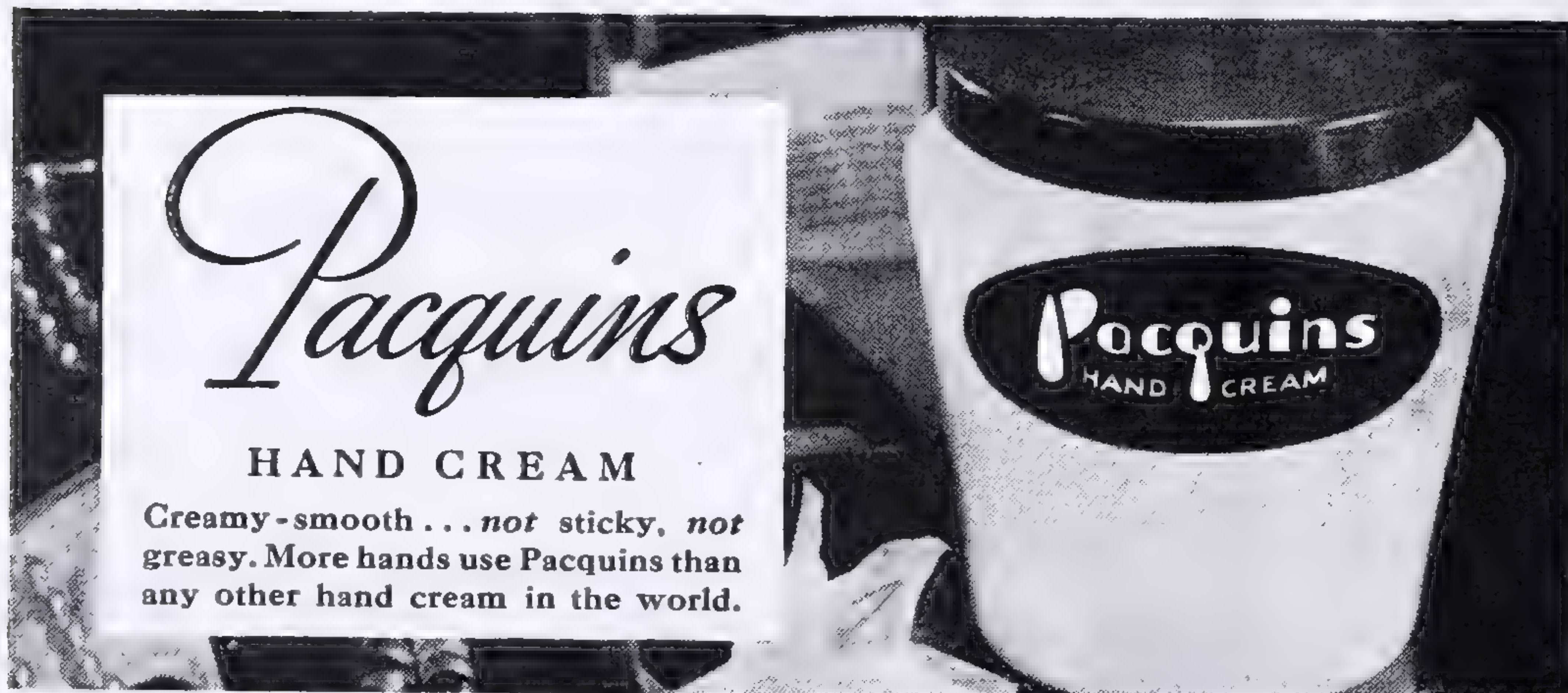
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derful. Stay mad with him until the picture's over, will you?"

Dr. Lindstrom's accent is under control, too, now. He holds an important medical post, that of resident neurological surgeon of the Los Angeles General Hospital. Ingrid considers his work more important than her own and would defer to him, if their careers ever clashed, which they have not. She has the same complaint, though, that many another American girl lodges against her doctor-husband. Dr. Lindstrom keeps monstrous hours, leaving home at eight A. M. daily, including Sundays, and returning anywhere from seven P.M. to four the next morning. He is, of course, frequently called to the hospital in the middle of the night. But Peter Lindstrom is a man of parts. Despite his grueling work, he too has learned to jitterbug. The Lindstroms frequently turn on the phonograph and cut a rug at home. Since he avoids publicity, the interesting possibilities of photographing a great dramatic actress and a distinguished surgeon jitterbugging has never been explored.

His first name, incidentally, is pronounced precisely as it is spelled, "Petter." But Ingrid now calls him "Peter," Americanizing it. They speak only English these days, and their eight-year-old daughter, the remarkable Pia, does not know a word of Swedish. She attends a Beverly Hills public school, to which she is occasionally delivered by her mother, in the Ford. Her small friends frequently come to visit her. They know Ingrid simply as "Mrs. Lindstrom," and although Pia knows that her mother is an actress, she has seen her only in "The Bells of St. Mary's." Pia is a replica of Ingrid, which is to say beautiful.

AS A doctor's wife, Ingrid takes an absorbed interest in her husband's work. She fetches home batches of studio stills to study. He fetches home batches of X-rays and photographs of operations. They study their art with mutual interest. Possibly Ingrid's mastery of English has been quickened because she has had to learn all the difficult technical terms associated with surgery. She can explain a brain operation, but she was at a loss to explain herself one day when, having got the surgeon's pictures mixed up with her own, she handed a friend a photograph of a tumor operation.

She chews gum, a habit she never learned in Sweden. Lately, she has become mildly addicted to the word "lousy." When in New York, her first call is invariably made to a restaurant named Hamburger Heaven. Her next is to a department store where she purchases quantities of kitchen utensils. She craves kitchen gadgets with the passion of a native-born housewife Americanus. Currently, she is fascinated by her new electric garbage disposal outfit. She likes New York cheese, the sharp kind. Like most other young American women of her generation, she has an appetite, eats too much if not careful and frequently has to diet.

She is a voracious reader, averaging two books a week in addition to all the motion-picture magazines. Her almost total ignorance of politics marks her as typically American rather than European. She has another typically American trait which will be instantly recognized:

As opposed to the usual European belief that all culture resides in an old country background, and is not subject to improvement, Ingrid is a firm and vigorous practitioner of the Yankee yen for self-improvement. She takes lessons. She takes lessons in music and voice, although she is not ambitious to become a singer. She has studied skiing, riding and tennis. When she wanted to learn the rumba, she went to Arthur Murray. Between pictures, she works at something

every day. When she is acting, she has French lessons three times a week. The only course she has abandoned is the course in the English language which Ruth Roberts supervised for several years. Ingrid got a *cum laude* in that when she found she was able to cope with Bing Crosby when that wag tries to fluster her with jive talk.

She likes gin rummy, at which she is a merciless foe, "Information Please," silver charms on a bracelet and sandwiches. She cannot balance a checkbook.

If some of the "great foreign star" legend is disappearing by now, why fine. The idea fits Ingrid Bergman as poorly as a diamond tiara fits a daisy-chain girl.

She is a woman, and you know it. It has been suggested by eminent critics that no actress on the screen is as capable as she when it comes to portraying mature feminine passion. She is also a lady—so much so that without conscious conversational editing, you speak as circumspectly in front of her as you would to Shirley Temple.

The happy effect that Miss Bergman's presence has upon male citizens is something your correspondent could describe at enormous length, but possibly the best report on that matter was capsuled by a gray-headed Hollywood writer who has seen lovelies come and go since Swanson was a bathing beauty. He should be impervious, but his quote is this:

"The lady," he says, "makes me feel like a cocker spaniel puppy. I'd like to roll on my back, and mebbe get tickled by her toe."

But this does not describe warmth, or laughter that's as natural as spring water, or a happy invitation to surprise and discovery. She is continually surprising.

Certainly no actress intent upon enveloping herself in mysterious foreign glamour would have done what Ingrid did with Jack Benny. She went on the air in a memorable show, kidded the buttons off a picture called "Gaslight," and burlesqued her own Academy-award-winning performance. The satire was as broad as a slapstick comedian's paddle.

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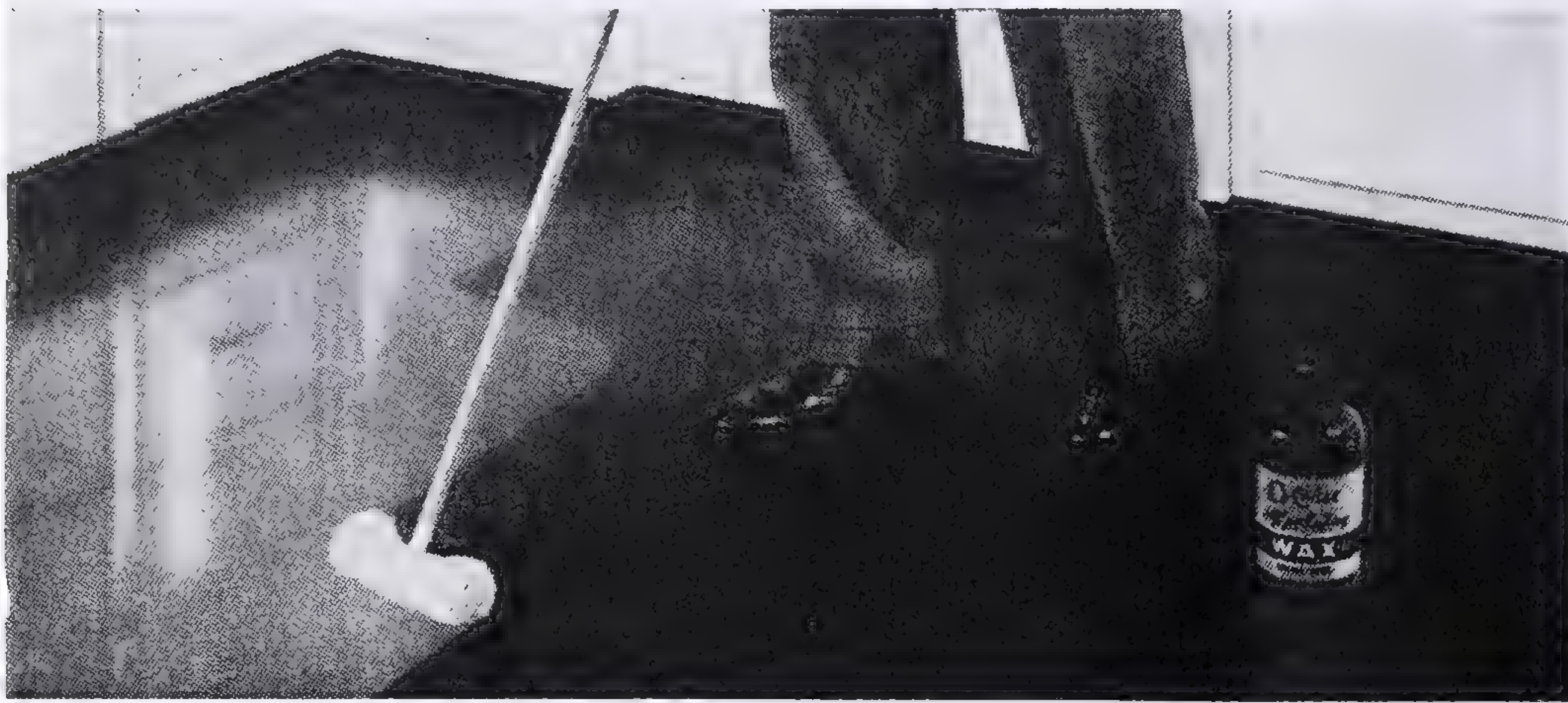
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Longer lasting! Weeks later, there's *still* a gleam on your floor—and a beam on your face! It's true—you'll save on waxings with this "plasticized" O-Cedar Self Polishing Wax. Remember, it's O-Cedar—"the greatest help in housekeeping."

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O-CEDAR "THE GREATEST NAME IN HOUSEKEEPING"

On the stage of the Hollywood Canteen, she wrestled with the aforesaid talented Mr. Benny and tossed him into the footlights. You don't expect these things from Ingrid, but she does them.

She gave a Calvados party before the start of her current picture, "Arch of Triumph" (Calvados is the apple brandy drink featured in the book), and went to endless pains to make it a funny party, as diligently and as mischievously as a girl from Sauk Center might plan to surprise Dr. Arrowsmith.

When her guests arrived, expecting to observe the formalities, they discovered a long table decorated with surgical instruments and receptacles—certain pots and pans that Ingrid had filched from a doctor she knows very well.

IT IS good form in Hollywood to ask actresses two stock questions. One: Do you go to night clubs? Answer, no, never. (Nobody goes to night clubs. The Hollywood night clubs are always empty.) Two: What is your favorite role? Answer: The most dramatic role the actress ever played.

Well, Ingrid goes to night clubs, sometimes. She and Dr. Lindstrom would like to go more because they like to dance, but this always attracts too much attention, so the visits are rare. Her favorite role is that of a train whistle.

At any rate, that is what Ingrid will tell you. She played it on a war bond tour.

"They expected me to do dramatic, solemn things," she will tell you. "But it seemed silly to me to do things like that when there were only those few minutes to try to entertain large audiences. Ben Hecht wrote a sketch for me. There were fifteen parts. I played all of them. The train, everything, including the whistle.

"The whistle goes like this: O-o-o-o-o-ooooh!"

So far, Ingrid has never repeated a role or a character. She laughs about this.

"Maybe I am running out of roles," she says. "Maybe that is why I have to go to New York to act in a play, and be Joan of Arc and get burned alive."

That interesting conflagration will be getting under way shortly. Upon completion of her current picture, Ingrid was off to New York with hotel reservations for a long stay, to begin rehearsal of Maxwell Anderson's play about the Maid of Orleans.

Her record of not repeating a role is, as a matter of fact, astounding. In "Spellbound" she was a psychiatrist. In "Saratoga Trunk" she was a Creole vixen. In "Gaslight" she was a wife on the verge of insanity. In "Casablanca" she was the beautiful foil for Humphrey Bogart's tough love-making. In "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" she was a bad girl. In "Rage in Heaven" she was a refugee. In "Adam Had Four Sons" she was a governess. In "Intermezzo" she was a pianist. In "Bells of St. Mary's" she was a nun, and in "Notorious" she was a spy. In "Arch of Triumph" she's a lost woman in a chaotic world.

Americans are like that. It's impossible to type the melting pot. It bubbles with no accent. The only accent you can accuse Ingrid of having these days is an accent on laughter.

THE END



Untold Story

(Continued from page 39) It wouldn't have been good at the time. Things are more—straightened out now."

Mrs. Newman is a fair-haired woman who must have been very handsome when she was young. She is still a fine looking woman and her son bears a marked resemblance to her.

I DON'T feel I am betraying Van's confidence in reporting these facts, for I feel the public is entitled to know why he didn't see his mother after she came to Hollywood. Almost all of Van's followers already know that his father and mother were separated when he was three years old. Van and his father remained in Newport. His mother left.

"I feel," Van said to me, "that I can never do enough for my father." This, I think, was his way of trying to explain that he had not seen Mrs. Newman for fear of hurting his father who had tried so hard to be both parents to him. By no word, however, did he criticize his mother, saying only, "I've often wished my childhood had been a little different; that I had had a mother's guidance like other boys."

Van is thirty years old and has never come close to marrying, regardless of what has been written about his "romances."

"I'll never marry until I know it's for keeps," he said, "I want to know there is no chance of a mistake. Divorce, to me, is tragedy."

Broken marriages are a heartache to him because they bring to mind too vividly the memories of his own childhood when other boys were taken to the circus, the movies and to school parties with both proud parents beaming on them. For, hard as his father tried in his behalf, it is not possible for a man to manage this alone.

"The impressions of your childhood you carry all through life," he said. "People who think children do not really suffer are crazy. I love kids. Love to be around them."

This is quite true you will find if you look back over his list of friends. What's more, in those households that have children he's just about their most popular visitor.

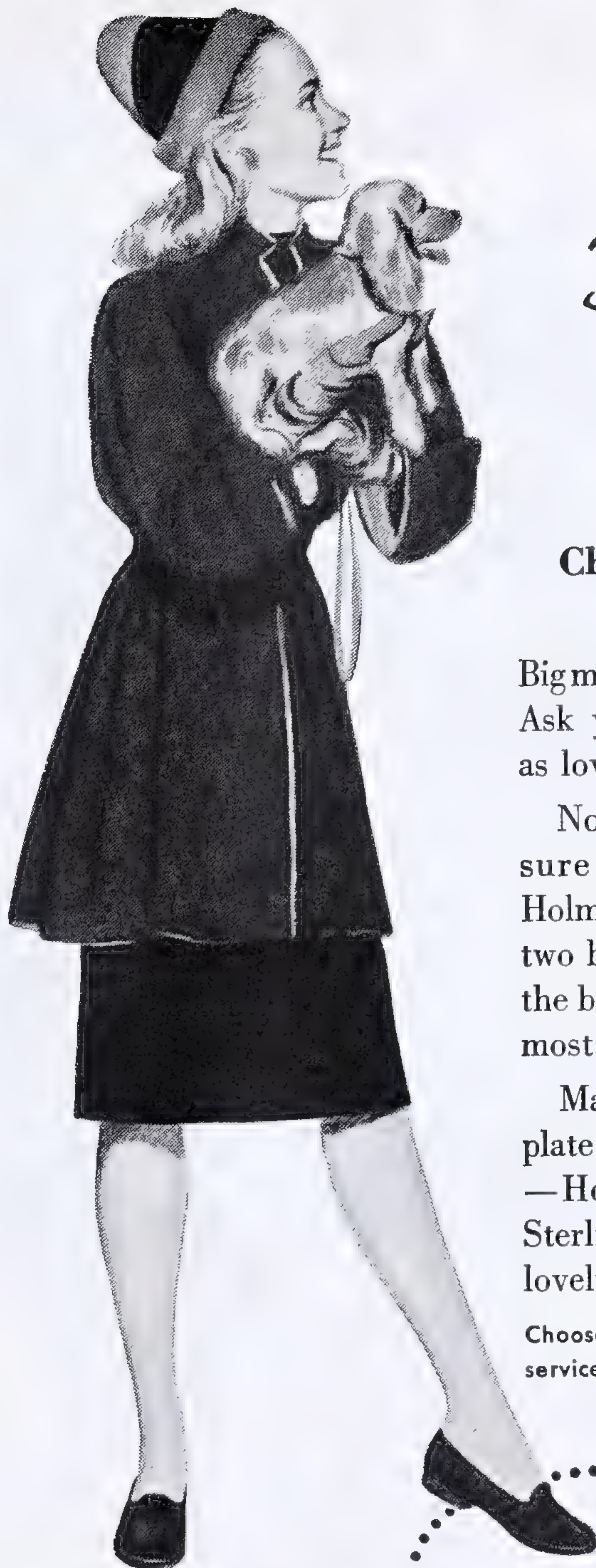
"I like the warmth and cheer of having kids around me," he said slowly. Then looking directly at me he added, "I get damned lonely, you know."

"You! Lonely?" I gasped. "Why, you are the most sought-after dinner guest in town and you know it."

"But you can get awfully lonely, Louella," he went on, "even with a lot of people around you. Why, when I went home to visit my father in Rhode Island, I thought it was going to be wonderful to see all the old friends and to be back home again. Frankly, I was disappointed. Either you have changed or they have, and try as you will to find a common ground for conversation, your lives and interests have diverged—and there's just nothing to say. If you talk about your life in Hollywood, you're afraid they will think you are bragging. If you don't talk about Hollywood, they think you're stuck up and aloof. If you reminisce—you feel as if you're being patronizing. So the whole thing winds up in a great big embarrassment for everyone concerned."

"It's not that I am not grateful and happy over everything even though it's sometimes tiresome to live like a goldfish in a bowl. I wouldn't give up my kind of life for anything in the world."

"Even the autograph kids who seem to bother so many actors—I love 'em, every doggone one of them. Sometimes I wish they could find a better place to ask for



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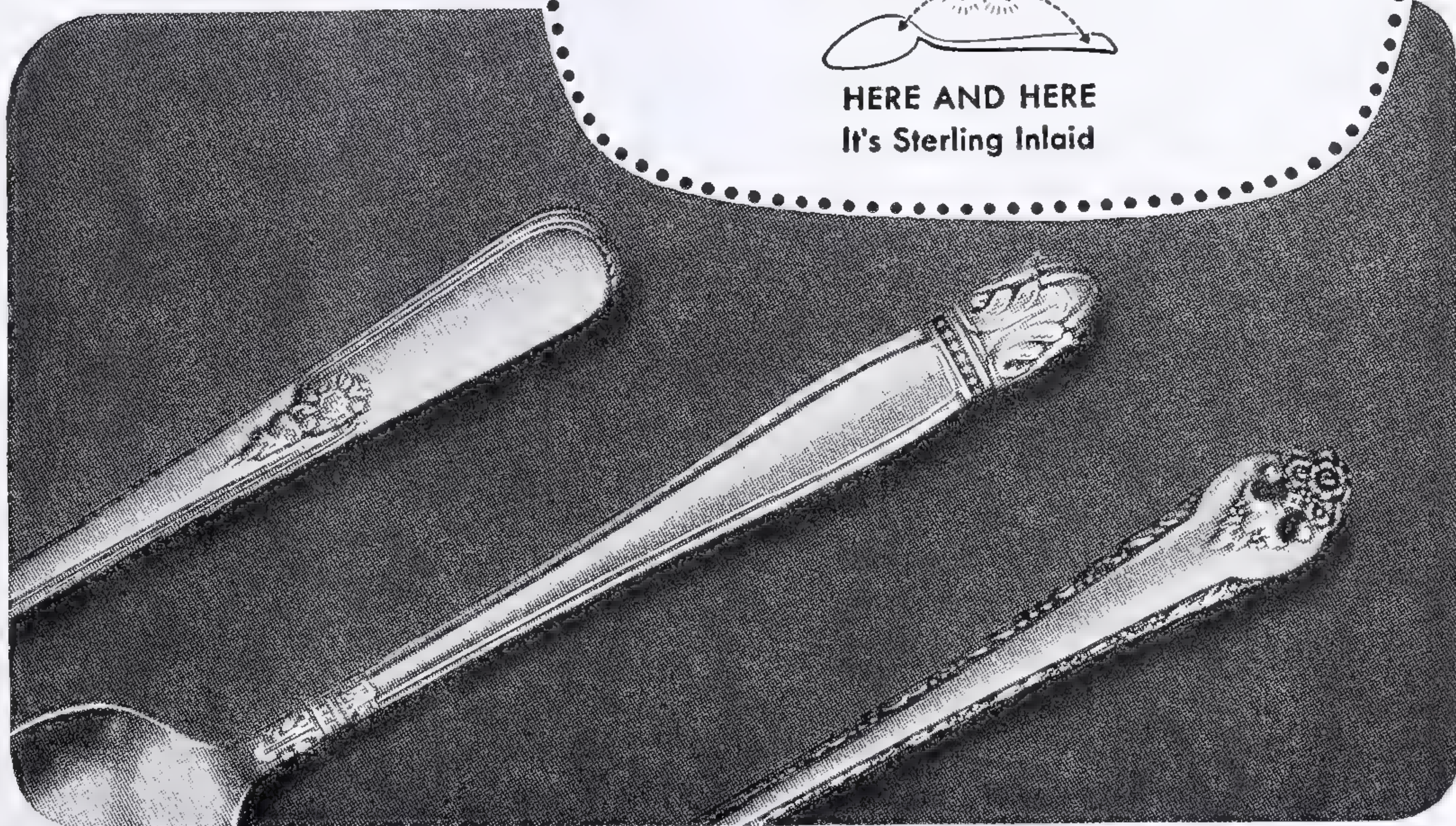
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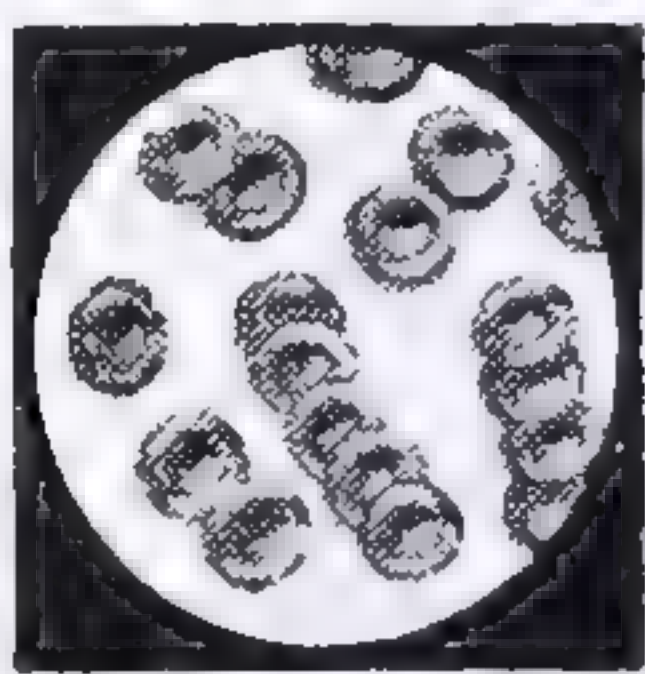
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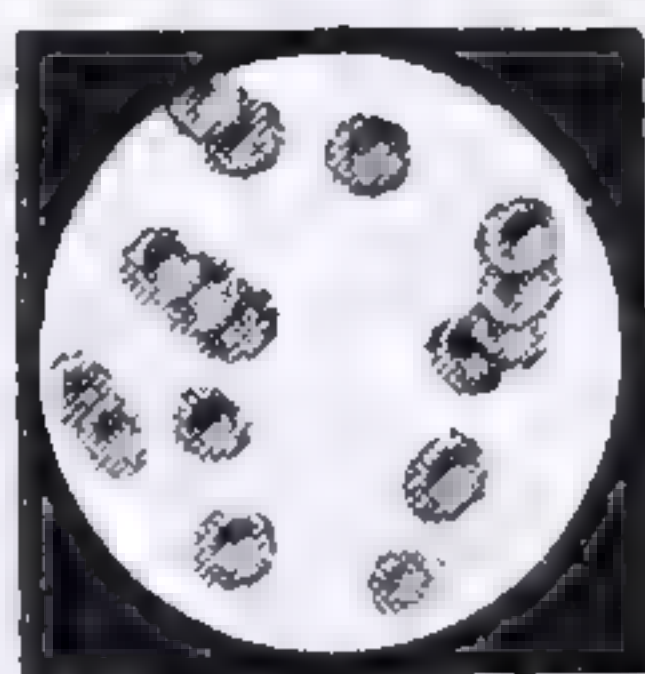
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TABLETS

my autograph than from under my hotel window and better hours than midnight—but then I stop and remember that I wouldn't be living in my particular hotel if it weren't for them."

That's one of the really grand things about this Johnson boy. They'll tell you at M-G-M that he has never gone temperamental. Other actors may find fault with the Golden Lion that roars for them, but not this boy.

"Do you know," he laughed, "I've enjoyed every minute of this two weeks in the hospital? Sounds crazy, doesn't it? But it has given me my first real rest in years. Vacations aren't always a rest. They can be more hectic than your working days. But here I have had a chance to read—bet I've read three dozen books—and listen to the radio and they wouldn't let me answer a phone! The best part of all is the opportunity to think, to take stock of yourself—where you've come from and what you're headed toward. In my case, I just want things to keep on coming the way they are. I'm lucky and I know it."

I thanked Van for the pink and white Easter bunny, perched on a bed of lilies, he sent me. Van caught my eye as I glanced at it. "I sent you *Peter Rabbit*," he said just like a big kid, "just so you wouldn't get lonesome. Even in the middle of the night when a hospital gets so quiet and lonely you can't feel sorry for yourself with a *Peter Rabbit* in the room!"

ALL through the rest of my three-months stay in the Good Samaritan I thought back often over this talk I had had with Van. I believed, and still believe, we cemented a friendship there that will never be broken. It was almost as though I had discovered a part of this almost too-popular boy that I might never have known if we hadn't been ill at the same time and I determined that the friendship would not lapse when I got out of the hospital.

We are busy people in Hollywood but real friendship is too rare to ever let it out of your life. But it was a long, long time and I went through a great deal before I was able to get around to taking Van up for the date we made in the hospital to have a Martini when we were both back on our feet. Just a few days ago, I called him up and said, "Still no Martinis for me—but are you game for ice cream?"

Was he? He was over in nothing flat.

When he came into my playroom, I thought how wonderfully well he looked, vital and healthy, and that wistfulness and serious note I had noticed so strongly in the hospital was overshadowed by his usual high good humor and gift for kidding.

"You look like a glamour girl," he greeted me. "Darned if you don't."

"You don't look un-streamlined yourself," I tossed back.

"I guess we both had to get sick to get our 'figgers' back," he kidded. "I'm going to stay on a diet. It's awful tough to get off that candy and those sweets—but I was getting too fat."

He had on a loud plaid shirt that only Bing Crosby would have worn and I asked him if it was preference—or a picture. "I've never made the list for the ten best-dressed men yet," he reminded me.

I asked him what he was doing—if he was happy. "Sure," he agreed. "Right now I'm tennis nuts. Wake up the Gary Coopers every Sunday morning playing on their courts. I'm all full of health again, Louella—everything's hotsy totsyt."

In spite of "keeping his figger" he went over and helped himself to a piece of candy just like the big kid he is.

I didn't say anything because the mood for heart-to-heart talking was behind us and closed chapters were closed chapters.

THE END

Beauty Spots



Shopping-wise
brunette: Dorothy
Lamour,
"My Favorite
Brunette" star

By Mary Jane Fulton

Christmas-Shop Early!

DOROTHY LAMOUR was an early bird with her Christmas shopping. Faced with three films on her schedule, months ago she bought, wrapped and stored away until Yuletide, lovely gifts. She'll have no last-minute scurrying around to do. So you won't, either, start now to shop!

Gift Hints from the Stars

ANN BLYTH likes to give and receive attractively-packaged, flower-scented soaps, colognes, toilet waters and sachets, either singly, or in sets . . . Because Maria Montez travels a lot, she appreciates practical, easily tucked-away gifts, such as a manicure kit, bath powder mit, purse-size perfume flacon and small bottled sets of perfume (to offer a fragrance choice). Maria also likes to give these things and the newest make-up and nail polish sets. Especially nice, she thinks, are real or simulated leather cosmetic kits which may double for overnight bags, pocketbooks or jewelry cases. Combination bath sets, in bouquet, spruce, pine or spicy fragrances, also make beautiful gifts. They come in all prices, with various combinations of dusting powder, talcum, cologne, toilet water, soap, bath oil, bubble bath, bath powder mit, body sachet, bath salts, body lotion and bath sachets. These items may be purchased separately, too . . . June Vincent makes every effort to personalize gifts to men and women friends by having their initials put on cosmetic bottles and kits . . . Dan Duryea, Charles Korvin and Donald O'Connor have the man's idea about giving generous-size bottles of sophisticated perfumes, cosmetics in beautiful leather cases, and stunning compacts, which is a very nice way to say Merry Christmas to any woman!

For Men Only!

Give that special man, and every other man on your list, cosmetic gifts that are sure to please. Soaps, shaving and after-shaving sets, and eau de cologne are fashioned to good-grooming needs, scented just right for the most discriminating male, and packaged for strictly masculine appeal. . . . And now—a very Merry Christmas to you!



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"Divided hearts at our house..."

Somehow, somewhere, we'd lost our lovely, thrilling *oneness*. I didn't realize that *I* was at fault. Sure, I knew about feminine hygiene . . . or so I thought. But finally I learned, from my doctor, that the

careless, *now-and-then* care I'd trusted to, was a frequent cause of marriage failure. He said a wife can't afford such neglect . . . advised my using "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching—always.



"Now it's one heart again"

"Two hearts that beat as one"—that's *us* again! I wouldn't have believed *careful* feminine hygiene was so important in married happiness. But my doctor was *right*! I always use "Lysol" for douching, now, and

can recommend its thorough yet gentle cleansing. "Lysol" is thorough—far more so than salt, soda or other homemade solutions. It's a proved *germ-killer*—it *works*—and it's so easy and economical to use.

More women use "LYSOL" for Feminine Hygiene than any other germicide . . . for 6 reasons

Reason No. 4: CLEAN ODOR—"Lysol's" clean, antiseptic odor disappears quickly after use. Being an effective deodorant, "Lysol" helps to solve an

important problem of personal daintiness.

Note: Douche thoroughly with correct "Lysol" solution . . . always!



For Feminine Hygiene use "Lysol" always!
Brand Disinfectant

The Inner Power

(Continued from page 57) of life, spending hours in solitude to capture the consciousness of the spiritual which *Larry Darrell* acquired.

"Once," Tyrone said, "my wife remarked that I was becoming more and more like *Larry Darrell* off the screen."

"Your wife is very intuitive," I said.

Tyrone's life falls into two sections, divided by the war, and it is "*The Razor's Edge*" which begins the new and more important chapter. The feeling for humanity revealed in his hand began long ago, forming quietly and slowly, coloring his thinking more and more. The war abruptly thrust him from his well-ordered existence into conditions which demanded the very best of him, mentally and physically. It called for strength above that which he possessed. Somewhere along the line, perhaps in the new kinship he found with his fellow men in moments of grave danger, his consciousness of the broader life expanded, his sense of brotherhood with those who make up the world, the good and the bad, opened like a flower in the sun.

The Tyrone Power who came back from three years of war service was not the same Tyrone Power who entered the Marine Corps as a private.

STILL there have been other men whose mental and spiritual faculties have been intensified by war and who have returned to civilian life only to gradually lose their idealism in their readjustment to society. It might have happened in Tyrone's case but for the fact that Darryl Zanuck saved the role of *Larry Darrell* for him—saved it for almost three years. That is another strange piece which fits into the mosaic. It is as though Tyrone had been born to play the hero of "*The Razor's Edge*."

In breathing life into *Larry Darrell*, he has progressed beyond measure in his own spiritual development.

It is important in this hand portrait of Tyrone Power to examine the forces which have made him one of the most unusual men in the film colony today.

In the hands of man are the reflection of all that he is and all that he will be. The hands are a seismograph on which are recorded the shocks of childhood, the parental influences, the inborn strengths and weaknesses.

Tyrone's graceful fate line runs to the Mount of Jupiter, which is found beneath the index finger. It signifies leadership in the skills and the arts, and it speaks of ability to be a useful member of society. His creative wealth, extending far beyond the acting art, is attested to by the balancing elements of masculinity and femininity in the shape of his hands and his fingernails. The truly great creative being has within himself the combination of the masculine and the feminine. No man ever wrote a great work or painted a powerful picture without a strong mixture of the feminine within him, nor has any woman made an impress upon the world of art lacking masculine power.

The Mount of Luna, to be found midway on the outer curve of the hand, and the head line reaching into it, stamp him as an idealistic, imaginative type. His skin texture points to his sensitiveness. He is a broadminded man, tolerant and forgiving of the weaknesses of others, as the wide space between his heart line and his head line show.

Before I came to his heart line, I knew that emotion must have played a vital part in Tyrone's development as a thinking and deep-feeling man. The heart line told me that and more. Emotion has shaped him

and will continue to exert considerable influence over him. In matters of love, his warm, passionate nature is released without restraint. He loves with all his being and gives himself completely. Love has never been casual or light with him. His smooth fingers, another sign of emotion in the human hand, confirm the heart line.

We now come to his parental birthright, which is revealed in his right hand.

I was amazed to find that although there is a great similarity in both hands, the parent hand, dominated by his famous actor father whose name he bears, is a wild, chaotic hand. There are lines of sheer genius in it, but the total effect is an uneven one and lacks proportion.

In Tyrone's own personal hand, the left hand, the lines are balanced. The whirls of a strong subconscious appear in both hands, but only in that of the son's is it harnessed and linked firmly with the head line which dips into it. The measure of control in the parent hand comes from Tyrone's mother, a gentle, artistic woman, who taught her son to love beauty and value order. Her relationship with her son was extremely beautiful; it was to mother that he turned for consolation through most of his youth. But Tyrone's mother was also restless and torn by the need to constantly move. The parental hand reflects this quality which she had in common with Tyrone's father, though not to the same extent.

But it is the father's unruly, poetic nature which overrides all else. His stormy subconscious compelled him, great actor though he was, to seek escapes. He was constantly driven and harassed by feverish impulses throughout his career. His need of solitude to fight the disordered emotions which poured through him was acute. Like his son, the sign of dominance in his profession—the bending of the fate line to Jupiter—was in his hand. Tyrone has the innate sense of rhythm which must have belonged to both of his parents, for the lower knuckles of his two thumbs project in a marked manner. It has enabled him to almost automatically sense the pattern of drama and has given him remarkable timing. His love of music stems from it.

TYRONE'S early life is mirrored in his fate line, which starts deep on the outer part of the hand and brings to mind the picture of a boy given to dreaming. Even today he is prone to retire at times to this "Peter Ibbetson" type of dream world. The broken marriage of his parents is clearly etched in the early formation of the fate line and the shock of this to his happy nature is recorded. Until the age of ten, at least three influences figured in his life—his father, mother and sister. At ten, a strong but painful influence appears and with it a great disappointment. It is my conclusion that it was at this point that he began to understand the erratic nature of his father, accepting his many weaknesses, putting behind himself his childhood illusions and even loving him in a curious, shy way.

His sister gave him comfort and companionship during the years when the adult world of his father and mother seemed harsh and terrifying. Tyrone was a physically weak child and since there was only a slight age difference, he turned to his delicate, affectionate sister to assuage his loneliness. She has been a strong influence in his life and even today the line of influence continues.

New traces of influence, many of them, appear in that portion of the fate line which begins after his father's death. These were lean days for him, days in which every dram of his inherent persistence was drawn to survive the disappointments

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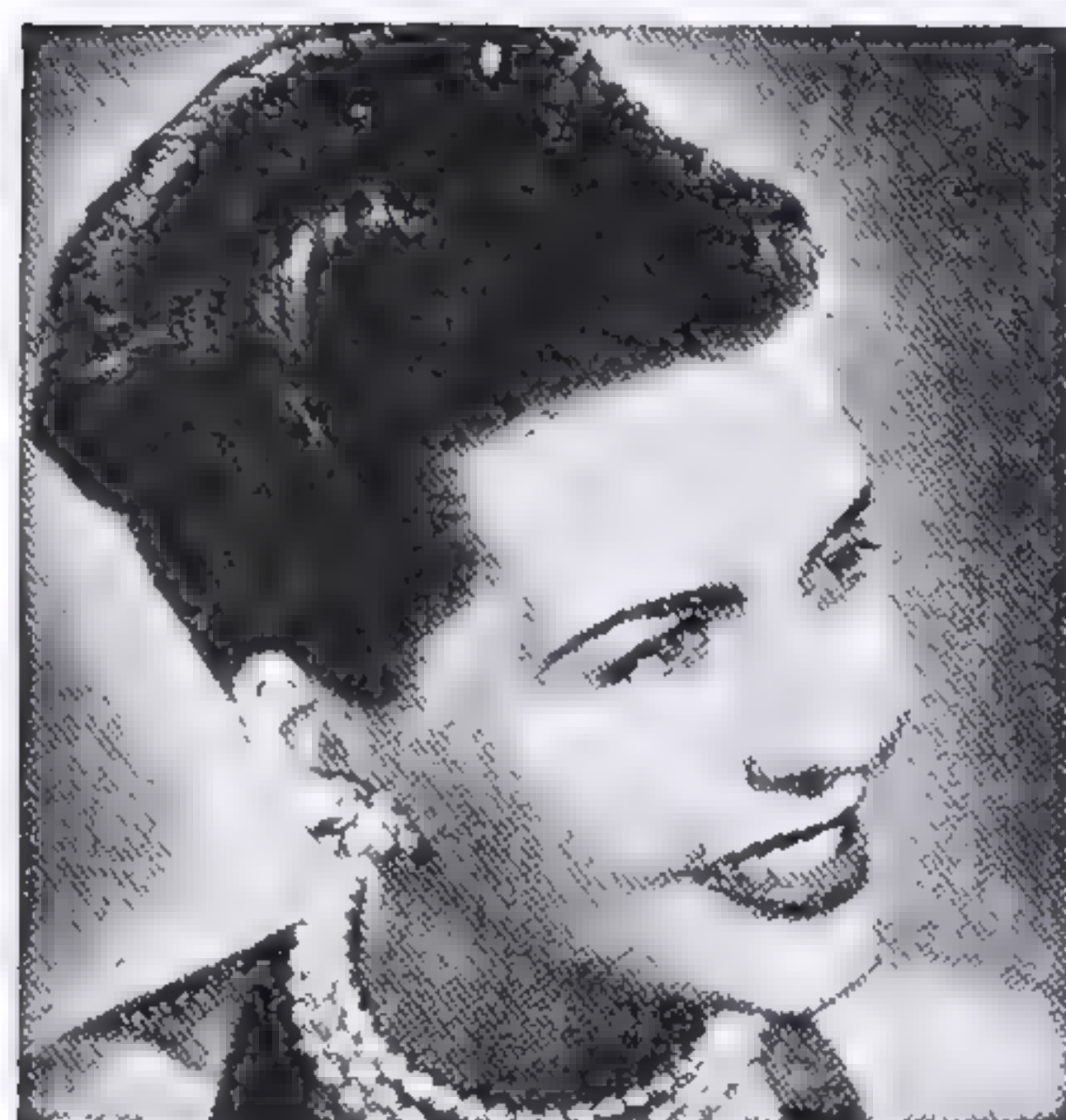


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2. PAGE-BOY. Comb Jo-Cur through your hair. Tie a ribbon around your head low in back; then set two rows of pin curls along the neckline; comb upside hair and set in clockwise pin curls.



3. SHORT "DO". Get a good haircut; comb quick-drying Jo-Cur thru your hair and pin ends all around into ringlets—setting them counter-clockwise. When dry, comb out vigorously.

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of Hollywood and Broadway. Because of his warm-hearted nature, he reached out to absorb the love and devotion of others and to return it in full measure. The line of influence which belongs to Annabella begins shortly before their marriage, which is marked in Tyrone's hand at the age of twenty-five. It is an influence line which one would expect to find in the marriage of a sensitive, serious young man and a vivacious young woman—even at times, curving at others. If not altogether an harmonious line, it does denote different cultures blending together, stimulation, great attraction—in short, an exciting influence.

A TRIANGLE is formed on Tyrone's head line at the age of twenty-eight. This type of triangle signifies a significant new experience, vigorous in force. For Tyrone it was World War II.

I told him that war service for him, whether he cared to admit it or not, had been a baptism of fire, shocking in its impact. But from the beginning, he had hardened his will to it and had learned to endure it stoically. I told him, too, that while strong men have broken down to cry on the battlefield, his own agony in seeing his comrades killed was unutterable and almost too much to bear.

"All that you say is true," he admitted, smiling gently and wisely, loving truth in all its forms.

We talked for a time of the lessons in human comradeship which he had learned during the war and of the spirit of sacrifice which had come to fruition within him. Like Larry Darrell, his spiritual awakening had grown out of the war and, like Larry, he had returned to his old life with a feeling that he was a small link in the chain of humanity and that from now on he must shed the outworn in quest of the absolute.

"Since I have known this new philosophy," he told me, "people seem drawn toward me in a much stronger and in a more decisive way than ever before."

The future is a golden one for Tyrone Power.

There will be many new influences in his life in the years to come.

The deepening of his fate line and its turning to Jupiter lead me to believe that he will make a distinctive contribution in production and direction to the motion-picture industry. It will be fresh, new and adventurous.

He will give of himself to the world of tomorrow which the veterans of the war and the new generations will make. With millions of others, his is the understanding that as different colors compose the beauty of the rainbow, so do different cultures combine to create the human race in its nobility.

He stands for the new post-war American who is determined to fight fiercely for the belief that all the peoples of the world can live peacefully together, as our great country has so eloquently demonstrated in its history.

I find myself marveling at his generosity of spirit and his ethical riches.

I had looked at the hand of a great man in the making.

THE END

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AT YOUR NEWSSTAND

Pictures Go Places

(Continued from page 65) "Where am I?" he asked.

"This is Tombstone, Arizona."

"Tombstone!" he yelped. "Then I'm three hundred miles off my course."

He glanced again at his map. "'Tain't here," he said.

"Well, it's a replica."

"No replica on my map . . ."

"It's a movie company on location," said the workman hurrying away.

One hundred and eight-seven miles off the beaten track the traveler had come upon a complete town of forty-seven buildings where 300 Hollywood people were making a picture. Three months earlier there had been nothing there but a small Indian trading post, a handful of Navajos and the magnificent scenery.

The company that bewildered the man from Wyoming had a definitely "rugged" cast to it. Forty miles from the nearest phone, the cast and crew of "My Darling Clementine" really roughed it. They were plunged right into the elements that produced the desperadoes of the old West.

Linda Darnell claimed, "In one day we had four inches of snow with breakfast, a sand storm over a baked desert for lunch and a cloudburst for dinner."

"I'm working up to rival John Fredricks," grinned Jane Darwell. "I design the fanciest snoods—for the face. And still Linda and Cathy Downs and I inhaled half of the sands of Arizona."

The company lived in tents or at the small Indian trading post. There were no newspapers, no radio. What did they do, these Hollywood people, in the midst of a desert wilderness for two months?

They worked! Hard! They herded cattle, they staged a clan fight, they rode for

hours on wiry little Indian ponies, all for the silver screen.

For recreation, director John Ford and Henry Fonda played a running game of "pitch" in their off hours. Linda painted in oils. Vic Mature pitched horseshoes with John Ireland—or went to the occasional "squaw dances" with Tim Holt.

At the latter, Mature was a shining success. A silver dollar is given to a squaw you have finished dancing with to console her for the loss of a partner. An old Indian custom! Mature ran out of silver dollars, fickle fellow, and put new life into the dance by giving canned goods instead.

THERE was the rattlesnake question.

These snakes are sacred to the Navajos and cannot be killed. So Linda, fresh from *Ciro's*, would side step a giant rattler and production would halt until "Old Fats," native keeper of the snake pit, came and removed him with his forked stick. The boys side stepped a bit too when Ford's two pet gunmen fired live bullets at them. To achieve realism and facial tension, Fonda, Mature, Tim Holt and Ward Bond had their faces carefully and closely missed by a pair of sharp shooters. Rugged? Fonda thought so. "All the time I was in the Pacific," he commented, "I never had a shot fired at me. Look what happens when I come home."

Tim Holt grinned. "With me, it doesn't seem to matter if it's Tokyo or Hollywood. Someone's always throwing lead in my direction."

Sometimes it isn't the Hollywood company that sets the stage or the tone of a location. If they are simply filming a reality the tone is already there. Such

was the case with the tremendous harvesting scenes for "The Big Haircut." The great lumbering combines, those harvest machines that cut the wheat, separate it and bag it in one operation, were actually cutting wheat. And cutting wheat at that time was a deadly serious business.

Alan Ladd, star of the picture, stood in the grain elevator letting the stuff trickle through his fingers like sand. "Brother, do you know what this stuff is?" There was awe in his tone.

The most important harvest in our memory, sweeping up through the great grain lands of the West, was being caught by the cameras for the screen. 21,000 acres of it on one farm, twenty-six combines, and "The Big Haircut" company who had rented the stand of wheat had to agree to cut it—and was honor bound not to hold up the harvest nor the men and machines which must move north on schedule to follow the steadily ripening grain.

The slogan around the hotel where the company was quartered was W. W. W.—"Wheat Won't Wait." Actors and crew worked from sun-up to sunset and all day Sunday getting the shots the script called for, but they were also aware that they were taking part in the real "haircut" which was to feed America and the starving peoples of Europe.

Back in the hotel the company was tired and quiet. They drifted from room to room visiting, usually winding up in the suite belonging to Alan Ladd and his charming wife Sue Carol, where they were always welcome. But playtime was limited for this crew. The actual business on hand was to get the wheat cut and it wasn't entirely simple.

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Out in the fields fire was a thing to dread and smoking was prohibited. Sue Ladd kept her fingers crossed each morning while she scanned the sky—for rain meant fatal delay and endangered the stand. Directing the big combines necessitated a studio man to every few machines and an intricate system of signal flags. All day long the harvesters worked back and forth across the fields like an army of weird tanks with the general sitting high on a platform in his director's chair beside his cameras. This was a movie location, but it was also an epic in harvesting wheat and there was no make-believe about it.

Sometimes a company will be sent to a place that is lovely enough yet close enough to provide a sort of vacation spot for the family. When "Ramrod" was filmed in Utah it started out as a family affair with star Veronica Lake taking direction from husband Andre de Toth. The company was based at a lodge with charming cabins and Veronica sent for her small daughter who flew up to join her. Joel McCrea's youngest son came up with his mother. Don DeFore's pretty dark wife brought their Penny and the Lloyd Bridges had their little girl with them. It all added up to a pretty homey affair. If the Bridges wanted to go up to the lodge for a dance, Mrs. DeFore "listened" for their offspring—and vice versa.

Veronica loves to play games and each night found a crowd sitting under the trees in front of her cabin playing "ghosts" or "Guggenheim." Sometimes Preston Foster unlimbered his guitar and they all made music.

Out on the sets, which included an authentic ghost town, the principals turned candid camera fiends. They shot the scenery, the native wranglers, the animals and each other. The prize went to a series

in which Veronica got a picture of Joel who was busy snapping Don who got a honey of Veronica. And they were each so intent they didn't know they were being photographed.

There was a touch of the "rugged" about this outfit too. "All you need to be in this picture is a large dash of mountain goat," commented Don DeFore after spending a full morning climbing around a narrow ledge in leather-soled boots with nothing below him but a sheer drop into a most picturesque but very distant canyon.

THE big fire scene in "Ramrod" turned out to be almost too authentic and Veronica's enthusiasm for photography might have been fatal. A farmhouse and barn which had been erected for the sole purpose of being burnt to the ground were drenched in kerosene to ensure a right good flame. With a fire scene it must be right the first time—even Hollywood can't burn the same thing twice. Hours were spent preparing for this one and rehearsing it.

The big moment came, the fire was touched off and it burned. How it burned!

It just exploded in the dry hot sun. The Indian woman who was to escape for the script escaped just in the nick of time and flew right on past the cameras and into the river. So did some of the spectators. One of the cameras caught fire and was rescued with its precious film content by a quick-thinking cameraman who dunked it in the river first and carried it out of danger wrapped in a dripping blanket.

It was Joel McCrea, mounted to ride into the action, who spotted Veronica hanging over a fence, so busy with her camera she didn't realize the danger she was in. He picked her off the fence, swung her onto his saddle and rode away with her just like a genuine melodrama.

Humor that equals Durante films at their best existed when the man with the nose and the benign and twinkling Lauritz Melchior were put on a beautiful sleepy island in the Great Lakes where there has never been a motor car.

From the time their company arrived to make "This Time for Keeps" to find that the horses—which have acted as beasts of burden on Mackinac Island for a century or more—drew the line at hauling movie equipment, till the day Durante and Melchior cruised round the Island on a tandem bicycle—usual method of transportation among the natives—carefully reinforced in the rear to bear the Metropolitan star's ample frame, pedals shortened in front to meet the comedian's short legs, it was all strictly for fun.

It was fun for the hotel guests as well. A million dollars' worth of talent gave for them, beginning with an aquacade by the luscious Esther Williams and ending with an impromptu floor show at night when Melchior and Durante, not to mention the smooth-voiced Johnny Johnston, couldn't resist the temptation to keep in trim.

Of course they had their problems. When it came to filming a swimming scene with Esther and little Sharon McManus it developed that Sharon turned an odd shade of blue in cool water—and that the Technicolor film faithfully reproduced it. Solved—by bringing in two generators and heating the pool to 85 degrees.

But even when a company moves into an elegant location there are still drawbacks. The company that went to swank Jasper Park Lodge in Canada to make "Emperor Waltz" received a written communication from their studio to the effect that women would not wear slacks around the Lodge and that men would wear coats and ties in the dining room.

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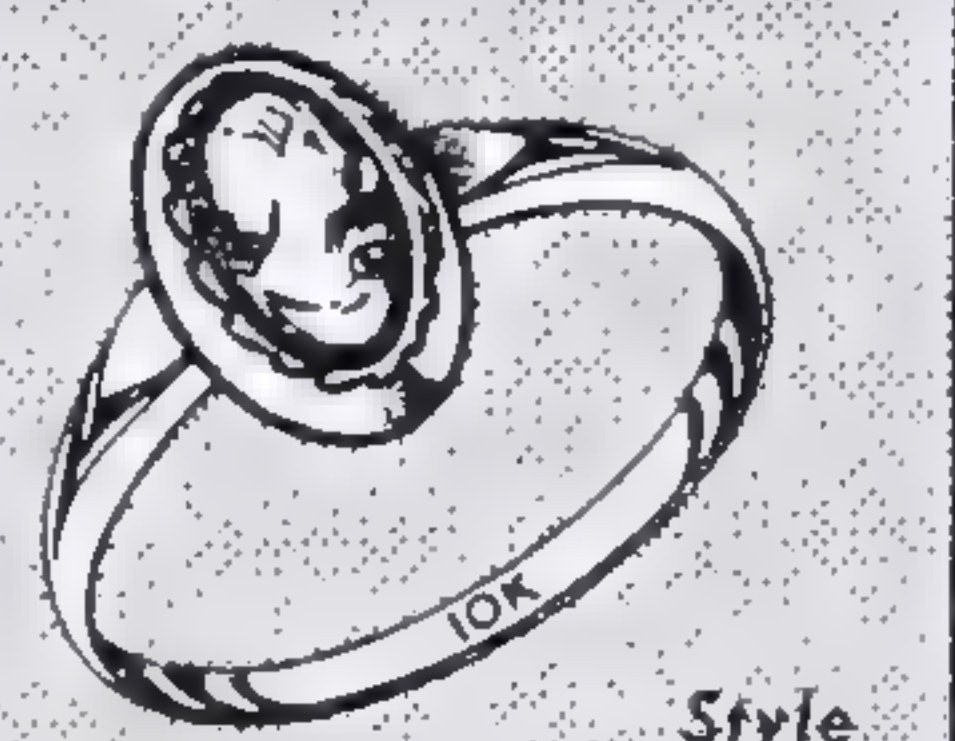


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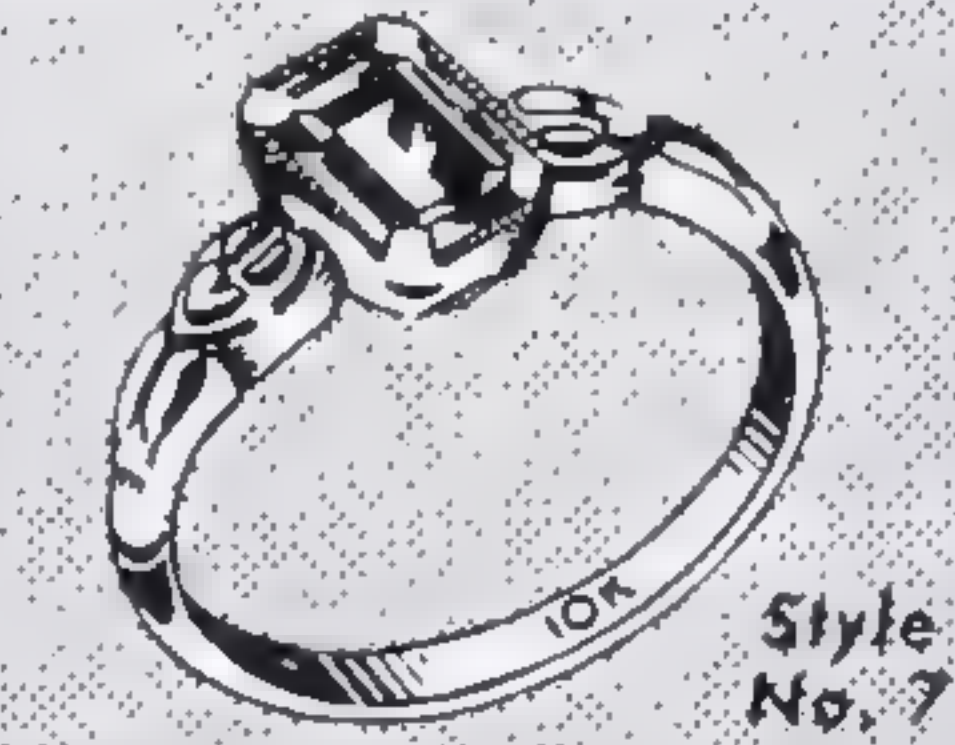
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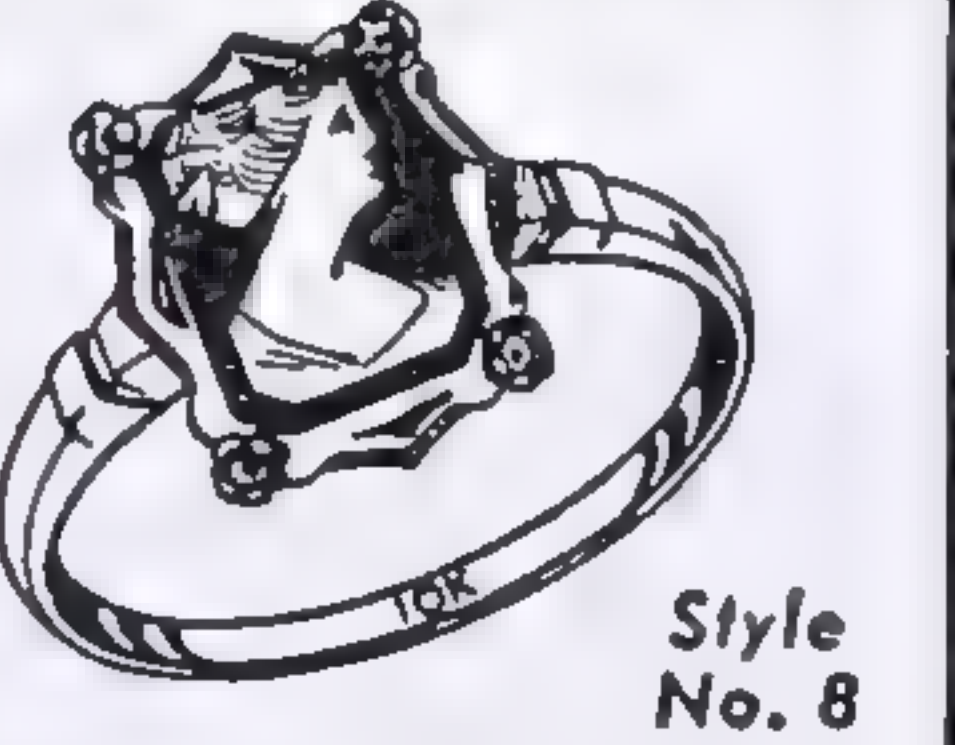
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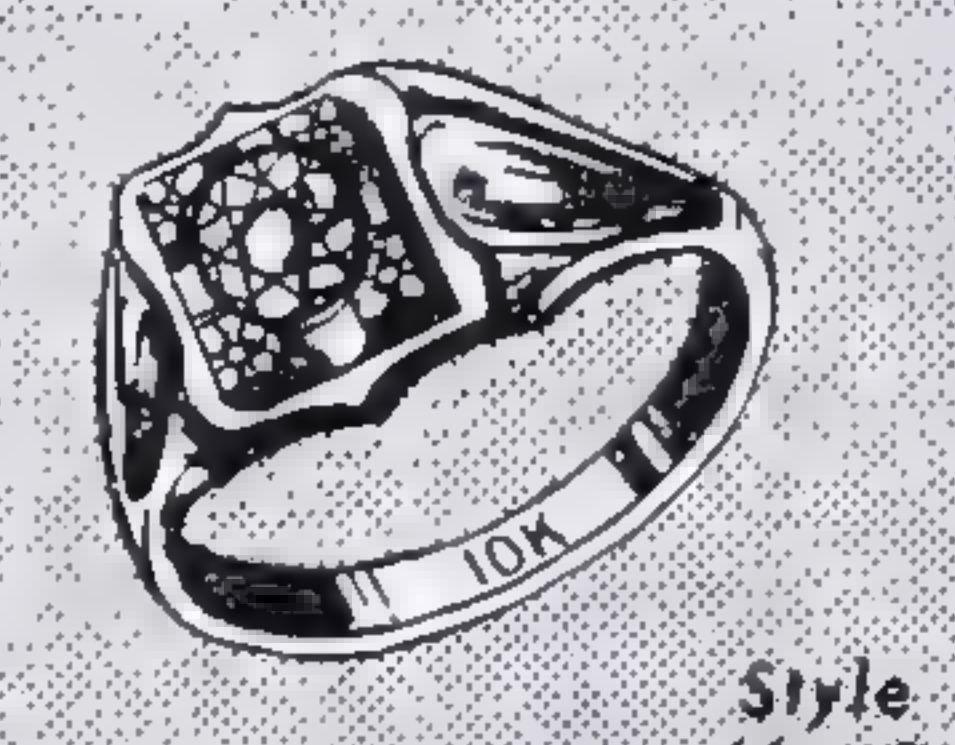
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the gang took to dancing in the recreation hall where music was piped up from the dance floor below. It promptly became known to one and all as the "Wreck Hall."

The trained dogs who traveled two thousand miles from Hollywood were satisfactorily ritzy, however. They brought their own stand-ins and were fed the very best beef when the rest of the outfit dined on the more readily procurable delicacy, buffalo steak.

Joan Fontaine provided most of the excitement.

While Bing Crosby quietly pitched horseshoes or played baseball, Joan successively went swimming the first night at ten o'clock only to discover that it was against the rules, went canoeing in a boat which she did not know was condemned as unsafe (and her amiable companion Roland Culver was forced to bail hurriedly with an old tin can) and caught the first fish in the company in a lake where fishing was banned.

The gift that Hollywood, not to be outdone in elegance, left to Canada was a tribute to the green man. "Green men" are not—as you might expect—*Superman's* second cousins, but rather nature's first assistants. If the script calls for an orchard, a garden or a large batch of cacti in a certain spot, it is up to the green man to see that it grows promptly where it is required to grow.

At Jasper, in Leach Lake, which is part of Jasper National Park, the green men had built an island complete with bushes, trees and growing grass. On the farewell day of the location this little gem was presented to Major Wood, Superintendent of Jasper National Park, in a full fledged ceremony by Miss Fontaine. An orchestra on the island played the national anthems, the Stars and Stripes were lowered and the Canadian flag was furled above Emperor Island.

So, traveler, beware. The island you think is nature's masterpiece may be Hollywood's synthetic best and that cowhand you see dancing with the pretty girl on an Arizona ranch might be Joel McCrea.

THE END

FARMER FAN FARE



But there's another side
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"We're the Ray-gans"

(Continued from page 55) more universal. Jane admires him tremendously for his unselfish endeavors. She's sympathetic and respects his viewpoints. But she's learned from experience that with one tiny bit of encouragement, he's wound up for the evening. So now she has a system.

"There are three changes I'd like to make around the house," she starts out.

Ronnie, on the board of the Hollywood Chapter of the American Veterans' Committee, as well as the Screen Actors' Guild, sits there thinking.

"That's great, Janie," he answers abstractedly. "I couldn't have done it better myself."

"But I haven't told you yet!"

"You know, Janie," he blithely continues, "I had nearly four years' time to fully realize what freedom is. I missed my work. Not just being a movie star, but I missed the actual thing of acting. I love it. I love the challenge, the interesting and enjoyable things you find when you get a good script."

He also did a lot of thinking about freedom—and the world he lives in.

"There's one thing I now ask myself. If I could talk to a man who just died, what are the things he would say? What advice would he give? He'd talk about the time he wasted, not doing the things he always wanted to do. Not seeing the places he always wanted to see. I don't want to be that man when I am no longer here. Things are happening around us and they can't be ignored."

"I've got news for you," answers Jane pointedly. "I'm not interested."

BUT she is, very, very interested. Wisely, she realizes that if Ronnie is to do anything about these things close to his heart, he must survive too. Tactfully, she assumes a humorous viewpoint. Makes a big joke out of things and thereby lessens the tension. Like the day they got the extension telephone by the swimming pool.

"I think there was an underground plot to get me out of that pool," she muses. "Just as sure as I'd get wet, I'd have to run into the house to talk to someone. Finally, they released equipment and we got the extension. That first Sunday the servants were off. Michael, Maureen and I settled ourselves in our bathing suits."

"Hours went by. Not one single call. Finally, at four o'clock the phone rang. Is Mr. Reagan available for speeches, someone wanted to know! I wouldn't be knowing, I answered. I haven't seen him for days!"

Even when they go to parties the crusade is still on. The ladies find themselves talking to each other and trying not to look bored. The gentlemen are huddled together in a far corner. Jane smiles sweetly, excuses herself and automatically does her stuff.

"Okay, Reagan," she says kiddingly. "Break it up. Come on over and talk to the girls. They love you, too!"

Ronnie, caught in the act of making a very special point, assumes the air of an injured, coerced husband. He crosses the room, takes out his pipe, folds his arms and sits down. He makes a few polite remarks. Finally Jane throws up her hands.

"You win," she says resignedly. "Go back and save the people." But her eyes are warm with understanding.

A while back word got around that things weren't running smoothly with the Reagans. Jane was hurt, naturally. Naturally, she said nothing. Ronnie indulged in the supreme satisfaction of telling off the columnist who printed the first rumor.

"It's just our turn," they explained to a chosen few, whose opinions counted.

"Everyone in Hollywood gets it sooner or later. We know how things stand—we're still the Ray-gans!" Which, by the way, is how they pronounce their own name.

The way things stand is a pattern for happiness that anyone can do well to follow. First of all there is no professional jealousy. Ronnie being out of the picture so long; Jane, in demand and currently the most popular, easily produce a problem. Ronnie, a mild sender, will have no part of it. They kid each other, they laugh together. They surround themselves with people who are compatible. Recently, when the servants were on vacation, Jane called her first dinner. June Allyson and Dick Powell were invited over for the special occasion.

Jane barbecued steaks, baked corn saute and whipped up an ice-cream pie that should only happen to a manoff's.

"How is it?" she cried, when she finally got everything on the table.

"Great," came back the roaring answer.

"Then why don't you eat it?" she demanded of the group, who had framed her by simply sitting there and staring.

THERE was that evening Ronnie was off speech-making. If Maureen would be a good girl, she was promised an early dinner at The Players and a movie. Michael was tucked away in slumberland. Maureen came in to chat while Jane put the finishing touches to her make-up. She asked her daughter a question.

"Aw, your fodder's muss-tash!" said young Miss Reagan.

"What did you say?" exclaimed an astounded mother.

"Your mudder's girdle!" was the reply.

Followed a little "talk" that sounded like a scene from "Andy Hardy." Maureen, repentant, promised never to repeat the performance. After dinner they went to see "Smoky." They got in while a second feature, "It Shouldn't Happen to a Dog," was still screening.

"Aw, your father's mustache," shouted Alan Joslyn, who was in the picture.

"You see—you see," shrieked Maureen. "People do too talk that way." So far as Jane was concerned, there was nothing left to talk about.

One of these days when things are the way the altruistic Ronnie would have them, they intend building on a lot they've been holding. All of which means someone's going to have to do some fast talking. Their hilltop home has long been a favorite of Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens Ditto Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell.

"If you ever sell it, promise us the first refusal," said Glenn to Ronnie. Ronnie promised.

"You'll tell us first when you do sell it," admonished Alexis, when they worked together in "Night and Day." Jane reassured her. To date there's no sale.

In the meantime, it's a happy life for the Reagans. Ronnie's fan mail has never diminished and he's especially grateful to those who have been faithful. "King's Row" at long last was recently released in Europe. The enthusiastic response gratifying. Very gratifying too, Jane's performance in "The Yearling."

So there's no reason why the portrait of Ma Baxter shouldn't keep its place over the fireplace while the gold-lettered "No Ulcer" slogan collects dust in a closet.

And the happy Ray-gans splash in their pool—or Jane (tongue in cheek) says to her philosophical husband, "Go away, you bother me. Go get the world straightened out and then maybe I'll talk to you!"

Rest assured, if it were up to Ronnie, he's the one man who could do it!

THE END

IF YOU WANT TO BE

Lucky in Love - give her a LANE

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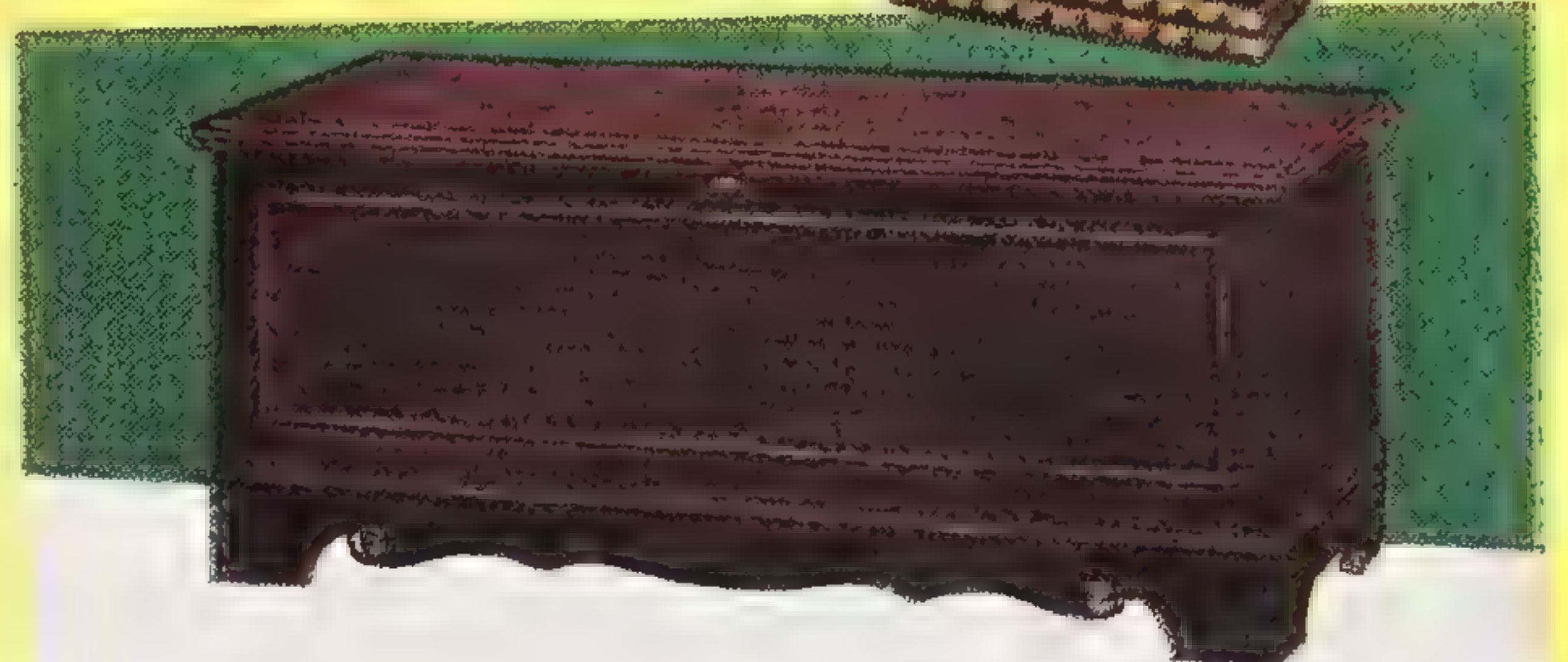


No. 2120. This chest beautifully combines American Walnut and Walnut stump with exotic Oriental wood and African Zebra wood. Has Lane patented Automatic Tray.

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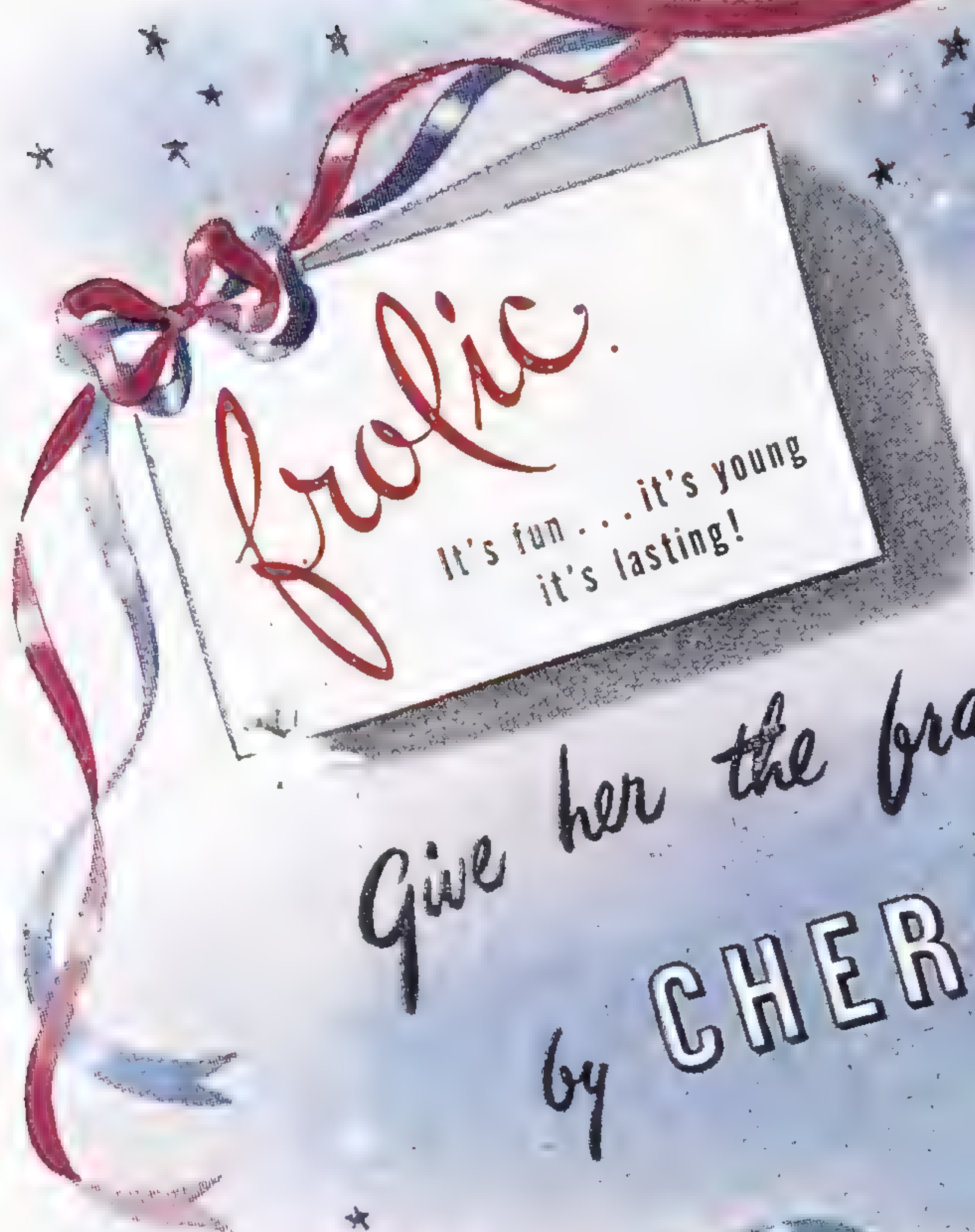
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and Eau de Cologne, \$2.25.

All prices plus tax

Portrait of a Royal Canadian

(Continued from page 69) most beautiful city he has ever seen.

His father, Caleb Pidgeon, owned wholesale and retail general merchandise stores throughout Canada. He doesn't believe in fortunetellers and goes to sleep the moment he hits the pillow. He has blue eyes and dark hair.

He never drinks beer.

He wears a size thirteen shoe.

He married his Ruth in 1931 and has a daughter, Edna, by a previous marriage. He is not a fatalist and gets so excited in a political or social argument that he tries to shout his opponents. He is very fond of picnicking.

He drinks twelve to fourteen glasses of water a day.

He attended grade and high school in St. John, and the University of New Brunswick at Fredericton. His first screen appearance was in "The Mannequin," starring Dolores Costello.

He once worked in Boston as a bank runner. He likes candy of all kinds and has never studied music, acquiring his knowledge from his father.

He wishes the nights were warmer in Hollywood.

He was "born on skates" but has never been able to master the ski.

He has never owned a boat, dislikes night clubs and nurtures a secret yearning someday to play the title role in "The Life of Sam Houston." He excelled in soccer and hockey at college.

He is very fond of chocolate sundaes splattered with walnuts and has never been known to display "nerves."

He doesn't play poker and was marked for the theater by Elsie Janis who met him while he was in the Canadian Army, World War I, and several years later became her leading man in the London revue, "At Home."

He hates golf.

He has never had a singing role on the stage, speaks no other languages and never gets seasick. He has visited every state in the Union.

He is six feet, three inches tall.

Walter Pidgeon is a firm believer in hunches and likes birds in cages "that can do something—like parrots and singing canaries."

He is a rabid football fan and has visited Grant's Tomb and the New York Aquarium. He rejected the Boyer role in "Gaslight" but declares that had he known Ingrid Bergman was going to be in it he would have taken the part.

He is fond of playing bridge, gin rummy and casino; and has lived for twelve years in a lovely Spanish Monterey home in Beverly Hills. He has had measles and mumps and thinks both heredity and environment of equal importance.

His stage debut was in Shaw's "You Never Can Tell." He was rejected by the Canadian Army in World War I because of his extreme youth, although he had overstated his age, but he was accepted a year later and just when he was about to ship for France he was caught in a serious accident between two rolling gun carriages and had to spend seventeen months in the hospital.

He is not too good on a ballroom floor and prefers a shower to a tub.

He would go without dinner rather than eat alone.

He is forever unconsciously humming or singing "The Londonderry Air" and never passes a piano without stopping to play it.

He is too tolerant by nature to have any phobias, enjoys "Mignon" above all other operas and is always getting mad at things which he has misplaced and cannot find.

He cannot use a typewriter.

He once smoked two packs of cigarettes a day, now only one.

He is an addict of the "Snuffy Smith" and "X-9" comic strips. He has learned by perseverance to become systematic and orderly, and his favorite singers are Helen Traubel, John Charles Thomas, Ezio Pinza, Jimmy Melton, Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra.

He never undertakes anything he cannot finish, is very fond of salmon and trout fishing and has read "Jane Eyre" five times, it having been his dream for years to someday enact the role finally played by Orson Welles.

He is partial to grays and blues in his suits and likes garlic in salads and roast lamb.

He subscribes to no book clubs.

WALTER PIDGEON is both realist and romanticist and says he likes coloratura sopranos "if they look like Lily Pons." He has never read Plato, likes driving with his radio on and hopes someday to do a stage play again.

His most troublesome companion is an ever-present wanderlust.

He is an omnivorous reader of travel books and biographies. He is very punctual and habitually goes out between the acts for a smoke.

His childhood idol was an old sea captain and this influence still remains with him. He is an authority on the notorious pirates of history and is a walking encyclopedia on buccaneers. He loves the smell of leather so much that he frequently polishes his own boots even though they don't need it.

He abhors female choruses.

He had such a loathing for mathematics that he couldn't get out of school quick enough. He enjoys cocktails of any kind.

He never eats lunch when not working and only lightly then, "because there isn't anything else to do during the lunch hour." He always does his own shopping.

He likes giving small intimate parties, usually has a light breakfast of a glass of orange juice or milk, and declares his home has more meaningful beauty in it than any building in the world. He experiences stage-fright every time he appears on the legitimate stage.

He dislikes dining where there is dancing and music. He is lucky in gambling.

He cannot bring himself to throw anything away, as a consequence of which his wife periodically sorts out "the junk" and gives it away.

He drinks little coffee, has never gone in for astrology and sentimentally hangs on to an old make-up box, frequently repaired, given to him twenty years ago by Elsie Janis.

He is not a claustrophobe, has never tried writing fiction and is a fanatic gardener with a fund of knowledge about soil, time to plant, etc.

His feet are always propped up when reading.

He likes oysters or clams "anywhere, any time," and his first professional appearance was as a singer with Elsie Janis at Aeolian Hall, New York. He chews gum.

His only jewelry is a sapphire ring given to him by his wife. He has traveled in South America, the West Indies and every country in Europe with the exception of Spain and the Scandinavian peninsula.

His answer to the question: "What picture do you wish you hadn't made?" elicited, "So many!"

He had two French poodles, both of them now in the Army. He likes roller-coasters, merry-go-rounds, personal appearances and window shopping in New York.



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The Present with a Future



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 Cedar Hope Chest

WEST BRANCH CHESTS, MILTON, PA.

He doesn't believe he has any hidden talents for writing, painting or composing music. He doesn't care for horse-racing and incessantly plays backgammon on the set between scenes; he is very unhappy if he can't find someone to play with him.

He thinks he might someday take up script writing . . . "only because scripts are so bad." He plays a fair game of tennis.

He is a lazy correspondent but answers business letters promptly.

He doesn't like cats and would rather live in California than anywhere else in the world. He believes his best screen work to date was in "Mrs. Parkington" and "How Green Was My Valley."

He is a demon with the pruning shears and once started he has a tendency to cut everything up; his wife always follows him closely when he is in one of these moods.

HE has never been able to indulge in just plain loafing, he has to be active every moment. He last rode in a streetcar—a cablecar—in San Francisco three years ago.

He has explored New York's Metropolitan Museum more times than he can remember. His favorite subjects at school were literature, drama, geography and history.

He prefers vocal concerts to any other and recently had his garage moved to widen the garden, assisting the process by taking a sledge hammer and breaking up the cement driveway.

He has developed the habit of fasting one day a week.

He is an excellent raconteur and delights his friends with tall tales of bizarre adventure in out-of-the-way places. He goes to see a movie every chance he gets.

He plans someday to buy a small boat and with a few tested companions sail out into the Pacific until land is sighted.

He replied with one word when asked if there was something he would like to do which he was now unable to do; that word was: "Retire."

THE END

Pretty Primper

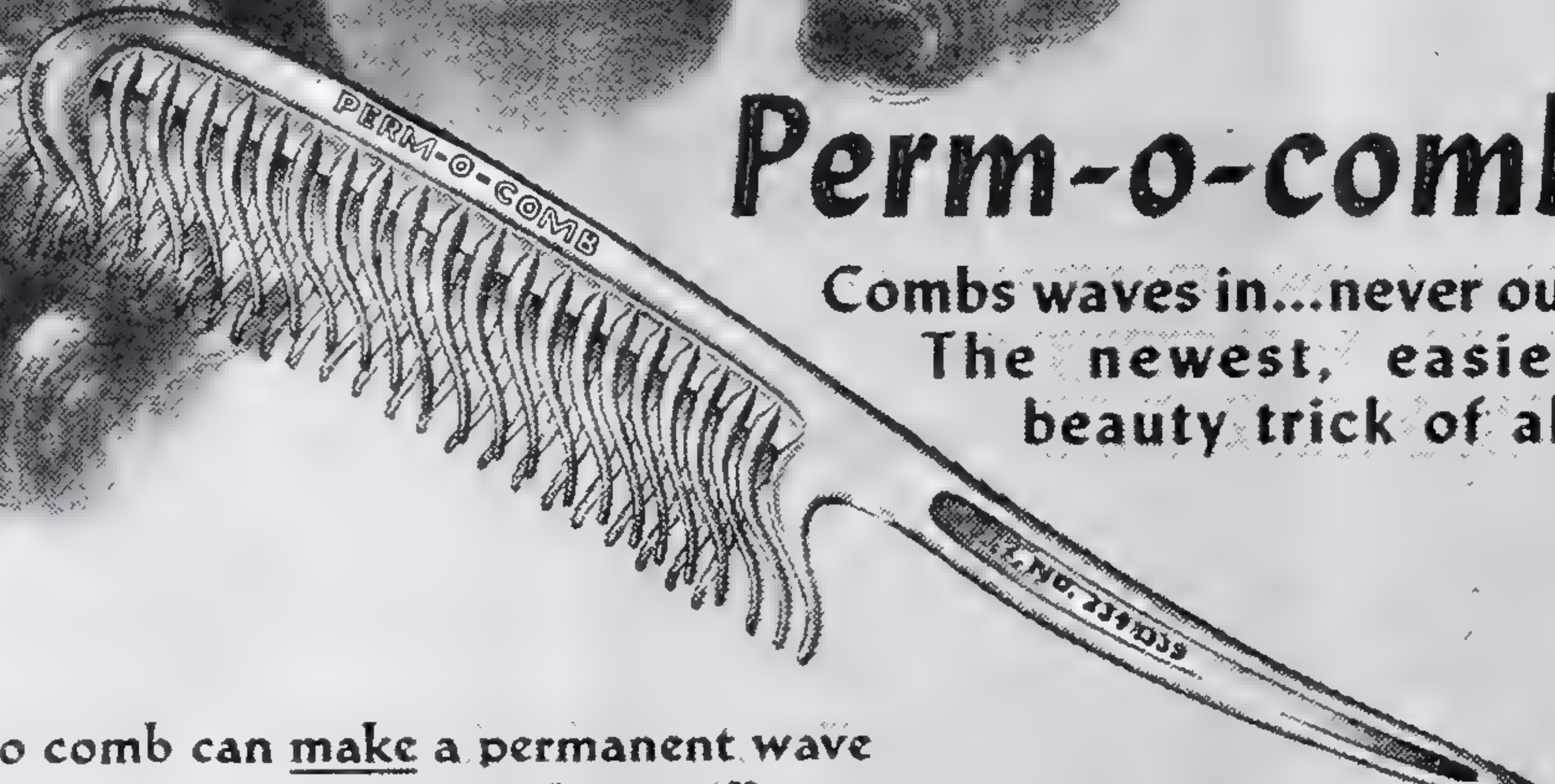


Jane Powell is getting all slicked up to meet you in a story by Maxine Arnold in January Photoplay

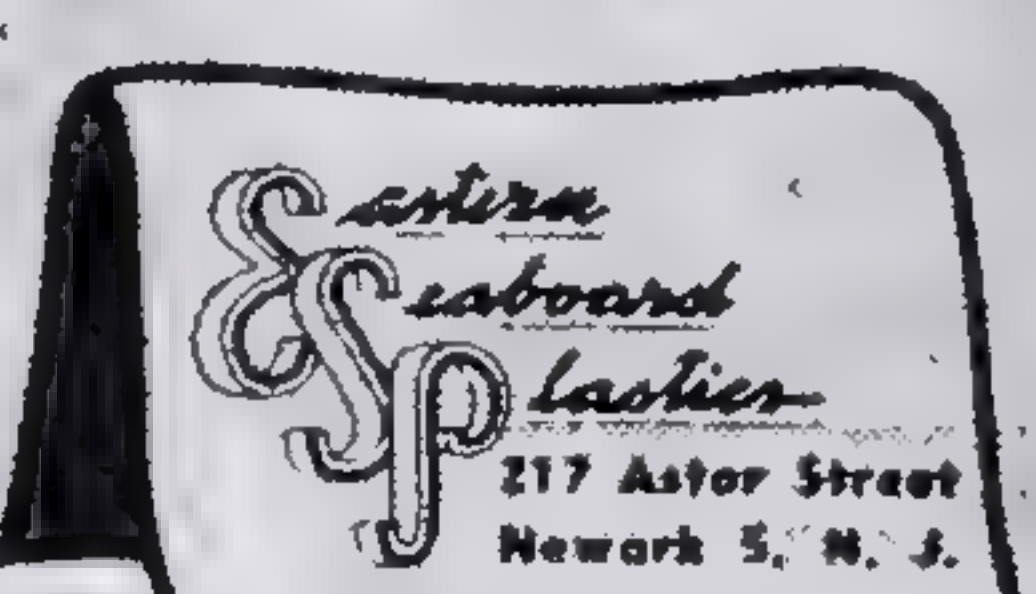
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teeth lift the hair, wave as they comb.
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What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 70) understanding, sympathetic, and provides us with a liberal income.

I have been married since I was seventeen and have been tied down with the children ever since. I love my husband dearly, but he has settled into the lethargy of married life and prefers to sit at home rather than take me to an occasional movie or dance. Other young couples with children go out once in a while, but he refuses to do so.

Recently, several men I have known for a long time have asked me to go dancing, and I have accepted.

Now I don't want you to think that all I care about is a good time, but after I have taken care of the children all day I need to relax in the evening. My husband objects to these so-called dates and often argues about them, saying that it is tantamount to being untrue and that I don't love him any more. That is absurd.

I am afraid that if you don't find a solution, my marriage may end in divorce.

Georgina A.

It would be superfluous for me to tell you that you are making the mistake of your life. By reading between the lines I know that you recognize the fact full well. It is quite true that you need recreation. But no woman needs recreation so desperately that she must jeopardize the welfare of her children, the happiness of her husband and her own good name in the process.

You married too young, that much I will concede. Nature gave you your children somewhat more rapidly than doctors advise. But the fact remains that since these things are so, you must face them as a woman and not as a wilful, irresponsible and rebellious child.

You must stop having dates, of course. Discuss your needs with your husband, not petulantly, but pleasantly and in as constructive an attitude as possible.

I am convinced that he must be an indulgent man, so if properly approached, he will surely arrange for the two of you to plan some recreation one or two evenings a week.

You will be much happier if, instead of feeling sorry for yourself, you will thank heaven for your four healthy children and your devoted husband.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

What would you do if, accidentally, you found out one day that your father had been in love with another woman for three years and had written to her all that time? Also, that they were planning to meet in New York for two weeks' vacation? I hope you won't think that I am just imagining things because with my own eyes I have seen letters substantiating these facts.

My mother and father have been married twenty-seven years, but they are so different from each other that I wonder why they ever married. They are unable to agree on any single subject.

I have a brother and a twin sister who know nothing about this, of course, because I have not discussed it with them.

Since I made this discovery, I can scarcely bear to be in the same room with my father.

Can you please give me some advice?

Arden F.

I am constantly amazed by the number of letters we receive in this department from daughters, sisters, and other relatives who have discovered what they believe to be an irregularity in the marital

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pat-a-cake - for
Twin
Blessing's
sake!!"



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DAN: Most doctors, hospitals, nurses say Mennen is best. Makes us smell sweet, too. Have Mennen Baby Oil and Baby Powder ready for baby's first day home!

Twin Blessings for Baby-
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BLEMISHED SKIN!"**

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**See how this
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It's just good common sense to realize that trying to "cover up" blemishes may actually make them worse. If externally-caused pimples are making you miserable, get a jar of Noxzema.

Start using it today. Nurses were among the first to discover how effective

Noxzema is as a complexion aid. That's because it's a *medicated formula*. It not only helps smooth and soften rough, dry skin, but *helps heal* those annoying blemishes. Try it! At all drug counters; 10¢, 35¢, 50¢ (plus tax).



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life of someone dear to them. Ordinarily, the letters indicate that the person who discovered the irregularity has been eavesdropping or reading mail not addressed to himself and certainly not meant for his eyes.

Knowing nothing of your family's life, nor of any of the people involved in the situation you have described, I cannot, of course, express any sort of opinion, except this: You, yourself, are at fault. The world is full of things, the existence of which we cannot change and knowledge of which will only make us wretched.

I think you should forget the revelation contained in your letter to me; most assuredly you should never refer to it in conversation with another person.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I married when I was not quite eighteen, and two months afterward my husband asked for a divorce. I was terribly shocked and couldn't imagine what was wrong. He was in the service at the time, so we didn't see much of one another. His only contribution to our marriage was letters telling of his association with other women.

I started divorce proceedings, but by the time the papers were drawn he was overseas. He asked to be given another chance, so I agreed. However, after having spent a year in the Pacific, he told me when he was discharged that he had thought it over and he still wanted a divorce.

I would be perfectly willing to give him his freedom if it weren't for my mother. I have planned to go back to school for six months to get my high-school diploma, so I am not afraid of the future. However, my mother absolutely refuses to allow me to see an attorney. She says there would only be other men in my life, all probably worse than this boy.

So at present my life consists of my husband nagging me for a divorce, and my mother refusing to let me give it to him.

How can I deal with these two people?

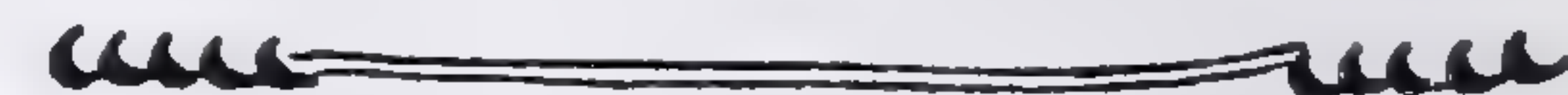
Susanne W.

When a person is caught between two strong opposing forces, the intelligent thing to do is to withdraw and let them fight it out between themselves.

The next time your husband brings up this legal question, why don't you suggest that he stop giving you so much trouble and discuss the whole affair with your mother?

I see no reason why you should be in the middle of this sad tug of war.

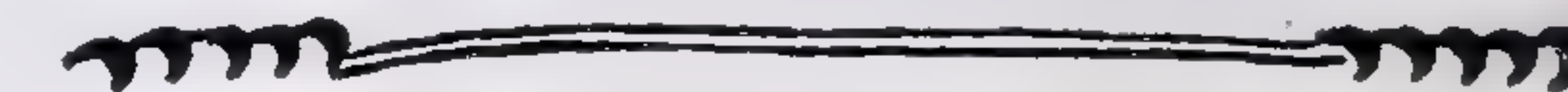
Claudette Colbert



Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

Claudette Colbert?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 8949 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46, California, and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.



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That Romantic Look

(Continued from page 48) sparkling. Because she treats them well, gets enough rest, doesn't forever hide behind very dark glasses or indulge in orgies of sweets. And because instead of plucking her eyebrows until they're artificially thin or arched lines she leaves them the way they are, one slightly more arched than the other.

Cosmetics applied with a bold hand are death to the romantic look, especially around the eyes. Mascara the tips of your lashes lightly. Keep your eyelids clear and clean except for the least touch of petroleum jelly to add to your eyes' sparkle. And pluck your eyebrows only until they're a clean line which can be kept smooth by daily brushing.

Tired eyes, of course, aren't to be tolerated. Any good eyewash or boric acid and water (two teaspoons of boric acid dissolved in a tumbler of hot water and allowed to cool) used with an eye cup work magic. So do exercises. After a day under studio lights many stars rest their eyes by changing the focus. To do this hold a pencil ten inches from your face. Look at it for a moment. Then look off at the farthest corner of the room. Look back at the pencil. Look off at the corner again. And so on.

Another thing! If you wear eyeglasses, be obvious about it. Choose frames of a flattering color which are shaped to emphasize your type of face. Joan Bennett, wearing the first jewel-encrusted frames I ever saw, was the belle of a Hollywood party that was packed with glamour.

JEANNE CRAIN also treats her skin well. She loves the beach and outdoors. She doesn't, however, go in for an Arabian tan. This can be exotic and exciting, I know, but it often is not as romantic or as appealing as a skin so clear a blush shows occasionally.

Above all, if you would have a romantic look, select your lipstick carefully and apply it sparingly. Lipstick that is too vivid or too heavy is the reverse of attractive. And be sure to set your lipstick so it doesn't smear or rub off on glasses or silverware. Powder over it slightly. And remove excess powder by pressing your mouth gently against a cleansing tissue.

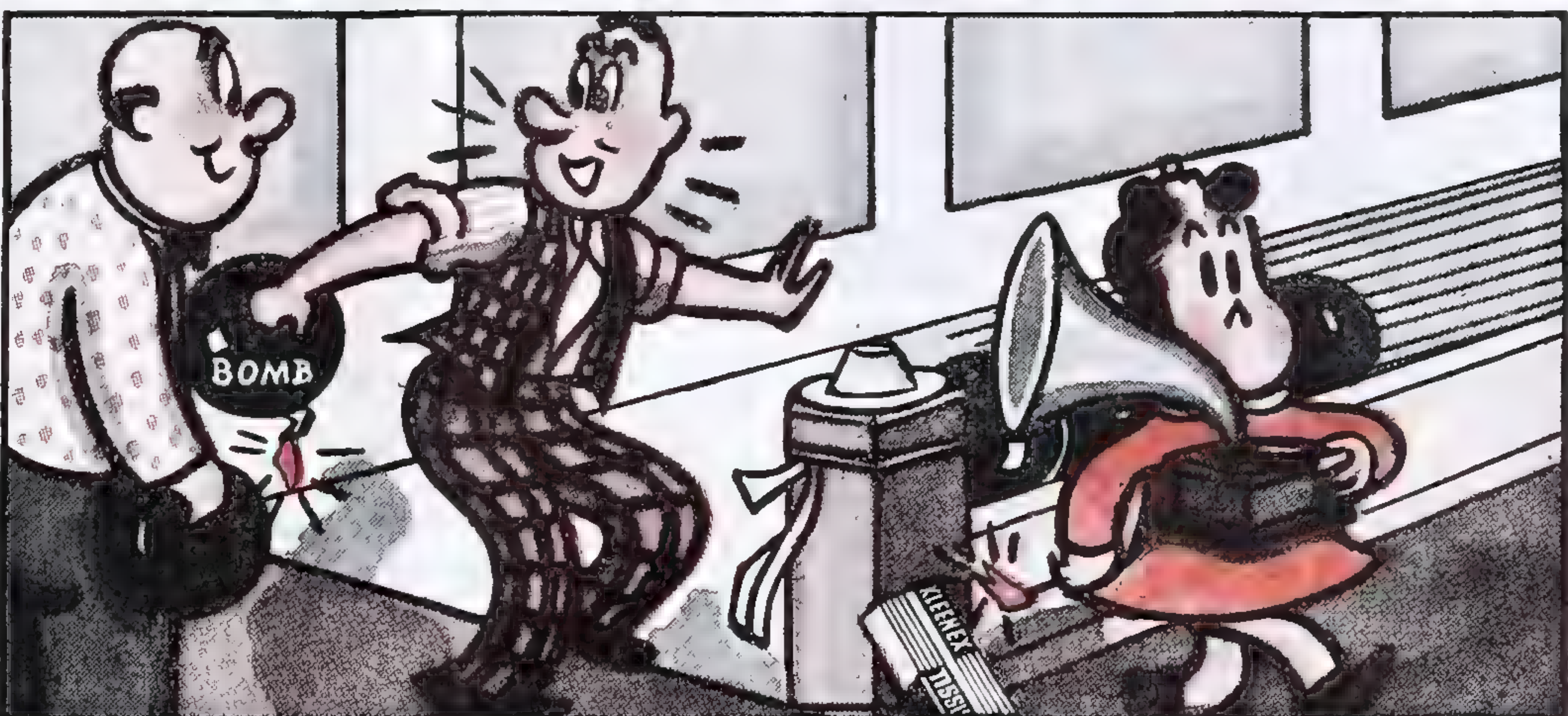
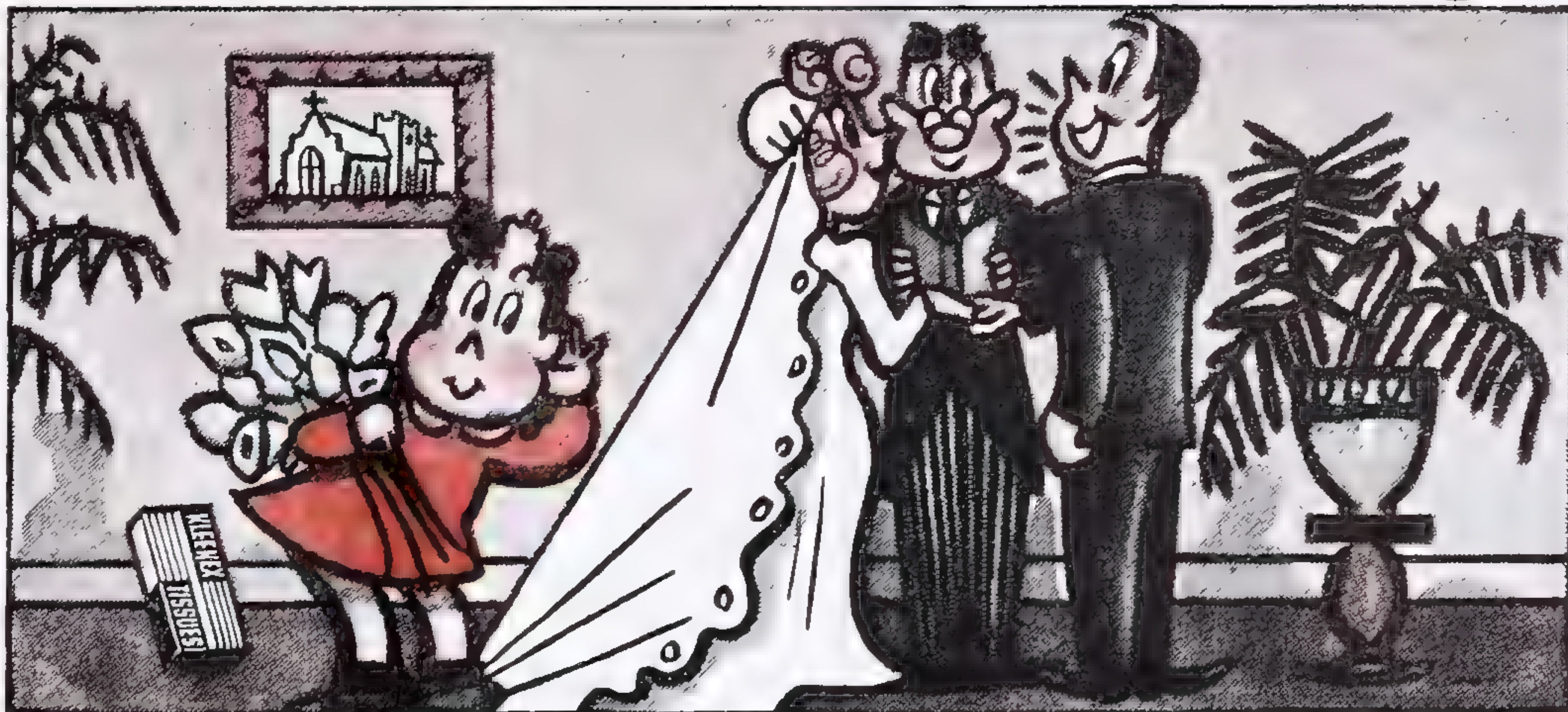
Nail enamel must be chosen with thought also. It should complement and dramatize the shape and texture of your hands, not overshadow them.

Greatly to be desired is a slender figure. Proper diet and exercise will achieve this. But the loveliest of all figures will avail you nothing if you do not have a good carriage. As you walk and as you dance hold yourself proudly, your head high. Move easily without unnecessary motion. Watch yourself especially on the stairs. Be sure you do not ascend with your head pitched forward and your hips sticking into midair or descend with a horsey clatter that's horrible both to hear and to see.

Music is important to romance, of course. So I say listen to your voice. Let it be

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by Marge



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soon gets a break



Goes Christmas Shopping
Head starts to Ache

low and soft and know when it should rest. To speak well and listen well are important. The romantic lady talks well. And she neither gossips nor exaggerates. Here, in truth, beauty is as beauty does. Men are afraid of catty women who are forever sniping at another's charms. Therefore, watch your words and the modulation of voice so you do not talk away your charm.

Listen to your laughter too. Let it come easily, especially when you're with boys who had little to laugh at for too long. Laugh at the silly things you used to do together. Laugh for the sweet sake of laughter. And if you hear your laugh sound hysterical, giddy or loud, tone it down, *oh do tone it down!*

Easy enough to say, "Speak gently. Laugh softly," I know. The tone of our voice and laughter generates within us. When we're worried or rushed, it's in our voice and our laughter that hysteria will manifest itself. Jeanne Crain, young as she is, knows this. Unlike many of the young players, she doesn't rush, rush, rush, fearful to stop lest she miss something. She insists upon enough leisure to keep her wits about her. She would rather miss a hundred things than sacrifice her time for thinking and reading and visiting with the family she loves, and so doing, retains her composure.

Serenity is the very wellspring of a romantic look. In it you have the beginning of the smooth brow, the easy carriage, the low voice, the gentle smile. This Christmas with our men home, surely we should know serenity. So let us look happy and contented and starry eyed.

Wholesomeness and naturalness, health and serenity . . . these things work together to provide a romantic look. And drama is not amiss. Candlelight. The flirtation of a fan. Soft white shoulders. A locket at the neck. A black velvet ribbon or a string of cultured pearls to highlight the delicacy of a good skin. A red rose pinned in your hair. Drama, by all means! But just a little, not too much. For the romantic look is ever artful, born of taste and discrimination. Soon now we enter the magic season of carols and mistletoe. Let's make it the most wonderful yuletide yet. Let's, like Jeanne Crain, have a romantic look this Christmas.

THE END

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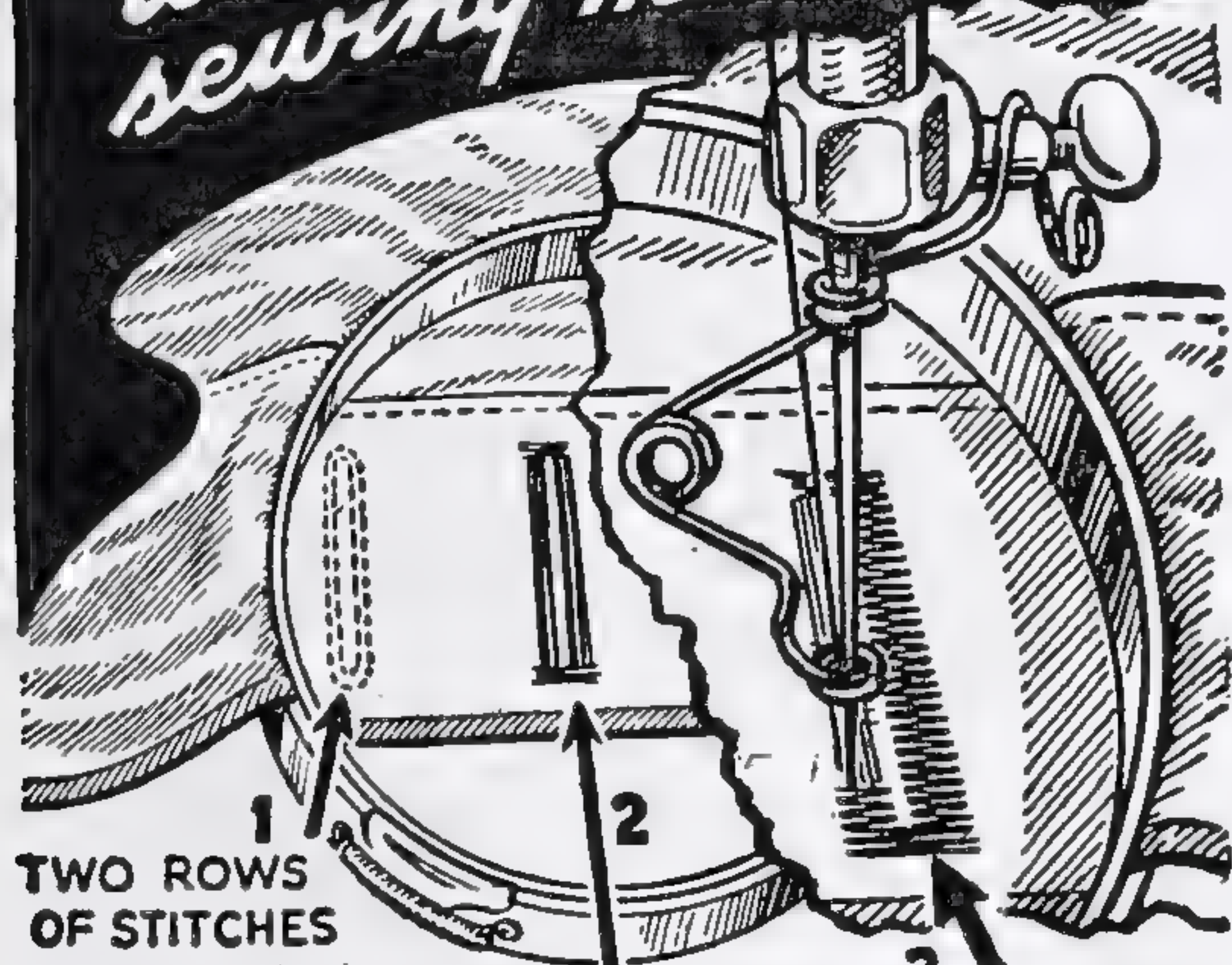
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Design for Delight

(Continued from page 45) longer small. Uncle Sam licks his chops over it. Oleg is wardrobe chief and head designer for the new Eagle Lion studios ("Eagle" for Uncle Sam, "Lion" for John Bull, who jointly supply the dough). Oleg is partner in a wholesale dress establishment with display rooms on La Cienega. His partner's name is Nova. Mrs. Cassini's busy little brain came up with a name for this outfit that tops "Eagle-Lion."

"Casanova," she proclaimed, working a synthesis. "That is a name with a record for no failures with women, either misses or matrons." Casanova, true to record, never fails to satisfy, according to misses and matrons.

The more feminine the female, the more feline, ranging from back-fence prima donna to lioness, queen of the jungle. La belle star Tierney would be spotted a queen in any jungle, she's a natural in this which we whimsically call civilization. Lion tamers all agree with Mr. Cassini that man must dominate his pets every second if he hopes to preserve his status quo and solvency. They carry pistols, whips and chairs as show of authority, rather than with brutal intent, on entering the lair. Pistols and whips are unthinkable in approaching Miss Tierney, and she offers the chair with a cordiality not shown by her jungle prototype, except when hungry.

WHAT you mistake for languor is really composure. She is relaxed as a panther. This was not always so. Back in 1940 while making her first picture, "The Return of Frank James," her eyes became puffed and inflamed, and she had the jumps. Oleg swam into her vision just then, a startling apparition for the eyes any time. He had arrived from New York to design costumes for Paramount. Instantly, and without a doctor's license, he assumed the care of the afflicted Miss Tierney. Diagnosis: Nerves. Prescription: Marriage. They eloped to Las Vegas. Result: Cured.

But Gene has never been satisfied that she had no wedding dress—and pictures in it—to preserve for Daria. It was not until Oleg designed the exquisite wedding dress for "The Razor's Edge" that her dream came true. She had the pictures made in it.

Mrs. Cassini is gowned with intimate perception for her attractions, too obvious for clocking in a family publication.

"All dress credits are due my husband, thank you," she says gallantly.

"Yes," gallantly agrees Oleg. "She only dresses out of loyalty to me. She is a New England girl; clothes mean little."

Why should they? thinks old seeing-eye diplomat, swigging eyefuls.

Her wonderful complexion is testimonial to soap and water and a well-chosen diet of everything.

Around the studio she is known as the gal who knows what she wants and gets it. Her protracted campaign for dropping make-up in pictures has been crowned at last with "The Razor's Edge." In this she wears only lipstick and, out of loyalty to Oleg, clothes.

"I designed myself a dozen mouths," she says, swabbing on one for the Gare St. Lazare scene. "It took me two years to find that nature is better at these things. Now I paint over the old original..."

"Masterpiece," caps a rapt onlooker.

"Thank you," says she, without missing a stroke.

She never misses a "thank you" either; the graciousness of a sensitive woman who has poise within and without. Her svelt manners are svelt testimonial for progressive grade school, Bridgeport, Con-

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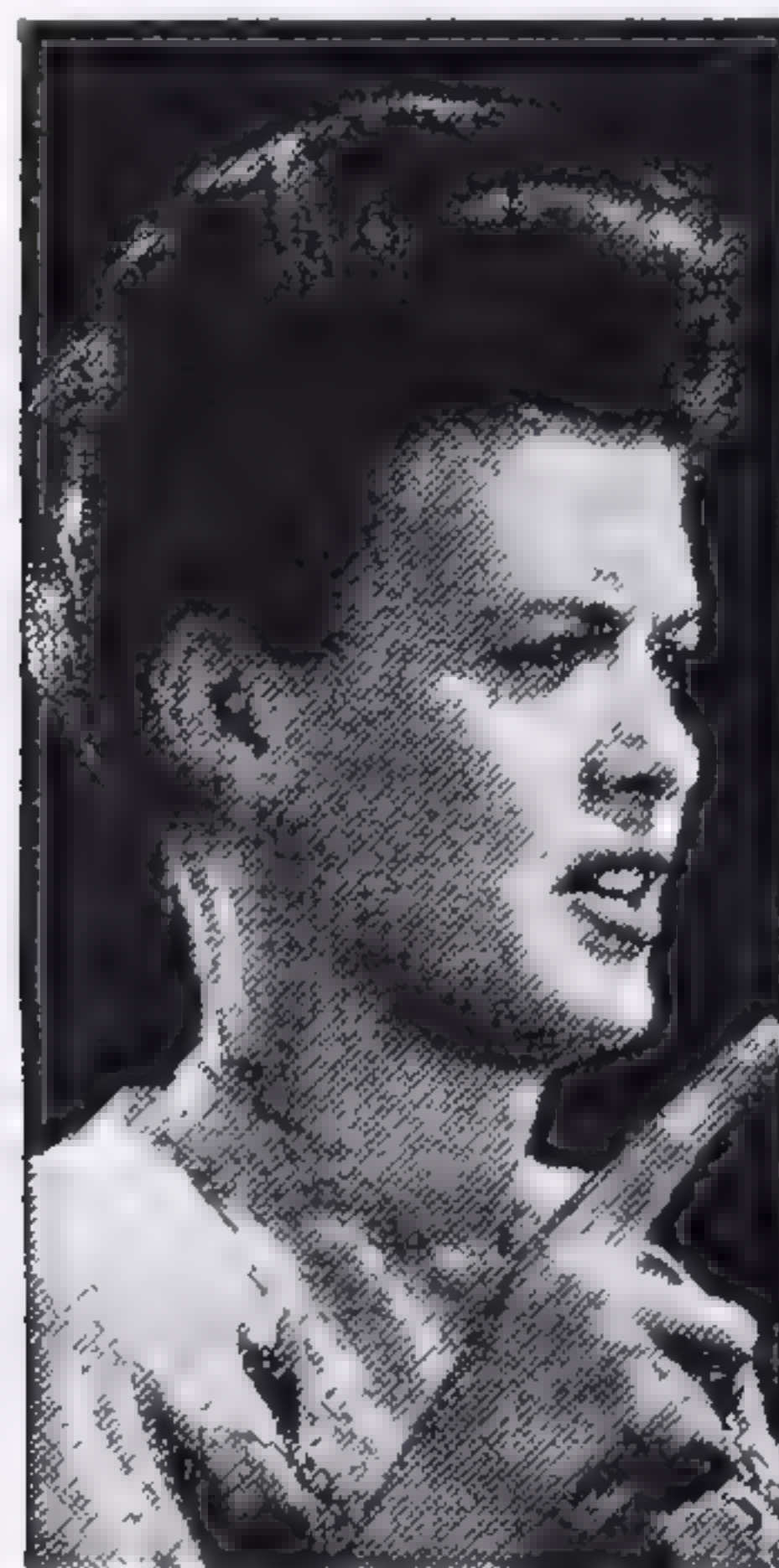
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necticut, for St. Margaret's in Waterbury, for Miss Farmer's in Farmington and for Brillmont in Switzerland at Lausanne.

When she was ten our little super-duper shipped all by herself to Europe to take on a load of Old World culture. She returned from Lausanne and Paris brimming with feeling for Bach and Brahms and geysering French with the sparkling loquacity of a Versailles fountain. Hardly had she set foot on the homeland than she was affronted by our crude, crass materialism as exemplified in her mother's greeting: "What are we going to do with you, you're so fat!"

Our dreamboat had been taking on a load of French pastry along with culture and had a displacement of 140 pounds.

At about the same age, young Oleg Cassini was buzzing solo around Paris. It is his wife's pleasure to tell how he foxed old dress designer Patou by sketching a hundred of his dress models adding improvements and taking them to Florence where his mother had a dress shop. Soon everyone in Italy was saying, "Why go to Paris and pay those prices when Countess Cassini has the better models?"

With his gift for embezzling ideas young master Oleg was plainly marked by fate for Hollywood. Eight years of Greek and Latin classics at the University of Florence equipped him further for the Athens of America and his polished bride-to-be. He sailed for New York with his mother and brother Igor, whose education at the University of Athens marked him for the classic column and Socratic toga of Cholly Knickerbocker.

OLEG CASSINI is a gentleman of singularly level head and variegated cultures, but his character by the book has the Russian screwiness delighting the American humor.

A Russian with Italian name, he was born in Paris, partly by choice and partly as convenience to his parents who were there at the time. His father was connected with the Russian embassy. His grandfather Arthur had been the Czar's ambassador to the court of Teddy Roosevelt when "Princess" Alice was married.

Oleg was five before he got around to seeing his native land, Mother Russia. The name "Oleg" is a Russification of "Olaf." Swedes ruled Russia several centuries and left a lot of Olafs around. Oleg's family name was Cassini-Loiewski, Cassini from maternal ancestors who four generations back came from Italy.

The Loiewskis lived on a politically shifty border land. They would be Polish one week, Ukrainian the next. One Loiewski was King of Poland for a day. The opposition party shot him at midnight. Next day the royal Loiewskis were New Deal Ukrainians. Oleg, lad of destiny, had the instinct to remain in Russia less time than is required by an American tourist to compose a book about it. The Czar had been liquidated. Kerensky teetered off. Oleg made what generals term a strategic skeedaddle before Bolshies could boot his small buttress out.

With title of Count and little else Oleg Cassini was a man without a country. The League of Nations gave him a Nantzen passport which made him the ward of all nations. He was citizen of none until Uncle Sam dotingly adopted him, gave him citizenship papers and two days later a GI dog tag with his name and serial number.

Today Oleg Cassini, still young, appears slightly sardonic. His humor is deadpan. It is good enough to pass with Tierney, who is a firm believer in laughter.

"We amuse ourselves by assuming certain characters without becoming them," says Oleg cryptically. "Gene is very funny."

"Is the Superwoman vulnerable in any

sense?" the old diplomat wanted to know. "Even Achilles had a soft spot."

"She is strong-willed," Oleg says, after meditation. "She undertakes too much responsibility. I preach the wonders of siesta, a smoke and a talk. In this fantastic competitive fight in which we are engaged life loses much of its flavor. We miss the bouquet and all the delightful graces of leisure, rushing heedlessly to the goal and finding only that the race is over."

"If we contrive to keep enough money from the clutch of the tax collector, I should like one day to retire for the joys of the contemplative life. Gene appreciates that way of life. At the moment, however, she is being the despair of all antique dealers and has since run off to New York to get the exact furnishings she visualizes for the house."

THE architecture of their house is designated "institutional" by Mrs. Cassini. "Strong, rugged and no imagination," Mrs. Cassini is pouring in the imagination. She knocked the dining room and living room together, laid down a white rug and painted a mural. These were the only furnishings for a time. Cassini and friends sat on windowsills admiring the mural.

"It's all right," says Mrs. C. "But the white rug is an error. Dogs and children have only one thought for white rugs."

When a hole appears in her day's schedule Gene fills it in writing poetry. She confesses she has had little time for reading lately. A book, Sinclair Lewis's "Ann Vickers," almost changed her life. She was set for a time to be a social welfare worker. "Perhaps I should have; I might have done some good in the world."

Mrs. Cassini feels that the world needs plenty of good done to it.

"The sooner there is One World and one language the better," she says with a reformer's determination. "Oleg speaks five languages. I manage to get along with two, and gestures. Oleg is Russian and Italian. I am a mixture of five: French, Irish, Spanish, Swedish, American. My poor child, what a potpourri she is!"

"A melting potpourri," cracked the swiggled diplomat. "A United Nations baby."

"Her father was that before her," says mama Cassini. "She's One World."

There was tension in the Cassini council when Oleg assumed prerogative for naming the baby before it was born.

"Vladimir," he said with authoritarian finality, "is a nice name."

"Vladimir!" groaned Mrs. Oleg Cassini Loiewski from under her weight of Russian names. "I cannot think of my son playing about under the name of Vladimir."

"Vladimir," said Oleg, "is a Saint's name."

"There was no answer to that," says Mrs. Cassini reporting the bout, "so Vladimir had the good sense to be born a girl. We named her Daria for Oleg's grandmother."

Daria, now three, has the ugliest features of both sides, says her mama: "Uncle Igor's spaniel eyes, my pug nose and Oleg's wildly waving hair."

"She is stubborn as a mule," says Oleg.

"Like her father," says Gene.

"Her mother," says Oleg dispassionately, "is the Rock of Gibraltar."

"Rugged build-up you give your child," says diplomatic observer.

"That's Gene's strategy with herself," says a studio chief. "She blows herself down before the other fellow can do it."

"Self-offense is the best defense," says Colonel D. Zanuck who should know, having survived studio battles as well as North African.

Mr. Zanuck saw Miss Tierney coming way back there. It was either give her a hand or get out of her way, he decided, because she was an eaglet on her way

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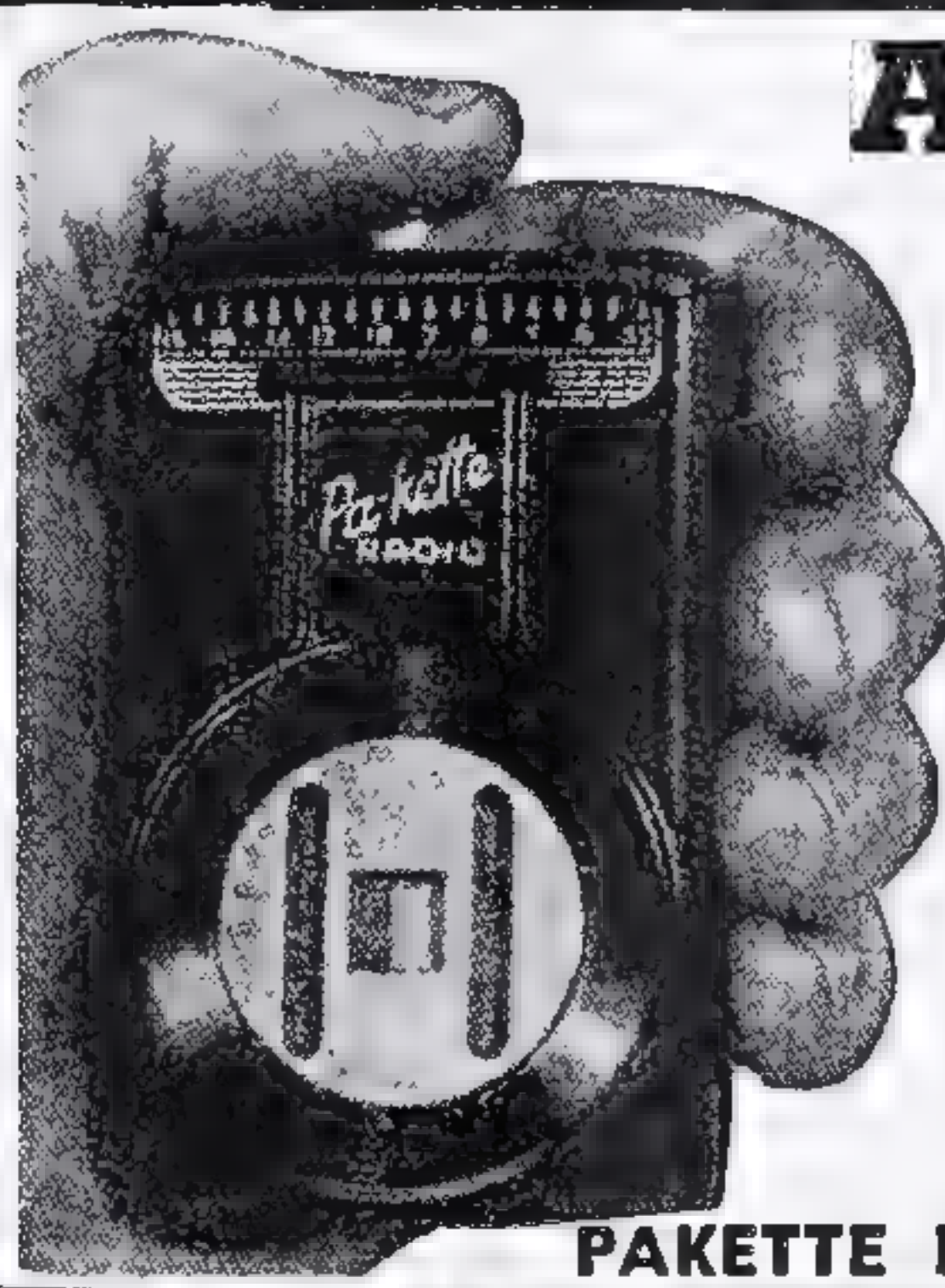
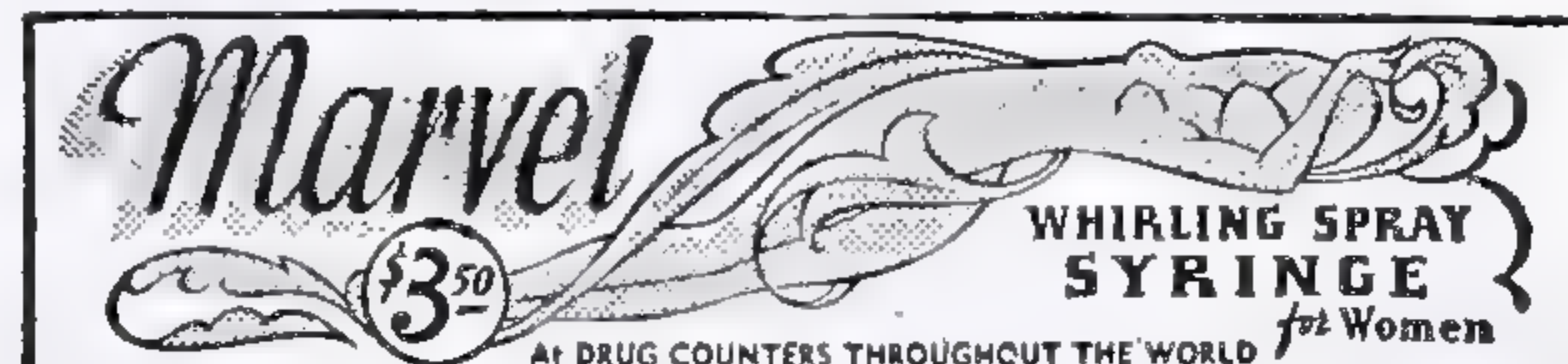
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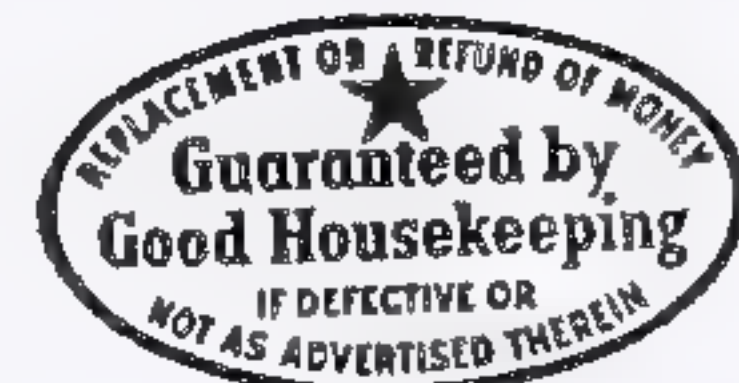
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to the topmost peak. Among the most memorable plays he gave her are "China Girl," "Heaven Can Wait," "Laura," "Dragonwyck," "Leave Her to Heaven" and "The Razor's Edge." Her next will be "The Ghost and Mrs. Muir" with Rex Harrison.

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THE END

Your Gold Medal Award Vote

MANY of you have been querying us about casting your votes in George Gallup's Audience Research Poll for PHOTOPLAY's Gold Medal Awards to the most popular actor, actress and picture of the year.

Believe it or not, you have already cast your vote. You may not have done it in person, but it was actually recorded and will show up in the results. Here is how the Poll works.

There are nearly ninety million movie-goers in this country. It would take Gallup and his staff many years to interview each individual. But Gallup discovered years ago that by interviewing a certain number of people, he could tell from the answers what the country as a whole was thinking on that subject.

If you yourself don't happen to run across a Gallup interviewer, you may be sure that in the town or street next to yours, someone like yourself has given the very same answer you would give. Gallup knows that when he finds out what enough of each age and occupation group thinks, he will know what all of them think.

In other words, he samples the population just as you sample a box of candy. You don't have to eat it all to know it's all good.

So don't worry about your vote for the winners of PHOTOPLAY's Gold Medal Awards. If there are enough movie-goers in the country who think the way you do, you may be sure the results we announce in the February issue will be your choice.

The Editors

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Brief Reviews

✓✓✓ Indicates picture rated "outstanding" when reviewed

✓✓ Indicates picture rated "very good" when reviewed

✓ Indicates picture rated "good" when reviewed

BADMAN'S TERRITORY—RKO: Randy Scott totes his gun around in the lawless West again. Ann Richards is the pioneer newspaperwoman, and the James boys, the Daltons and Belle Starr are all present. (Sept.)

✓**BIG SLEEP, THE**—Warners: This is full of action, full of Bogart and Bacall and full of murders. Bogart is the hard-bitten private detective hired to straighten out an old general's affairs, which are all mixed up by two daughters, Lauren Bacall and Martha Vickers. Bogie does his best to find out everything, dashes about from corpse to corpse and taking time off to give Lauren the eye. (Oct.)

✓✓**BLUE SKIES**—Paramount: Fred Astaire's dancing reaches its peak in this nostalgic Technicolor musical featuring Irving Berlin's haunting melodies. Bing Crosby as the restless night club owner was never in better voice, and Joan Caulfield as heart interest for Fred and Bing is beautifully decorative. Olga San Juan is Fred's dancing partner and Billy De Wolfe is the funnyman. (Oct.)

BLACK ANGEL—Universal: Suspects keep piling up, Peter Lorre among them, in this mediocre murder mystery involving John Phillips as an innocent bystander, convicted of killing singer Constance Dowling. John's faithful wife, June Vincent, with the help of the slain woman's husband, Dan Duryea, clears up everything in the end. (Nov.)

BLONDE FOR A DAY—PRC: If you happen to be a Michael Shayne addict, you may not mind viewing these proceedings revolving around crooked gamblers, trigger men and blackmailers. Hugh Beaumont plays a whimsical sleuth with Kathryn Adams as his Girl Friday. (Nov.)

BOYS' RANCH—M-G-M: We can do without this unentertaining little picture concerning boys who are juvenile delinquents. James Craig, an altruistic baseball player with a reforming bug, provides a ranch for boy delinquents. (Sept.)

✓**BRIEF ENCOUNTER**—Noel Coward-Cineguild: This British production, done in muted style, deals with an emotional crisis in an English matron's life. Celia Johnson plays the woman, Trevor Howard the man who cuts into her even routine, providing a "brief encounter" with romance and forcing her into making her hardest decision. (Nov.)

✓**CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA**—Pascal-UA: This is strictly in the limited-appeal category, although the settings are perfection and every detail of the period is meticulously observed. Claude Rains plays Caesar, the conqueror, given to dashing off philosophic remarks, and Vivien Leigh is the young Cleopatra whom Rains teaches to be queen. Unfortunately, the picture is almost entirely static. (Oct.)

✓**CANYON PASSAGE**—Universal: A true-to-form Western done in Technicolor, with Dana Andrews as the earnest young colonist, Brian Donlevy as a gambler and Susan Hayward as the feminine foil. There's a touch of murder, some bloody fist fights and an Indian raid executed with wild abandon. Andy Devine is a pioneer, Ward Bond the villain. (Oct.)

✓✓**CENTENNIAL SUMMER**—20th Century-Fox: A round of lighthearted fun set in Philadelphia in 1876. Into the conservative household of Walter Brennan and their two daughters, Linda Darnell and Jeanne Crain, two bombshells arrive—one in the form of Mama's luscious sister from Paris, Constance Bennett, who brings along gallant Frenchman Cornel Wilde, and the second is the Centennial Exposition. (Sept.)

✓✓**CLAUDIA AND DAVID**—20th Century-Fox: A cozy little picture is this new episode in the lives of Claudia and David, the young suburban couple played by Dorothy McGuire and Robert Young. Dorothy becomes jealous of Young and his business client, Mary Astor, and Young in turn gets jealous of Dorothy and her new-found friend, John Sutton. (Oct.)

✓✓**CLOAK AND DAGGER**—Warners: Starting off with some hold-your-breath scenes, this "now (Continued on page 135)

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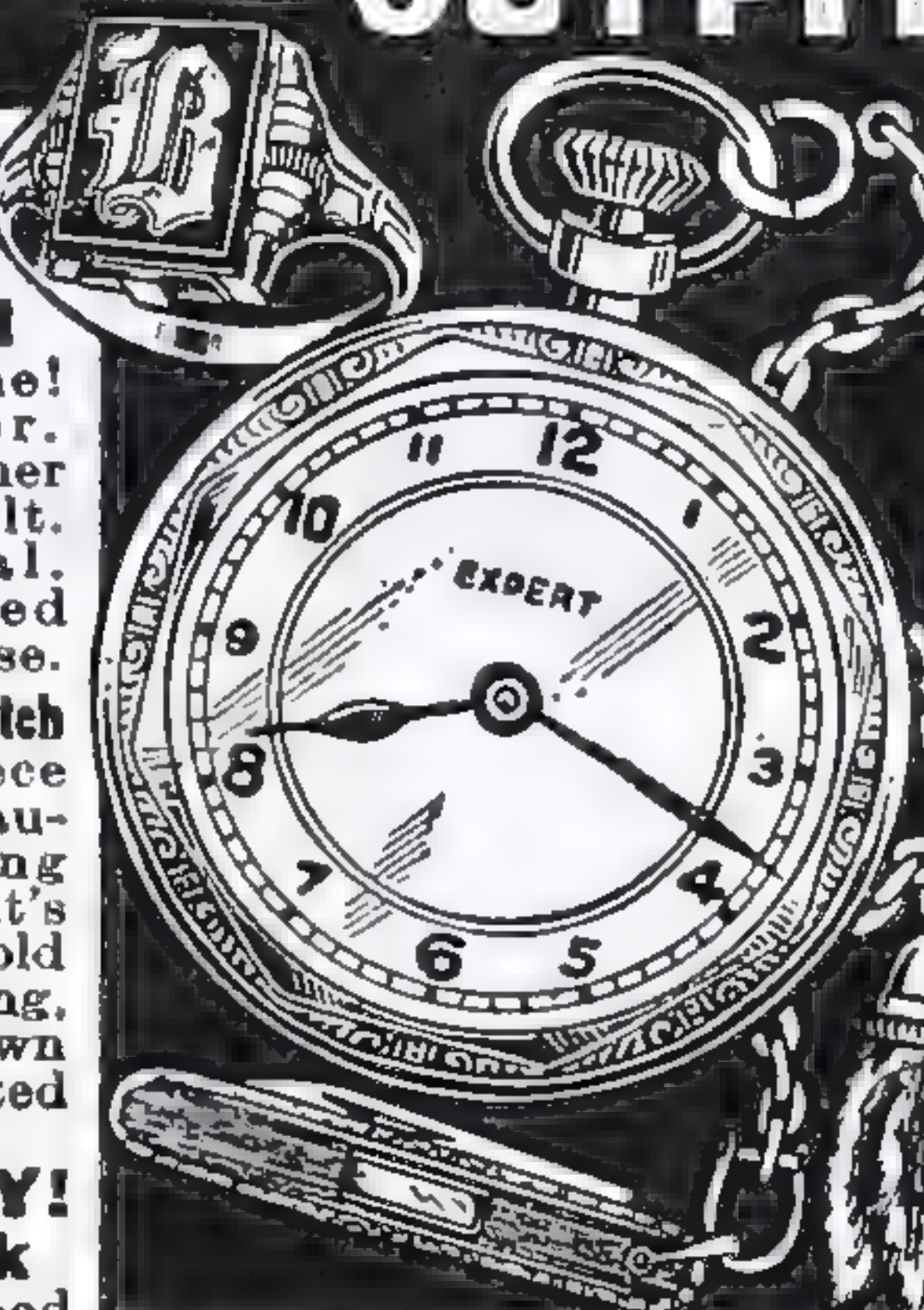


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(Continued from page 133)
it can be told" film has Gary Cooper as an American chemist in German-occupied Italy. Gary takes time from his OSS activities for a bit of romancing with Lilli Palmer. A nicely plotted and nicely played tale full of suspense. (Nov.)

✓✓**COCKEYED MIRACLE, THE**—M-G-M: Executed with a light touch and in the finest taste, this has Frank Morgan and Keenan Wynn as two spirits who have a fine time observing their human counterparts. Morgan, Keenan's son, has a few earthly matters to clear up—his financial affairs and the romance of his daughter, Audrey Totter, with Richard Quine. It's gay and fantastic. (Oct.)

COLORADO SERENADE—PRC: Although too long, this offers all the essentials of the time-proved Western—the stagecoach hold-up, the crinolined lady ranchkeeper, the honest "Jedge" who tries to bring law and order to the frontier town. (Sept.)

✓✓**COURAGE OF LASSIE**—M-G-M: A Technicolor account of a golden collie whose adventures are many and hectic. Elizabeth Taylor is his young mistress, tense with apprehension when he disappears to eventually see combat as a war dog in the Aleutians and prove himself a canine hero. (Sept.)

DOLL FACE—20th Century-Fox: A film about a burlesque queen, Vivian Blaine, whose publicity manager, Dennis O'Keefe, has a book written about her life. The result is that the ghost writer, Michael Dunne, horns in on their romance. (Sept.)

DOWN MISSOURI WAY—PRC: A college-educated mule takes the lead in this, which should give you an idea of the type of picture it is. William Wright is a producer who comes to the Ozarks to shoot a motion picture on Martha O'Driscoll's farm. John Carradine, Roscoe Ates, Eddie Dean and Mabel Todd are all around the place. (Oct.)

EARL CARROLL SKETCHBOOK—Republic: Supposedly right in the groove, this minor musical lands in a rut instead. William Marshall, who writes radio jingles, is beloved by his secretary, Constance Moore, but goes for Hillary Brooks. Vera Vague reaps a few chuckles with her manhunting routine and Edward Everett Horton does his best. (Nov.)

✓✓**FROM THIS DAY FORWARD**—RKO: A picture with punch, about the marriage on a shoestring of Joan Fontaine and Mark Stevens. Scared by the scrub-brush existence of Joan's sister, they lose courage, then marry anyway. The war comes along and afterward they get a second chance. (Sept.)

G. I. WAR BRIDES—Republic: This spotty film is an attention-getter in parts, a deadhead in others. Anna Lee plays a stowaway on a boat of British war brides sailing to America. Carol Savage conveniently provides her with the proper credentials so she can join William Henry. But along comes James Ellison to make her change her mind. (Nov.)

✓✓✓**HENRY V**—Two Cities-UA: Laurence Olivier brings a brilliant living classic to modern life, playing Shakespeare's Henry V with restraint, humor and spirit. The battle of Henry at Agincourt will be long remembered as one of the great movie scenes. Renee Asherson stands out as bonny Princess Katherine. A masterpiece of realistic color and action that spells topnotch entertainment. (Nov.)

HER SISTER'S SECRET—PRC: Pure melodrama this, with Nancy Coleman falling in love with handsome soldier Philip Reed. After Reed sails away, Nancy turns to her sister, Margaret Lindsay, for help. So Margaret adopts Nancy's baby, and then the tug between the two sisters begins. (Oct.)

✓✓**HOLIDAY IN MEXICO**—M-G-M: One of the best musicals of the year, this is full of color, interest and breath-taking melody. Against a storybook Technicolor background of the American Embassy in Mexico, Jane Powell plays the daughter of Ambassador Walter Pidgeon with Roddy McDowall as her infatuated swain. Jose Iturbi, Xavier Cugat and Ilona Massey contribute to the fun. (Nov.)

✓✓**HOME SWEET HOMICIDE**—20th Century-Fox: This screen mystery constitutes a fresh slant on the usual whodunits, since it gives you a look at three little hellions—Peggy Ann Garner, Dean Stockwell and Connie Marshall—as they try to solve a murder. Lynn Bari is their mystery-writer mother, Randolph Scott and James Gleason detectives. (Oct.)

IF I'M LUCKY—20th Century-Fox: You can risk seeing this and not have too bad a time if Harry James's trumpet and Perry Como's songs "send" you, otherwise skip it. Carmen Miranda struts plenty of her stuff and Vivian Blaine sings in this trumped-up story of politicians and crooners. (Nov.)

INVISIBLE INFORMER, THE—Republic: The gross total of this supposedly scary story about a stolen emerald necklace is boredom. A gloomy Southern plantation with a bog that's ideal for hiding bodies is the set-up for all the dirty work. Linda Stirling and Bill Henry can't make this anything but a bad dream. (Nov.)

✓**JANIE GETS MARRIED**—Warners: Joan Leslie and Bob Hutton get married and set up housekeeping under the watchful eyes of papas Edward Arnold and Robert Benchley and Mamas Ann Harding and Barbara Brown. Everything is blissful confusion until an overseas buddy of Bob's walks into their little dream cottage. (Sept.)

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✓✓✓**JOLSON STORY, THE**—Columbia: A life story with plenty of life to it, this Technicolor film will leave American audiences aglow. Al Jolson's hey-days are brought back magnificently by Larry Parks and a splendid supporting cast, including Evelyn Keyes and William Demarest. A gold-papered package of good songs and good music. (Nov.)

✓✓**KILLERS, THE**—Universal: Here's a fast action thriller with a Hemingway plot that will make strong men quiver. Two killers enter a town at night, and one man is murdered. There's good old-fashioned gangster play-acting with Edmond O'Brien as an insurance investigator who digs up some startling facts, Ava Gardner as a modern moll and Burt Lancaster as the murdered man. (Nov.)

✓**LADY LUCK**—RKO: You'll get some uninhibited laughs at Frank Morgan's antics as the incurable gambler who's reduced to a three-dollar-a-week allowance from his granddaughter Barbara Hale. Robert Young's another gambler whom Barbara marries thinking he's reformed until she catches him at roulette. Barbara's retaliation is a funny twist. (Oct.)

✓**LITTLE MR. JIM**—M-G-M: Jackie Jenkins's freckles and histrionic ability make this movie worthwhile. As the small son of Army Captain James Craig and Frances Gifford, he gets black eyes, teases little girls and is generally endearing. (Sept.)

✓**LOVER COME BACK**—Universal: Light and frothy romantic stuff with Lucille Ball as the stylist wife who longs for her soldier husband's return after two years. George Brent plays the husband, who returns to have his reunion with his wife marred by his meeting up with some of his blonde overseas friends. Vera Zorina's the other woman. (Sept.)

✓**MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE**—Paramount: A Bob Hope comedy special, in which he plays a barber from the court of Louis XV of France who's forced to impersonate the gay court playboy, Patric Knowles. If you like Hope, you'll love it. Joan Caulfield is a pretty French wench and Marjorie Reynolds the Spanish Infanta. (Oct.)

MR. ACE—UA: A second-rate movie in which politician Sylvia Sidney, running for governor, seems to worry more about her hats and her love affairs than about her campaign. As the political boss, George Raft has a chance to employ all his usual gangsterish tricks, which after all these years seem a little tiresome. (Oct.)

✓**MY PAL TRIGGER**—Republic: This is a very good Roy Rogers Western, with Roy and his horse, Trigger, fighting their way back after Roy's unjustly accused of killing a famous horse. With George "Gabby" Hayes, Dale Evans, and Bob Nolan. (Sept.)

NIGHT IN PARADISE—Wanger-Universal: This ridiculous story has Turhan Bey unhappily playing a juiced-up version of *Aesop*, the fable teller, who falls in love with Princess Merle Oberon. The princess is about to marry *Croesus* when Turhan reveals that he's really a handsome young man. (Oct.)

NIGHT TRAIN TO MEMPHIS—Republic: Get aboard this if you're a rooter of Roy Acuff and his Smoky Mountain Boys; otherwise ignore it. Roy plays the good honest soul with the heart of gold, and Allan Lane is his bad brother. (Oct.)

NO LEAVE, NO LOVE—M-G-M: This film runs for ninety minutes, all of 'em bad. Van Johnson plays a marine homeward bound to marry his girl who has wed another. His pal Keenan Wynn, radio star Pat Kirkwood and tycoon Edward Arnold are wasted in a script which stops at nothing. (Nov.)

(Continued on page 138)



George Sanders, Hedy Lamarr, Louis Hayward, the triangle in "The Strange Woman"

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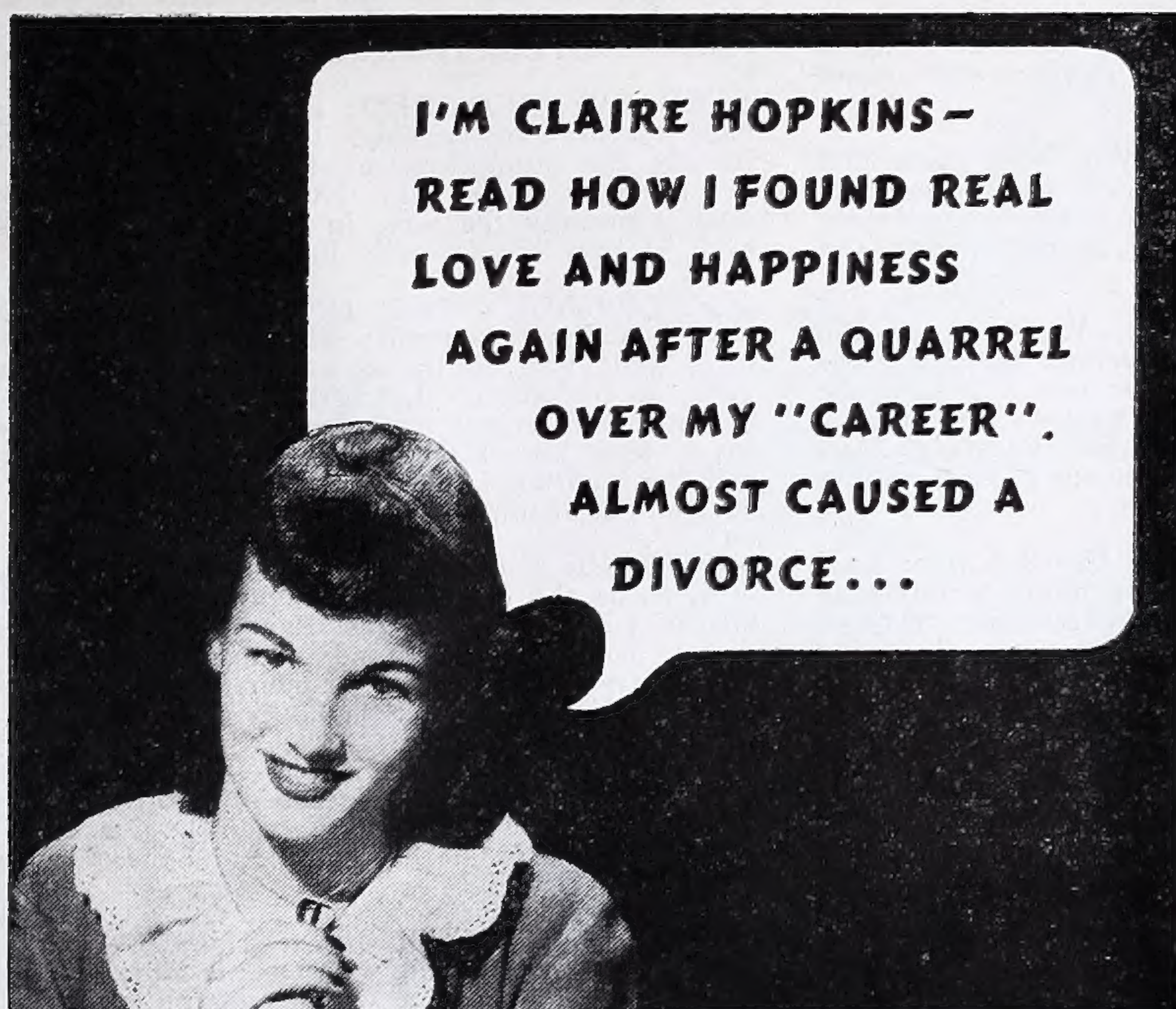
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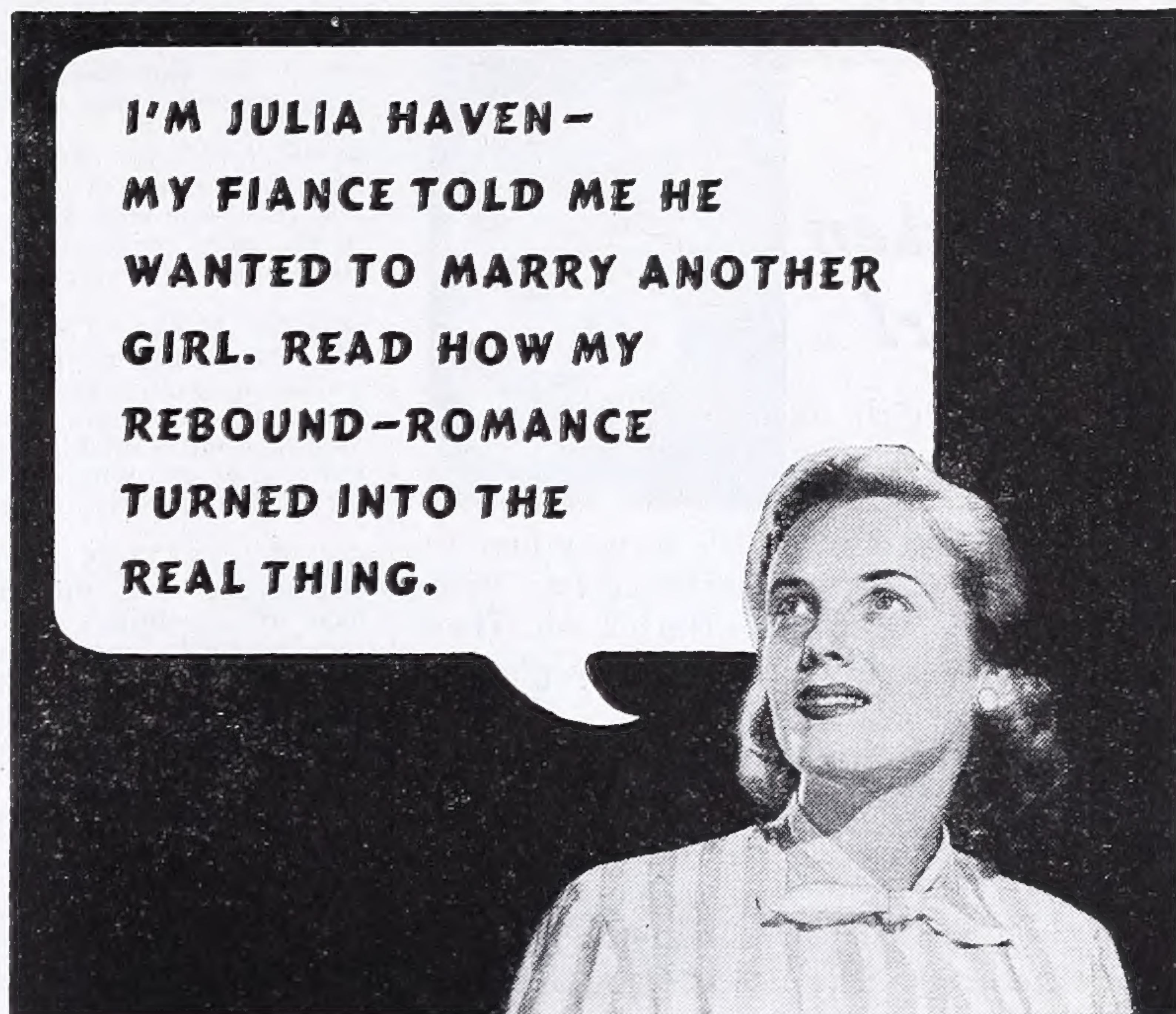
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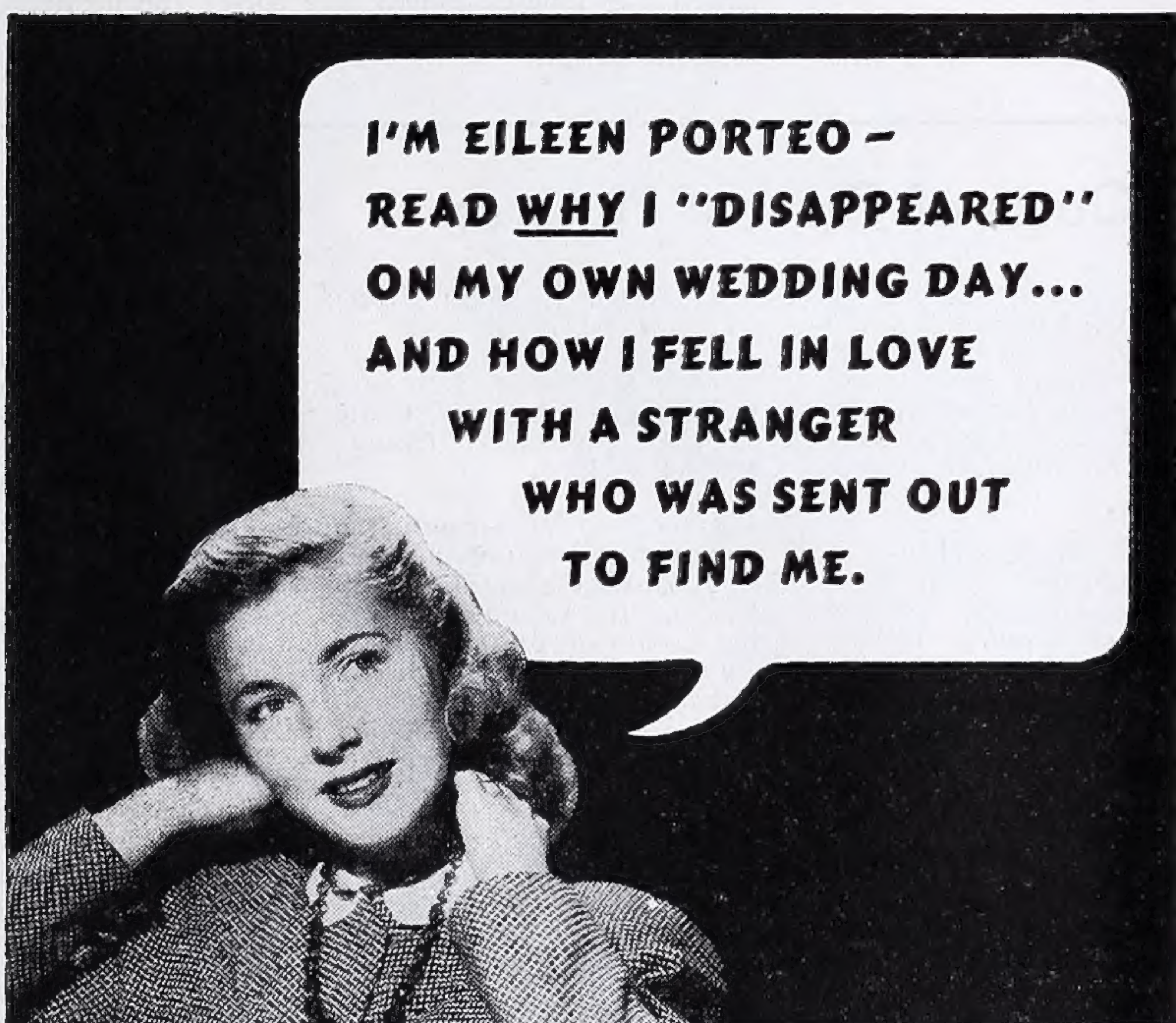
I'M CLAIRE HOPKINS—
READ HOW I FOUND REAL
LOVE AND HAPPINESS
AGAIN AFTER A QUARREL
OVER MY "CAREER".
ALMOST CAUSED A
DIVORCE...

"THERE'S SOMEONE ELSE"



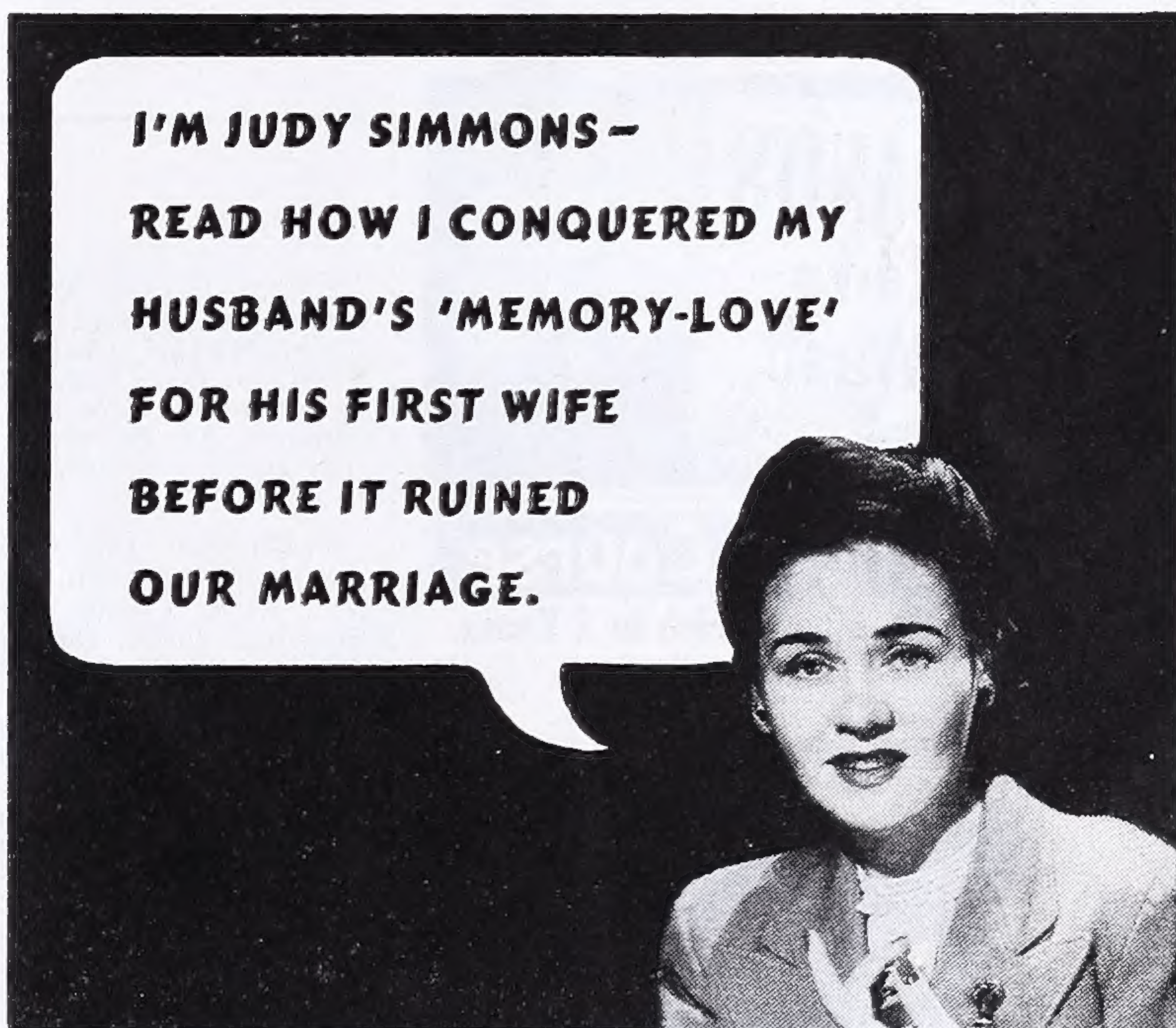
I'M JULIA HAVEN—
MY FIANCE TOLD ME HE
WANTED TO MARRY ANOTHER
GIRL. READ HOW MY
REBOUND-ROMANCE
TURNED INTO THE
REAL THING.

"THE BRIDE ESCAPES"



I'M EILEEN PORTEO—
READ WHY I "DISAPPEARED"
ON MY OWN WEDDING DAY...
AND HOW I FELL IN LOVE
WITH A STRANGER
WHO WAS SENT OUT
TO FIND ME.

"BITTER-SWEET MEMORY"



I'M JUDY SIMMONS—
READ HOW I CONQUERED MY
HUSBAND'S 'MEMORY-LOVE'
FOR HIS FIRST WIFE
BEFORE IT RUINED
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(Continued from page 136)

✓✓**NOTORIOUS**—RKO: Intrigue south of the border, beautifully packaged by Alfred Hitchcock and delivered by competent Ingrid Bergman, Cary Grant and Claude Rains. Secret agents Cary and Ingrid set off for Rio where they meet intrigue and danger and high suspense. (Oct.)

✓**OF HUMAN BONDAGE**—Warners: Somerset Maugham's novel still makes an attention-getting film this time with Paul Henreid and Eleanor Parker in the roles originally played by Leslie Howard and Bette Davis. (Sept.)

✓**ONE MORE TOMORROW**—Warners: Ann Sheridan works on millionaire Dennis Morgan's crusading magazine but, despite her love for him, she loses him to Alexis Smith who tries to get husband Dennis's mind off his magazine. Jack Carson is Morgan's alter ego who ambles around the picture rooting for Ann as against Alexis. (Sept.)

✓**RENDEZVOUS WITH ANNIE**—Republic: Laid during the war, this light farce offers a frivolous look at a soldier's life with Eddie Albert playing the homesick husband and Faye Marlowe the bride he left behind. There are some big laughs over little incidents with players Eddie, Faye, Gail Patrick, Philip Reed and Sir C. Aubrey Smith helping matters along. (Nov.)

SHOW-OFF, THE—M-G-M: The rich humor of George Kelly's play is lost here. Red Skelton struggles valiantly with the role of *Aubrey Piper* whose in-laws find him so hard to take. Marilyn Maxwell is the wife who loves him, even if her family doesn't, and capable Marjorie Main plays *Mom*. (Nov.)

✓✓**SISTER KENNY**—RKO: This is the story of Sister Kenny's discovery of a new treatment for infantile paralysis and her lifelong fight to get that treatment recognized. It's a remarkable film, carrying the power of simplicity, the dramatic punch of realism, and excellent acting by Rosalind Russell, Alexander Knox and Dean Jagger. (Oct.)

✓**SMOKY**—20th Century-Fox: This is a horse-cowboy saga, telling the life story of *Smoky*, a wild

horse who is trained by Fred MacMurray, and his adventures among an odd assortment of humans. Anne Baxter is the female lead, Bruce Cabot is the renegade, and Burl Ives sings cowboy ballads. (Sept.)

STEP BY STEP—RKO: Step by step, this gets more and more implausible. The mysterious goings-on include the disappearance of blonde Anne Jeffreys and a corpse on the sofa. Everything's covered with dust, especially the plot, in which handsome Laurence Tierney is unhappily involved. (Nov.)

✓✓**STRANGE LOVE OF MARTHA IVER**—THE—Wallis-Paramount: This is powerful dramatic fare, with Van Heflin as a hardened veteran who picks up probationer Elizabeth Scott, gets beaten by thugs and comes back for more in order to discover why his childhood girl, Barbara Stanwyck, and her politician husband, Kirk Douglas, want get him out of town. (Oct.)

✓✓**THREE WISE FOOLS**—M-G-M: Margaret O'Brien as the Irish granddaughter of the long-lost love of Lewis Stone, Lionel Barrymore and Edward Arnold comes from Ireland to upset completely the selfish lives of the three old men in this enchanting bit of movie-making. (Sept.)

✓✓**THEY WERE SISTERS**—Rank - Universal: James Mason is at his sadistic best as the man whose dark moods leave a sinister effect on the lives of three sisters. The dialogue has sparkle and the story high suspense. (Oct.)

✓**TWO GUYS FROM MILWAUKEE**—Warners: A harmless little offering with Dennis Morgan playing a visiting Balkan prince who decides to see America as a guy from Milwaukee. Jack Carson, pick-up pal, introduces him to Joan Leslie and complications begin. Janis Paige and S. Z. Sakall rate applause. (Sept.)

UNDER NEVADA SKIES—Republic: The big point of this is that the atom bomb is here to stay, having finally caught up with the Roy Rogers series. Practically single-handed, Roy solves the mystery of the missing emerald crest despite interference from Dale Evans and Gabby Hayes. (Nov.)

Casts of Current Pictures

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE—Bing Crosby-UA: Rosemary, Joanne Dru; *Abie*, Richard Norris; Solomon Levy, Michael Chekhov; *Patrick Murphy*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Isaac Cohen*, George E. Stone; *Mrs. Cohen*, Vera Gordon; *Father Whalen*, Emory Parnell; *Rabbi Samuels*, Art Baker; *Rev. Mr. Stevens*, Bruce Merritt; *Hotel manager*, Eric Blore; *Hotel clerk*, Harry Hays Morgan.

ANGEL ON MY SHOULDER—Rogers-UA: *Edie Kagle*, Paul Muni; *Barbara Foster*, Anne Baxter; *Nick*, Claude Rains; *Dr. Higgins*, Onslow Stevens; *Albert*, George Cleveland; *Smiley*, Hardie Albright; *Bellamy*, James Flavin; *Minister*, Erskine Sanford; *Mrs. Bentley*, Marion Martin; *Chairman*, Jonathan Hale; *Jim*, Murray Alper; *Brazen Girl*, Joan Blair; *Scientist*, Fritz Leiber; *Warden*, Kurt Katch; *Agatha*, Sarah Padden; *Lucius*, Maurice Cass; *Big Harry*, Addison Richards; *Shaggy*, Ben Welden; *Malvola*, Joel Freidkin; *Mr. Bentley*, George Meeker; *Bailiff*, Lee Shumway; *Interne*, Russ Whiteman; *Gangsters*, James Dundee, Mike Lally, Saul Gorss, Duke Taylor; *Prison Yard Captain*, Edward Keane; *Kramer*, Chester Clute.

BACHELOR'S DAUGHTERS, THE—Stone-UA: *Eileen*, Gail Russell; *Mr. Moody*, Adolphe Menjou; *Cynthia*, Claire Trevor; *Terry*, Ann Dvorak; *Marta*, Jane Wyatt; *Molly*, Billie Burke; *Schuyler Johnson*, Eugene List; *Bruce Farrington*, John Whitney; *Rex Miller*, Damian O'Flynn; *Mr. Dillon*, Russell Hicks; *Mr. Johnson*, Richard Hageman; *Mr. Stapp*, Bill Kennedy.

BLACK BEAUTY—20th Century-Fox: *Anne Wendon*, Mona Freeman; *Bill Dixon*, Richard Denning; *Evelyn Carrington*, Evelyn Ankers; *Squire Wendon*, Charles Evans; *John*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Mrs. Blake*, Moyna Macgill; *Joe*, Terry Kilburn; *Skinner*, Thomas P. Dillon; *Terry*, Arthur Space; *Dr. White*, John Burton; *Mr. Gordon*, Olaf Hytten; *Auctioneer*, Leyland Hodgson; *Veterinary*, Clifford Brooke; *Black Beauty*, Highland Dale.

DARK MIRROR, THE—Universal-International: *Terry Collins*, Olivia de Havilland; *Ruth Collins*, Olivia de Havilland; *Dr. Scott Elliott*, Lew Ayres; *Detective Stevenson*, Thomas Mitchell; *Rusty*, Richard Long; *District Attorney Girard*, Charles Evans; *Franklin*, Garry Owen; *George Benson*, Lester Allen; *Mrs. Didriksen*, Lela Bliss; *Miss Beade*, Marta Mitrovich; *Photo-Double*, Amelita Ward.

I'VE ALWAYS LOVED YOU—Republic: *Leopold Goronoff*, Philip Dorn; *Myra Hassman*, Catherine McLeod; *George Sampter*, William Carter; *Madame Goronoff*, Mme. Maria Ouspenskaya; *Frederick Hassman*, Felix Bressart; *Nicholas*, Fritz Feld; *Mrs. Sampter*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Porgy at Seventeen*, Vanessa Brown; *Michael Severin*, Lewis Howard; *Senorita Fortaleza*, Adele Mara; *Porgy at Five*, Gloria Donovan; *Redhead*, Stephanie Bachelor; *Mrs. Blythe*, Cora Witherspoon.

MAN I LOVE, THE—Warners: *Petey Brown*, Ida Lupino; *Nicky Toresca*, Robert Alda; *Sally Otis*, An-

drea King; *Virginia Brown*, Martha Vickers; *San Thomas*, Bruce Bennett; *Riley*, Alan Hale; *Gloria O'Connor*, Dolores Moran; *Roy Otis*, John Ridgely; *Johnny O'Connor*, Don McGuire; *Joe Brown*, Warren Douglas; *Johnson*, Craig Stevens; *Tony Toresca*, William Edmunds; *Jimmy*, James Dobbs; *Buddy*, Patrick Griffin.

RAIDER, THE—English Films: (Cast composed of non-professionals using their own names) *Capt. E. F. J. Baskeyfield* (as the lifeboat skipper), *Capt. W. K. Kerr* (as Leander skipper), *Admiral Fullerton* (as the Commodore), *Paul Reuter* (as U-Boat Captain), *Gunner H. F. Hills*. Seamen: *Fred Armistead*, *Les Savage*, *Alec Murdock*, *Bill Leeman*, *Jock Bain*, *Tom Major*, *Jim Redmond*, *Alf Rawson*, J. (Cocky) Day, *Don Alexander*, H. T. Russell, *Harry Pritchard*, *John Walden*.

THREE LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE—20th Century-Fox: *Pam*, June Haver; *Van Damm Smith*, George Montgomery; *Liz*, Vivian Blaine; *Miriam*, Celeste Holm; *Myra*, Vera-Ellen; *Steve*, Frank Latimore; *Mike*, Charles Smith; *Hoskins*, Charles Halton; *Mammy*, Ruby Dandridge; *Colonel*, Thurston Hall; *Ben*, Clinton Rosemond; *Head Clerk*, William Forrest Jr.; *Maid*, Theresa Harris.

TIME, THE PLACE AND THE GIRL, THE—Warners: *Steven Ross*, Dennis Morgan; *Jeff Howard*, Jack Carson; *Sue Jackson*, Janis Paige; *Victoria Cassel*, Martha Vickers; *Ladislav Cassel*, S. Z. Sakall; *John Braden*, Alan Hale; *Elaine Winters*, Angela Greene; *Martin Drew*, Donald Woods; *Madame Lucia Cassel*, Florence Bates; *Carmen Caval-laro Orch.*; *The Condos Brothers*; *Chandra Kaly Dancers*.

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST—Paramount: *Charles Stewart*, Alan Ladd; *Richard Henry Dana*, Brian Donlevy; *Amazeen*, William Bendix; *Terence O'Feenaghty*, Barry Fitzgerald; *Capt. Francis Thompson*, Howard da Silva; *Maria Dominguez*, Esther Fernandez; *Brown*, Albert Dekker; *Foster*, Luis Van Rooten; *Sam Hooper*, Darryl Hickman; *Macklin*, Roman Bohnen; *Mr. Gordon Stewart*, Ray Collins; *Hayes*, Theodore Newton; *Bellamer*, Tom Powers; *Carrick*, James Burke; *Hansen*, Frank Faylen; *Mrs. Gordon Stewart*, Kathleen Lockhart; *Mercedes*, Rosa Rey; *Don Sebastian*, Pedro de Cordoba; *Sailors*, John Roy, Bink Hedberg, Ethan Laidlaw, George Bruggeman, Clint Derrington, Robert F. Kortman, Carl Voss, John P. "Blackie" Whiteford, Mike Lally, Joe Palma, Dave Kashner.

WHITE TIE AND TAILS—Universal-International: *Charles Dumont*, Dan Duryea; *Louise Bradford*, Ella Raines; *Larry Lundie*, William Bendix; *Archer*, Richard Gaines; *Mrs. Latimer*, Barbara Brown; *Mr. Arkwright*, Clarence Kolb; *Nate Romano*, Donald Curtis; *George*, Frank Jenks; *Mr. Bradford*, Samuel S. Hinds; *Mr. Latimer*, John Miljan; *Emil*, William Trenk; *Bill Latimer*, Scotty Beckett; *Betty Latimer*, Nita Hunter; *Cynthia Bradford*, Patricia Alphin; *Virgie*, Joan Fulton.



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